

The AMERICAN LEGION *Monthly*



John Erskine - Karl W. Detzer - Edward A. Filene
Meredith Nicholson - Samuel Scoville, Jr.



"The Old Grouch!"

No one likes to be called a "grouch." Yet we all have days of chronic fault-finding . . . days when we scold and criticize.

And on just such days, if we only knew, the biggest fault lies with ourselves. It's an outward sign of an inward condition that needs correcting.

Constipation is mankind's greatest foe. Relief? . . . The sensible way is the simple way — through water washing with Pluto Mineral Water, advocated so widely today by the leading doctors.

You would not use harsh chemicals or drugs for cleansing the face. Is it not even more illogical to employ them for cleansing the delicate tissues *inside* your body?

Pluto Mineral Water really *washes* the intestinal tract. Common drinking

water would do the same thing if it passed through the intestines. But it does not. It is absorbed and passes out through the kidneys.

Pluto Water is different. It contains a percentage of minerals exceeding the mineral content of the blood. For that reason it does not go to the kidneys, but enters the intestinal tract, cleaning and flushing all that's before it.

That is why Pluto acts so quickly — 30 minutes to two hours. That, too, is why it never gripes — is gentle, harmless and non-habit-forming. Its effect is actually *soothing*.

Pluto Water is used in two ways. It brings quick relief when constipation is acute. It *keeps away* constipation, colds and influenza when taken in small amounts daily upon arising.

Dilute with *hot* water — directions on every bottle. Sold at all drug counters and at fountains. Bottled at the Springs, French Lick, Ind.

FRENCH LICK SPRINGS
World-Famed Home of Pluto Mineral Water

Springtime in the Cumberland foothills is a season of distinguished charm. From far and near people visit French Lick Springs — in the heart of this favored region — to drink health-giving Pluto Water — to take the rejuvenating baths — to cleanse the system — to store up new vitality. Wholesome outdoor diversions — golf on two 18-hole courses, horseback riding, tennis and hiking, make your stay, however extended, only too short. Accommodations and cuisine unexcelled at the French Lick Springs Hotel. Complete medical staff in attendance. French Lick is easily accessible from all points. Write or wire for reservations — or send for booklet. French Lick Springs Hotel Co., French Lick, Indiana. T. D. TAGGART, President.



PLUTO WATER

America's Laxative Mineral Water

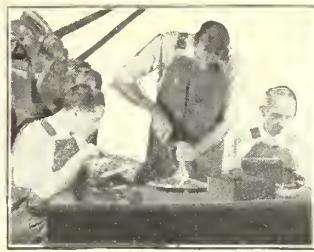
LOW PAY.. LONG HOURS.. ROUTINE.. NO FUTURE



Always worrying over money. Always skimping and economizing—going without the comforts and luxuries that every man DESERVES for his family and himself.



The Time Clock—a badge of hawk-like supervision and The Rut. A constant reminder that one is "just another name on the payroll."



Human cogs in a great machine. No chance to meet people, travel or have interesting experiences. A long, slow, tiresome road that leads nowhere.



Always wondering what would happen in case of a "lay-off" or loss of job. No chance to express ideas and ability—no chance to get ahead. COULD there be a way out?

I Said "Good-bye" to It All After Reading This Amazing Book— Raised My Earnings 700%!



Where Shall We Send Your Copy—FREE?

WHEN a man who has been struggling along at a low-pay job suddenly steps out and commences to earn real money—\$5,000, \$7,500 or \$10,000 a year—he usually gives his friends quite a shock. It's hard for them to believe he is the same man they used to know . . . but such things happen much more frequently than most people realize. Not only one, but HUNDREDS have altered the whole course of their lives after reading the amazing book illustrated at the right.

True, it is only a book—just seven ounces of paper and printers' ink—but it contains the most vivid and inspiring message that any ambitious man can read! It reveals facts and secrets that will open almost any man's eyes to things he has never even dreamed of!

Remarkable Salary Increases

For example, R. B. Hansen, of Akron, Ohio, is just one case. Not long ago he was a foreman in the rubber-curing room of a big factory at a salary of \$160 a month. One day this remarkable volume, "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship," fell into his hands. And from that day on, Mr. Hansen clearly saw the way to say "good-bye" forever to low pay, long hours, and tiresome routine! Today he has reaped the rewards that this little volume placed within his

reach. His salary runs well into the 5-figure class—actually exceeding \$10,000 a year!

Another man, Wm. Shore of Neenach, California, was a cowboy when he sent for "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship." Now he is a star salesman making as high as \$525 in a single week. O. D. Oliver of Norman, Oklahoma, read it and jumped from \$200 a month to over \$10,000 a year! C. V. Champion of Danville, Illinois, raised his salary to over \$10,000 a year and became President of his company in the bargain!

A Few Weeks— Then Bigger Pay

There was nothing "different" about any of these men when they started. None of them had any special advantages—although all of them realized that SALESMAHSHIP offers bigger rewards than any other profession under the sun. But, like many other men, they subscribed to the foolish belief that successful salesmen are born with some sort of "magic gift." "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship" showed them that nothing could be farther from the truth! Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet.

City and traveling sales positions are open in every line all over the country. For years, thousands of leading firms have called on the N. S. T. A. to supply them with salesmen. Employment service is free to both employers and members, and thousands have secured positions this way.

Your Income Multiplied Or You Pay Nothing

N. S. T. A. is now offering to every man who wants to increase his income, an amazing Double Money-Back bond that assures you a definite stipulated addition to your income, within three months after your training is completed—or the course costs you nothing. This daring offer is possible only because of the success of thousands of members. Send coupon immediately for full details.

Free to Every Man

See for yourself WHY "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship" has been the deciding factor in the careers of so many men who are now making \$10,000 a year. Learn for yourself the REAL TRUTH about the art of selling! You do not risk one penny nor incur the slightest obligation. And since it may mean the turning point of your whole career, it certainly is worth your time to fill out and clip the blank below. Send it now!

National Salesmen's
Training Association
Dept. D-21, N.S.T.A. Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

National Salesmen's Training Association,
Dept. D-21, N.S.T.A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Without cost or obligation, send me your free book, "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship." Also include a free copy of the new N. S. T. A. money-back bond that assures me a definite addition to my income within three months after completing training—or a complete refund of tuition fee.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Age _____ Occupation _____



The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

Contents

COVER DESIGN: THE CONVOY	by W. Lester Stevens
FINDERS KEEPERS	by Walter J. Wood 4
SPRING SONG	by Richard Le Gallienne 6
	<i>Decoration by W. L. Stevens</i>
THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP	by Bret Harte 9
	<i>With a Critical Introduction by John Erskine</i>
	<i>Illustrations by Lowell L. Balcom</i>
AMERICANS FOREVER	by Meredith Nicholson 12
	<i>Illustrated with photographs from the Lincoln collection of Harry MacNeill Bland</i>
THE BROKEN 3: Part Two	by Karl W. Detzer 14
	<i>Illustrations by V. E. Pyles</i>
EXPIATION	by Marquis James 18
RED ELK	by Samuel Scoville, Jr. 20
OWN YOUR OWN BANK	by Edward A. Filene 24
	<i>Illustrations by Forrest C. Crooks</i>
EDITORIAL	with cartoon by John Cassel 26
THE UNFINISHED BATTLE	by Watson B. Miller 28
KEEPING STEP	by Right Guide 30
THEN AND NOW	by The Company Clerk 37
A PERSONAL VIEW	by Frederick Palmer 42
BURSTS AND DUDS	conducted by Tip Bliss 44
AN APRIL FOOL	by Wallgren 46
THE MESSAGE CENTER	by The Editor 80

THE STARS IN THE FLAG

ALABAMA: The 22d State, admitted to the Union December 14, 1819. De Soto discovered the region in 1541 and other Spanish explorers followed him. In 1702 the French settled Old Mobile, then a part of Louisiana. Georgia under its charter of 1732, which gave it a corridor from the Atlantic to the Pacific, claimed part of Alabama. France ceded a part of this area to England in 1763. At the signing of the Treaty of Paris in 1783, England sold part of the territory to the United States and a part to Spain, but in 1795 the Spanish relinquished all claims north of 31 degrees. By the Louisiana Purchase Treaty the United States claimed Spanish West Florida, and in 1813 this was added to Mississippi Territory. Alabama Territory was created March 3, 1817. Population, 1820, 127,901; 1927 (U. S. est.), 2,549,000. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1900, 11.0; 1910, 17.3; 1920, 21.7. Area, 51,098 sq. miles. Density of population (1920 U. S. Census), 45.8 per sq. mile. Rank among States (1920 U. S. Census), 18th in

population, 28th in area, 23d in density. Capital, Montgomery (1928 U. S. est.), 67,100. Three largest cities (1928 U. S. est.), Birmingham, 222,400; Mobile, 69,600; Montgomery. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$3,002,043,000. Principal sources of wealth (1923 U. S. Census), iron and steel products and by-products, including coke manufacture, \$223,324,628; cotton goods, \$86,384,725; lumber and timber, \$52,702,121; mineral products (1925), \$77,139,340, in coal, iron ore, cement; all crops (1920 U. S. Census), \$304,348,638 with cotton, corn and potatoes leading. Alabama had 84,100 men and women in service during the World War. State motto, adopted December 29, 1868, "Here We Rest." Origin of name: From a Muskogee tribe of the Creek Confederacy in Southern Alabama. The word "Alibamu" is a contraction of the Choctaw sentence "Alba aya mule," which, translated, means "I open (or clear) the thicket." Alabama has three nicknames: Cotton State, Yallerhammer, Lizard.



ROBERT F. SMITH, General Manager

JOHN T. WINTERICH, Editor

PHILIP VON BLON, Managing Editor

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The FLORSHEIM SHOE is the outstanding choice of successful men in every walk of life, offering *quality and distinguished style* that appeals to those who present a good

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Most Styles \$10 ~ Style M-335



The FLORSHEIM Shoe
THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers - CHICAGO

FINDERS KEEPERS

By Walter J. Wood



Commander C. J. McGinly, Jr., of the New Bern Legion lines them up

HERE is a fantastic land where little children wander in their dreams looking for fairy heroines and good kings; a land where Santa Claus and Old Mother Goose are immortal; a land of golden mountains and silver lakes and deepest blue skies where the sublime creatures of the nursery tales move silently in a perpetual pageant for sleepy boys and girls. There the Sand Man has his home, stealing forth nightly at the end of the bedtime story hour on the radio to put to sleep the world of childhood. And there, too, on an endless plain of knee-high emerald grass, hopping ceaselessly in enchanted time, is the Easter Rabbit who ventures into the world of living children on one day only in all the year.

Into the world of living children the Easter Rabbit comes on the Sunday that separates winter from spring; the day when the brightness and freshness of resurrected hope succeeds the somber and foreboding uncertainties; the day when all the living world throws off its old garments of gloom and penitence and arrays itself in happiness and cheerfulness. The Easter Rabbit is the symbol of the transformation, and his coming is acclaimed by children everywhere, to whom the boundary between imagination and reality has no existence.

To the children of New Bern, North Carolina, the Easter Rabbit comes again this year on Easter Sunday as in years past, bestowing with marvelous prodigality some thousands of brightly colored Easter eggs. On Easter Morn while all the children of New Bern are in Sunday School and at church, the Easter Rabbit pays his annual pilgrimage to the rolling grass-covered hills that mark the site of old Fort Totten, a battleground of the War Between the States. Sometime between dawn and afternoon, the Easter Rabbit comes to Fort Totten and goes, leaving behind him five thousand eggs of red, white and blue and all the other colors that children have learned to recognize as his own. The Easter Rabbit hides his eggs. He hides them that the children of New Bern may find them.

On the afternoon of Easter Sunday this year three thousand children will assemble at Fort Totten, as guests of Donersen-Hawkins Post of The American Legion, to hunt for the eggs the Easter Rabbit hid. With the children of New Bern, the post will entertain boys and girls from five counties, under the plans announced by Post Adjutant Tom C. Daniels. Last year the post was host to twelve hundred children and the party was so inspiring that the post decided to enlist the help of other posts in its section of North Carolina to reach more children.



There will be five thousand eggs to look for this year at New Bern, and anyone's guess is good as to how many youngsters will be in the hunt



Some of the eleven hundred New Bernians who took part in 1928

Under the guidance of the Auxiliary members, the children are divided into groups according to age, and separate areas are assigned to the groups. The hunt starts when the mayor of New Bern fires a gun. As the shot echoes, the children, young and old, race out over the grassy hills to find the hidden eggs. They search through the tall grass of the level stretches and explore the breastworks and the moat of the old fort. Hats and baskets are filled as the hunt goes on.

The Legionnaires offer many prizes to the children of each age group. The prizes are given to those finding the largest numbers of eggs and those who find eggs of certain colors. A special prize is given to the baby who finds the single hidden egg that is dyed black.

The annual Easter egg hunt of The American Legion at New Bern is one of many egg hunts conducted by other posts in North Carolina and adjoining States. Another unusual hunt is the one given annually by the Auxiliary unit of Kiffin Rockwell Post of Asheville, North Carolina, for the children of disabled men who are patients in the Veterans Bureau hospital at Oteen. Last year, at this party, the children hunted for forty dozen eggs and the winner carried off a live bunny as a prize. The hunt is held on the grassy hills surrounding the log cabin in which a health clinic is conducted the year round for disabled men's children under the direction of Miss Alice Gray and other members of Clyde Bolling Post of Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Shanklin-Attaway Post of Rome, Georgia, is a pioneer among the many posts giving annual Easter egg hunts. For five years it has given its annual egg hunt, making a special effort to entertain children who have not been included in the hunts given by churches and other organizations. The hunt is given at the fair ground owned and operated by the post as a year-round amusement center and the number of children taking part in it has increased steadily each year.

Joe Carr, Adjutant of the Department of Georgia, recalls that the egg hunt was almost ruined one year because several boys started a private hunt of their own after the eggs had been hidden and before the Legionnaires arrived at the ground to conduct the hunt. In another year, a boy got the hunt started prematurely by sounding a whistle, the prearranged signal, fifteen minutes before the time that had been set.

"When that unofficial whistle sounded," relates Mr. Carr, "the hunt began and that was all there was to it. Luckily, however, I had the official whistle with me and I blew it as soon as I saw the children start racing toward the hiding places."

“I GAMBLED 2¢ and WON \$35,840 in 2 YEARS”

*A Story for Men and Women
who are dissatisfied with themselves*

THIS is the story of a gamble—a 2¢ risk—which paid me a profit of \$35,840 in two years. I am not, and never was, a gambler by nature; in all probability I never would have taken the chance if more money was involved. So even if you, too, are against gambling, you will feel like risking two cents after you've read my story.

Some people believe I was lucky. Others think I am brilliant. But this sort of luck I had everyone can have. My type of brilliance is that of any average man.

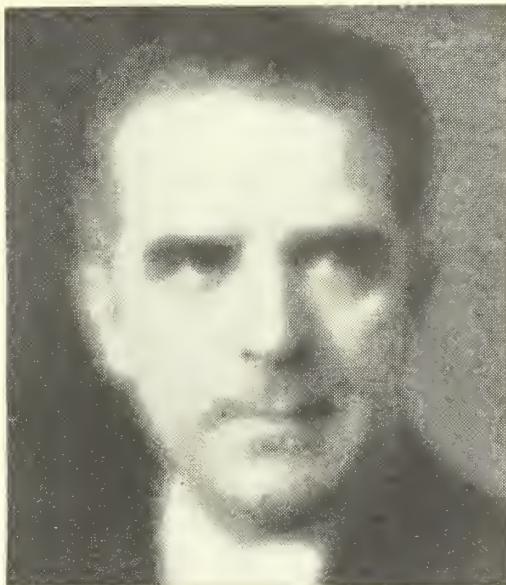
Almost any \$40-a-week wage earner has as complete a mental equipment as I had two years ago. And he feels today just about the way I did then. For two years ago, I too, was in the \$40-a-week rut. My earnings were \$2,080 per year!

I was discontented, unhappy. I was not getting ahead. There didn't seem to be much hope in the future. I wanted to earn more money—a lot more money. I wanted to wear better clothes and have a car, and travel. I wanted to be on a par with people I then looked up to. I wanted to feel equal to them mentally and financially.

But it all seemed hopeless. I was beset with fears. I was afraid of losing my job. I was afraid of the future. I could see nothing ahead for myself and my wife and baby but a hard struggle. I would live and work and die—just one of the millions who slaved their lives away. I was irritable, easily annoyed, discouraged, “sore” at my fate and at the world. I could not think clearly. My mind was in a constant whirl. I was “scatterbrained.” I had a thousand half-baked ideas to make more money, but acted on none of them.

The end of each year found me in about the same position as the beginning. The tiny increases in salary, grudgingly given to me, were just about enough to meet the rising cost of living. Rent was higher; clothes cost more; food was more expensive. It was necessary for me to earn more money. So once in a while I got a few dollars more. But it wasn't because of any great change in my ability.

Today I have an income of \$20,000 a year. That's exactly \$17,920 more than it was two years ago. A difference of \$35,840 in two years. My family has everything it needs for its comfort and pleasure. My bank account is growing rapidly. I have my own home in the suburbs. I am respected by my neighbors, and I have won my wife and children's love as only the comforts and pleasures of life can do.



When I am old I will not be a millstone around anyone's neck. My children will not have to support me.

I look forward to the future with confidence and without fear. I know that only improvement can come with the years. Once I wandered through life aimlessly, cringing, afraid. Today I have a definite goal and the will to reach it. I know I cannot be beaten. Once my discontent resulted in wishes. Today my slightest discontent results in action. Once I looked forward hopefully to a \$5 a week increase in salary. Today I look forward confidently to a \$100 a week increase in my earnings.

What magic was it that caused the change in my circumstances? How did I, a \$40-a-week clerk, change my whole life so remarkably? I can give you the answer in one word—Pelmanism. I gambled 2¢ on it. Yet without it, I might have continued in my old \$40-a-week rut for the rest of my life.

Pelmanism taught me how to think straight and true. It crystallized my scattered ideas. It focused my aim on one thing. It gave me the will power to carry out my ideas. It dispelled my fears. It improved my memory. It taught me how to concentrate—how to observe keenly. Initiative, resourcefulness, organizing ability, forcefulness were a natural result. I stopped putting things off. Inertia disappeared. Mind-wandering and indecision were things of the past. With new allies on my side and old enemies beaten, there was nothing to hold me back.

I am writing this in appreciation of what Pelmanism did for me. I want other average men to gamble 2¢ as I did. For the cost of a postage stamp I sent for the booklet about Pelmanism, called “Scientific Mind Training.” Reading that free book started me on my climb. I took no risk when I enrolled for the Course because of the Institute's guarantee. All I gambled was 2¢ and I am \$36,000 better off now than I would have been had I not written for the book about Pelmanism.

* * * * *

The Pelman Institute will be glad to send a copy of “Scientific Mind Training” to any interested individual. This book is free. It explains Pelmanism. It tells what it does to the mind. It tells what Pelmanism has meant to others. For over 25 years Pelmanism has been helping people to happiness. Over 650,000 others have studied this remarkable science. Among those who have praised it are such great world figures as Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Jerome K. Jerome, Sir

Harry Lauder, T. P. O'Connor, Major Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, H. R. H. Prince Charles of Sweden, and many others. Your whole life may be altered as a result of reading “Scientific Mind Training.” Send the coupon. You have nothing to lose. If Pelmanism does not help you it costs you nothing. There is no obligation in mailing the coupon. No salesman will call on you. Decide for yourself what to do after you read the free book about Pelmanism. Mail the coupon NOW.

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I want you to show me what Pelmanism has actually done for over 650,000 people. Please send me your free book, “Scientific Mind Training.” This places me under no obligation whatever.

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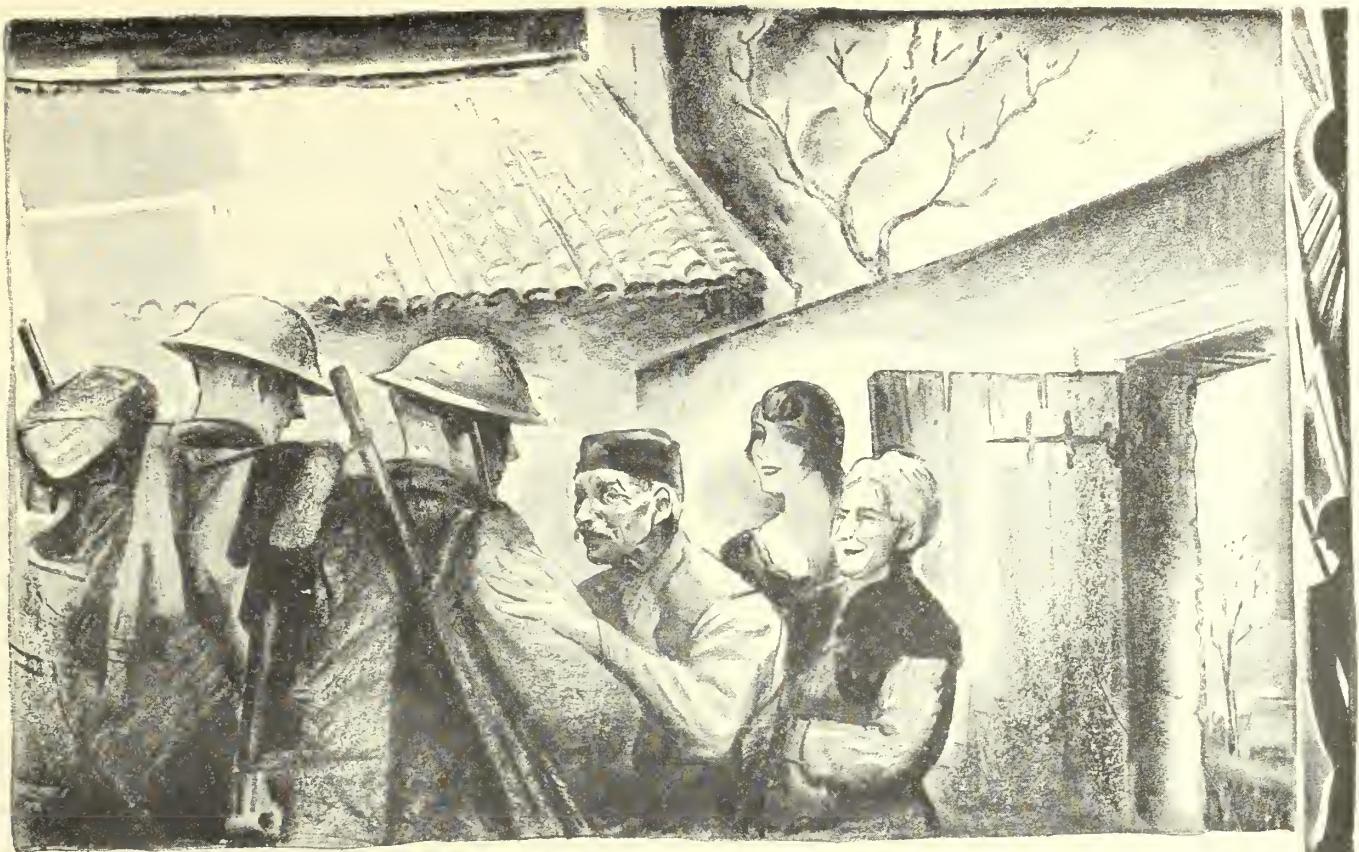


SPRING SONG

By Richard Le Gallienne & Decoration by W.L. Stevens

*My heart is away to the hills in the April weather,
Where the clouds and the winds and the trees are marching together,
And the wild sweet upland fifes of the moon are playing,
And the birches, like banners, are streaming and flashing and swaying.*

*O winds of April, I care not whence or whither your blowing,
So that my spirit, caught up in the speed of your going,
Filled with your valiant breath, and the glory and joy of your giving,
Shines and sings like a sword for the gallant adventure of living.*



They Learned French THIS Way!

THE A. E. F. did not know it,—those boys began to *parlez* without knowing they did it,—but the truth is that they learned French by the Hugo method. They landed in France, thousands of them, young and eager to see and hear and do everything the French soldiers did. And almost over night they knew enough French to make themselves understood.

The secret was the *use* of the new language. They were not taught a book full of rules. They began *talking* at once. They wanted to know how to get around, how to order food, how to ask prices, distances and locations.

Hugo's French-At-Sight is based on the same principle. Simple questions and answers—with the scientific key to pronunciation—

are in the first lesson. The tedium of the class room is discarded. You actually begin to speak French the moment you start the first lesson. Then progress is easy, gradual and steady. In a few days you are able to converse on a score of topics, all with the correct inflection and accent.

A knowledge of French in addition to your native English is a valuable possession. Its usefulness increases daily. You hear French phrases everywhere; you find them in your reading. Probably you have some natives of France in your own circle of friends. Some day you will be going abroad. French is spoken all over Europe as well as South America and Asia. Commerce with France floods America with business correspondence in that tongue. The man or

woman who can translate them is more valuable to his or her employer.

These suggestions are but an indication of the thousands of uses to which you may put a knowledge of this most elegant of languages. You can think of many more.

Price Greatly Reduced

Thousands of testimonials in our files establish beyond a doubt that Americans can learn French this way. Despite its past success and our firm knowledge that the Hugo method is the quickest and easiest of all foreign language systems, we want to prove it to you by actual test.

Mail the coupon today, while the present low price is in effect. Inspect the lessons and try them at your leisure for a week. Then either mail your first small payment or return them at our expense.

A recent reduction in royalties makes it possible to sell Hugo's French-At-Sight for only \$9.85 for the complete course. The dictionary pictured below is included free with your course.

Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.
Dept F-1134
Garden City, N.Y.

Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.,
Dept F-1134, Garden City, N.Y.

Gentlemen: I am interested in learning to speak French by the easy Hugo method. Kindly send me the Hugo "French-At-Sight" Course in 24 lessons for my free examination. Within 7 days I will either return the course or send you \$1.85 at that time and \$2.00 each month thereafter for 4 months. I am also to receive a 25,000 word imported dictionary without additional cost.

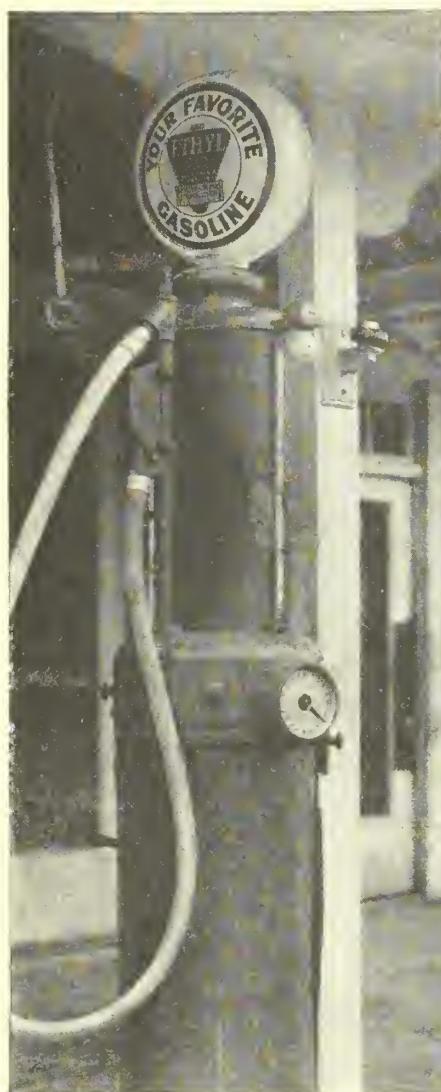
Name _____

Address _____

City _____
Instead of the French Course send me a 24-lesson
Hugo Course for the language checked below:
 Spanish Italian German



"Try our gasoline with Ethyl in it"



© E. G. C. 1929



"OUR gasoline is the best you can buy," says the filling station man. "But even the best gasoline is better with Ethyl in it."

This pump man—and thousands like him—knows what he is talking about. Ethyl is the anti-knock fluid developed by automotive research to prevent gasoline from "knocking" and losing power as an engine's compression is automatically raised by carbon for-

mation or mechanical design.

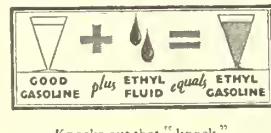
Higher compression—with-out "knock"—means greater power; and leading oil companies now are mixing Ethyl fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) with their good gasoline to eliminate the "knock," and make it possible for every motorist to take advantage of this greater power.

You may be sure of real value for the extra pennies when you buy Ethyl Gaso-

line. Value in the extra pull, quicker pickup, better control in emergencies, less shifting—not to speak of the economy of lessened engine wear and tear and of more power from each gallon of fuel.

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Toronto, Can. 36 Queen Anne's Gate,
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ETHYL GASOLINE

The LUCK of ROARING CAMP



THE Luck of Roaring Camp" appeared in the *Overland Monthly* for August, 1868. It was the first picture Bret Harte gave us of his special subject, the romantic West in the gold period.

There has long been a debate as to whether the picture is accurate. Westerners at the time denied that any such lawless society was characteristic of the Coast. Bret Harte's champions felt that such protests came from citizens who wished the Coast to enjoy a good reputation in the East, and who preferred, therefore, a picture giving more emphasis to law and order. Whatever the truth is, Bret Harte's account became the authentic myth of the mining camps, and it would be hard now for an historian to displace from popular imagination these rough men, given to hard work and poker and friendship and women.

Bret Harte himself started a legend about this particular story. He said that when it came into the editorial office, some young woman there of Puritan background blushed and refused to read

By BRET HARTE
INTRODUCTION BY JOHN ERSKINE

Illustrations by Lowell L. Balcom

proof on so indecent a manuscript. Only after considerable debate did the publisher of the magazine consent to print it. But the publisher himself always maintained

that there wasn't a word of truth in this yarn—that the story appeared to the office at first sight delightful and acceptable. At least Bret Harte's myth indicates that he thought there was on the Western Coast at that time a serious division of opinion as to the proprieties, and as to the reputation which it was desirable for California to enjoy.

The great success of this story brought Bret Harte an opportunity to contribute to the *Atlantic Monthly*, but after his return East, he ceased to maintain the brilliant level of his first work. His reputation among the literary critics gradually collapsed, until a few decades ago, when he was thought of as rather a cheap and negligible yarn-spinner. Today he is once more valued as a great story-teller, in his limited field, one of the greatest which his time produced. To evoke a new picture of society, and to make it permanent in the minds of America and Europe, is the

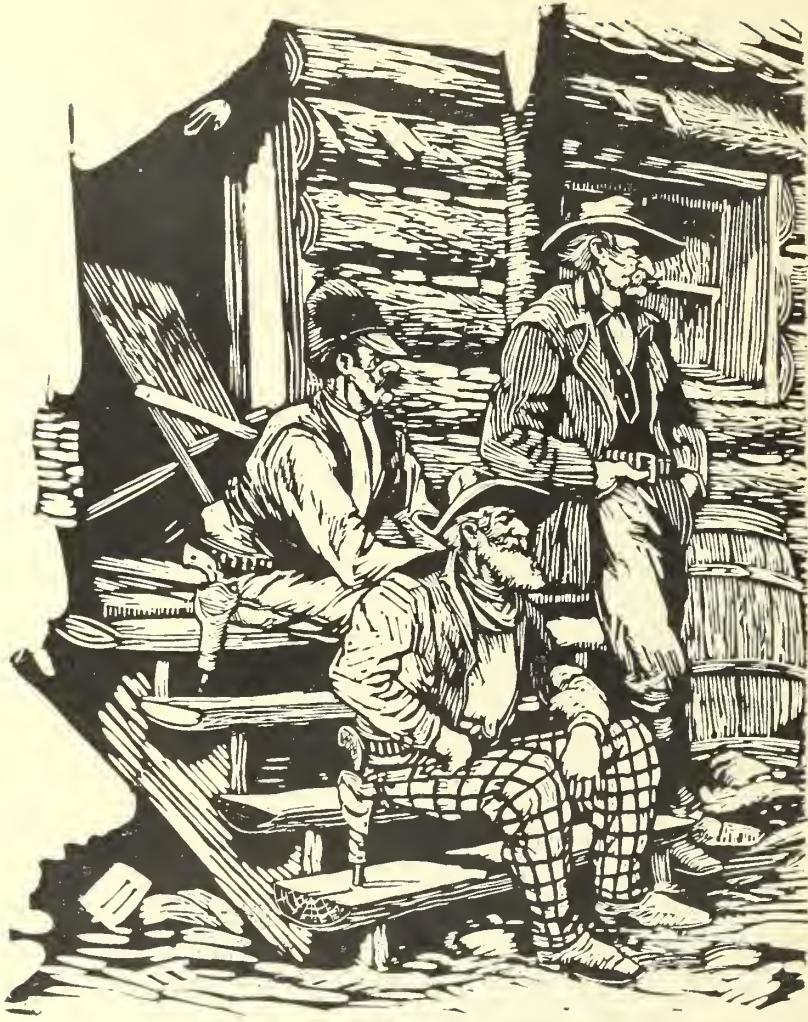
achievement certainly of nothing short of genius.

The question whether Bret Harte portrayed the mining camps truthfully would concern only the historian. Even if the record were correct, the literary man would feel that the true Americanism of the story lies not in the picture so much as in the emotions which that picture excites. It is a story told from an American point of view. European readers too often accept it as an historical document; from reading Bret Harte and the early work of Mark Twain they prepare themselves to find here on their arrival in our harbors broad-brimmed and high-booted frontiersmen or adventurers with unofficial cards up their sleeve, and guns on their hip. What is American about the story, however, is the type of humor, the type of pathos, the deep vein of sentiment, the sense of accident, of the fullness of life and the nearness of death.

The humor, like that of Mark Twain, is so broad as to be grotesque. The incident of child-birth in such a place, the unusual food-supply for the infant which the miner, acting as nurse, improvised, the extraordinary mixture of emotions entertained by the miners for the defunct mother, are all in the American mood. Perhaps the humor seems less grotesque than it actually is because of the adventurous world in which the story is located. Anything might happen, the reader supposes, in such a place as this wild mining camp. So well are we prepared for extraordinary events that we accept somewhat easily incidents and facts we might question in another environment. It was to Bret Harte's interest, therefore, as a literary artist to exaggerate the wildness of the miner's life, and the disorder of his society. This fact, perhaps, throws light on the debate over the accuracy of his picture.

In such a world, as on a battle-front, the loyalty of friendship is not an uncommon virtue. There men on the same side have a tendency to stand together. The sympathy of this wild crowd, a sort of democratic fellow feeling, is one of the charms of the story, though it pervades the pages so subtly as often to pass unmentioned. It is flavored by the pathos of which I spoke, and by the peculiar kind of sentiment which I think is typically American—not that other nations lack it, but that we specialize in it. The pathos of the woman's death, the loneliness of the men in a world without tender elements, the power of the child over their imagination, make a total impression which is hard to define, but easily recognized. The feeling produced covers a larger area than the story itself. It appeals to that conviction of the tragic in life which the old Roman poet expressed. It rises also from that confidence, peculiar to Americans, in the influence of children upon hardened character, and a faith that in even the most hardened members of society there is a possibility of gentleness, almost of delicacy.

The European has often pointed out that the American, whether he thinks it or not, is a fatalist. Usually an optimistic one, that is, believing in his own or in his nation's destiny; in any case, fairly resigned to whatever is to be. In selecting the life of the miner for his subject, Bret Harte found a vehicle for this philosophy of ours. Nothing is more marked in his stories than the calmness with which his men accept their good and bad for-



tune. He represents them as living very hard and very recklessly, taking pleasure and seizing wealth where they can, but not estimating either too highly. He shows them always ready for the death which may lurk in the next half hour—in an explosion, a fire, a flood, or a bullet. It is characteristic of us as American readers that very few criticisms, if any, were ever made of this fatalism. Bret Harte has been thought vulgar and coarse by people who do not call a spade a spade—who, in fact, even ignore the existence of spades. But perhaps because the philosophy is so essentially natural to us, we have not objected to his stoicism, which would have belonged to an ancient Greek or Roman, but which accompanies rather discordantly the religion which most of us hold. I have heard an admirer of Bret Harte in one impulsive sentence sum up this great story, unconscious that his phrase illustrated most of those traits of Americanism of which I have been speaking—the bizarre humor, the incongruity of the emotions and philosophy, the sentiment. He laid the book down with the quotation, "A little child shall lead them."

• • • THE STORY • • •

THERE was commotion in Roaring Camp. It could not have been a fight, for in 1850 that was not novel enough to have called together the entire settlement. The ditches and claims were not only deserted, but "Tuttle's grocery" had contributed its gamblers, who, it will be remembered, calmly continued their game the day that French Pete and Kanaka Joe shot each other to death over the bar in the front room. The whole camp was collected before a rude cabin on the outer edge of the clearing. Conversation was carried on in a low tone, but the name of a woman was frequently repeated. It was a name familiar enough in the camp—"Cherokee Sal."

Perhaps the less said of her the better. She was a coarse and, it is to be feared, a very sinful woman. But at that time she was the only woman in Roaring Camp, and was just then lying in sore

extremity, when she most needed the ministration of her own sex. Dissolute, abandoned, and irreclaimable, she was yet suffering a martyrdom hard enough to bear even when veiled by sympathizing womanhood, but now terrible in her loneliness. The primal curse had come to her in that original isolation which must have made the punishment of the first transgression so dreadful. It was, perhaps, part of the expiation of her sin that, at a moment when she most lacked her sex's intuitive tenderness and care, she met only the half-contemptuous faces of her masculine associates. Yet a few of the spectators were, I think, touched by her sufferings. Sandy Tipton thought it was "rough on Sal," and, in the contemplation of her condition, for a moment rose superior to the fact that he had an ace and two bowers in his sleeve.

It will be seen also that the situation was novel. Deaths were



BALCOM.

by no means uncommon in Roaring Camp, but a birth was a new thing. People had been dismissed from the camp effectively, finally, and with no possibility of return; but this was the first time that anybody had been introduced *ab initio*. Hence the excitement.

"You go in there, Stumpy," said a prominent citizen known as "Kentuck," addressing one of the loungers. "Go in there, and see what you kin do. You've had experience in them things."

Perhaps there was a fitness in the selection. Stumpy, in other climes, had been the putative head of two families; in fact, it was owing to some legal informality in these proceedings that Roaring Camp—a city of refuge—was indebted to his company. The crowd approved the choice, and Stumpy was wise enough to bow to the majority. The door closed on the extempore surgeon and midwife, and Roaring Camp sat down outside, smoked its pipe, and awaited the issue.

The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. One or two of these were actual fugitives from justice, some were criminal, and all were reckless. Physically they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. The greatest scamp had a Raphael face, with a profusion of blond hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice and an embarrassed, timid manner. The term "roughs" applied to them was a distinction rather than a definition. Perhaps in the minor details of fingers, toes, ears, etc., the camp may have been deficient, but these slight omissions did not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye.

Such was the physical aspect of the men that were dispersed around the cabin. The camp lay in a triangular valley between two hills and a river. The only outlet was a steep trail over the summit of a hill that faced the cabin, now illuminated by the rising moon. The suffering woman might have seen it from the rude bunk whereon she lay—seen it winding like a silver thread until it was lost in the stars above.

A fire of withered pine boughs added sociability to the gath-

ering. By degrees the natural levity of Roaring Camp returned. Bets were freely offered and taken regarding the result. Three to five that "Sal would get through with it"; even that the child would survive; side bets as to the sex and complexion of the coming stranger. In the midst of an excited discussion an exclamation came from those nearest the door, and the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river, and the crackling of the fire rose a sharp, querulous cry—a cry unlike anything heard before in the camp. The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush, and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if Nature had stopped to listen too.

The camp rose to its feet as one man! It was proposed to explode a barrel of gunpowder; but in consideration of the situation of the mother, better counsels prevailed, and only a few revolvers were discharged; for whether owing to the rude surgery of the camp, or some other reason, Cherokee Sal was sinking fast. Within an hour she had climbed, as it were, that rugged road that led to the stars, and so passed out of Roaring Camp, its sin and shame, forever. I do not think that the announcement disturbed them much, except in speculation as to the fate of the child. "Can he live now?" was asked of Stumpy. The answer was doubtful. The only other being of Cherokee Sal's sex and maternal condition in the settlement was an ass. There was some conjecture as to fitness, but the experiment was tried. It was less problematical than the ancient treatment of Romulus and Remus, and apparently as successful.

When these details were completed, which exhausted another hour, the door was opened, and the anxious crowd of men, who had already formed themselves into a queue, entered in single file. Beside the low bunk shelf, on which the figure of the mother was starkly outlined below the blankets, stood a pine table. On this a candle-box was placed, and within it, swathed in staring red flannel, lay the last arrival at Roaring Camp. Beside the candle-box was placed a hat. Its use was soon indicated. "Gentlemen," said Stumpy, with a singular mixture of authority and *ex officio* complacency—"gentlemen will please pass in at the front door, round the table, and out at (Continued on page 50)

AMERICANS

By Meredith

BACK yonder, when Hayes, Garfield and Arthur were taking their turns in the seat of the Presidents, it seemed to my youthful fancy that the Civil War, of which I heard so constantly, was the greatest incident in all history. Those years are deeply etched in my memory. Indiana, my home State, had sent two hundred and eight thousand, three hundred and sixty-seven volunteers into the conflict, and practically all the men with whom I came in contact had served in the Union Army. Around the post office in Indianapolis a hero-worshipping lad could find many of the valiant upon whom to lavish admiration.

Generals were not uncommon—Benjamin Harrison, Lew Wallace, Pap McGinnis, Sandy Foster, Fred Knefler, George H. Chapman, Abel D. Streight, Walter Q. Gresham. Good stuff for Plutarch, those men! Harrison became President and Wallace wrote "Ben Hur," a novel read by millions, long popular on the stage and more recently flourishing as a screen production. Gresham was a Federal judge and twice a cabinet officer. My generals were all successful in their subsequent civil careers, but to me they always wore the glamor of romance. Nothing is so conclusive as an argument against the phobia that we might become a militaristic nation as the fact that when our wars are ended our soldiers so quickly adjust themselves to civil life. As to the War Between the States, the transition was often so abrupt as to be incongruous.

General Streight enjoyed a remarkable experience as a volunteer soldier. He led a brigade on a dash into the heart of the Confederacy to destroy property and communications. He was getting away with it quite handsomely until that brilliant military genius, General N. B. Forrest, interrupted the proceedings. Even at that, Streight did considerable damage before Forrest stopped him, and when landed in Libby Prison he tunneled out with something over a hundred of his men and after many adventures reached the Potomac and rejoined the Union forces. Yet after these stirring experiences he returned to Indianapolis and, the most unassuming of our citizens, quite unromantically engaged in the lumber business.

While my supreme joy was in these noble generals I did not withhold my adoration from certain colonels; and two majors won my admiration by the splendor of their whiskers. (Oddly, all the Civil War majors I ever knew were whiskered men!) I



Robert E. Lee, from a hitherto unpublished photograph in the Lincoln collection of Harry MacNeill Bland

presently found that the veterans who confessed to having served in the ranks talked of their experiences much more entertainingly than the officers. At any rate their point of view was different and they had more humor. One of these was John Rankin, a printer. He had derived from his service as a volunteer a philosophy of life by which he lived. He had done a lot of thinking on the long marches and I can see now, what I didn't understand when I stood by his case in the dingy composing room—that he really had a good many of Plato's ideas. Later on I enjoyed the friendship of an Indianapolis lawyer who had carried a musket for four years in a New York regiment, participating in some of the bloodiest of the Virginia battles, but I had known him nearly ten years before he ever mentioned the fact that he had been a soldier. He hadn't the slightest patience with the manipulation of "the soldier vote," and I suppose it was because of his disgust with political soldiers that

he was so reluctant to speak of his own part in the war. When it was over he set about finishing his education, settled in Indianapolis and through many years rendered to his community a highly intelligent and courageous service in the interest of good government. In his vigorous old age he has written a profoundly searching book, "How We Got Our Liberties." Lucius B. Swift is unique. I write his name here because of his unselfish, self-sacrificing devotion

to American ideals in war and peace. I may add that he estranged some of his best friends and clients by his prompt denunciation of Germany's course at the beginning of the World War and when America went into it served on a board of draft appeals with characteristic fidelity and conscientiousness.

The best story teller in our town was Lieutenant Henry C. Adams, the star performer at all soldier gatherings. There was much scandal about pensions, and Adams in discussing the subject declared that he was one survivor of the war who owed the government money, because he had been given up to die with consumption when he enlisted and the army life had cured him. Those were great nights in the hall of George H. Thomas Post to which my father and mother took me for the campfire entertainments, when stories were told and the quartet sang "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." My father, a private in Wallace's Eleventh Indiana Regiment for the three months' service, had changed to the artillery, become captain of the 22d Indiana

FOREVER

Nicholson

Battery, and saw hard service to the end. But he never talked of the war. Something of the horror of it had touched him profoundly; it was in his eyes to the end of his days. There was a box of his papers in the barn and among them some orders that had been in the pocket of the commander of the battery when he was killed in the operations around Atlanta and my father succeeded to the captaincy. A tattered guidon, a saber, a dress uniform coat and a pair of gilt-fringed epaulettes were among my first playthings.

It still seems remarkable that the heroes I began to contemplate with so much satisfaction in my home town in about 1876 had been without military training when the Civil War began, or, as one of the poet Riley's characters said, "when the army broke out." Some of them had belonged to military companies, but these organizations were chiefly social and did not take seriously the science of war; and their training before going to the front was very sketchy. When Sumter was fired on they were young men in stores and offices, still at the threshold of life. It remains a mystery how they so quickly learned "the iron game," assumed large responsibilities and acquitted themselves with distinction. War in those days was a simpler affair than now, conducted with much awkward and futile gesturing; but this makes all the more glorious the valor and fortitude of the men of the '60's.

Beyond my Hoosier galaxy were the great planets that revolved about Lincoln—Grant, Sherman, Thomas and Sheridan. A hero much to my taste was Custer, the dashing cavalryman, who rode unscathed through many battles in the South only to be killed in a fight with the Indians in Montana. I used to go to the Public Library and pore over the war-time volumes of *Harper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie's* for the joy of the pictures. The spell of enchantment was still upon me when the *Century Magazine* began serial publication of "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War"; articles written by surviving officers. I was now old enough to understand something of the strategy of the campaigns and the blunders in high places that had resulted in calamitous defeats.

With the atmosphere of the community in which I lived still vibrating as to the cry of bugles, it isn't surprising that I thought of the South as an alien country that had been whipped into subjection and must be viewed with distrust, lest it again require chastisement. In those years I never heard any one speak



Ulysses S. Grant, from a hitherto unpublished photograph in the Lincoln collection of Harry MacNeill Bland

with any tolerance or sympathy of the Southern people. They were rebels. All Democrats were either rebels or Copperheads. Beyond question the sympathizers with the South in all the border States had lent such aid and comfort to the enemy as they dared and in consequence were cordially hated by their neighbors. The Knights of the Golden Circle had been particularly active in Indiana and might have been much more mischievous but for the vigilance and the iron hand of Oliver P. Morton, the war governor. These animosities were a part of the inheritance of my generation at the North. While I was still in the public schools there was a commotion because the text book used in American history was too considerate of the South.

I was near voting age before I learned that the questions fought out between North and South ran back in our history; that the precise nature of the union of States had been a subject of controversy from the beginning of the Republic. Men who were neither fools nor rebels had held that a dissatisfied State might withdraw from the Union at will. New England had been restive long before Webster in 1830 made his famous reply to Hayne. Andrew Jackson, militant Southerner, had rattled his saber at South Carolina for threatening nullification of a Federal tariff law. "The Union—it must be preserved," announced Jackson with characteristic vigor. "I will die for the Union," he wrote to John Coffee, a Tennessee friend who had shared the fortunes of his military campaigns.

In St. Michael's Churchyard, Charleston, among the graves of many Confederate soldiers, one may read an inscription in felicitous and moving phrases to a distinguished lawyer of South Carolina, James Lewis Pettigru, who had outspokenly supported the Union and never changed his attitude. He died in 1863, while the cloud of war hung dark above his city. A man admired, loved and honored for his abilities and his virtues, the fact that all business was suspended on the day of his funeral, and that the Charleston bar met later to pay tribute to him as an honorable man and distinguished jurist, speaks eloquently both for him and for the magnanimity of his people.

Some Northern men had believed in the right of secession and some Southern men had held the opposite view, both before and after slavery became the dominant political issue. I began to realize that the seed of the whirlwind had been a long time sowing. The relationship of the several States to the Federal power which had been susceptible of

(Continued on page 64)

THE BROKEN

Illustrations

by
V.E.Pyles

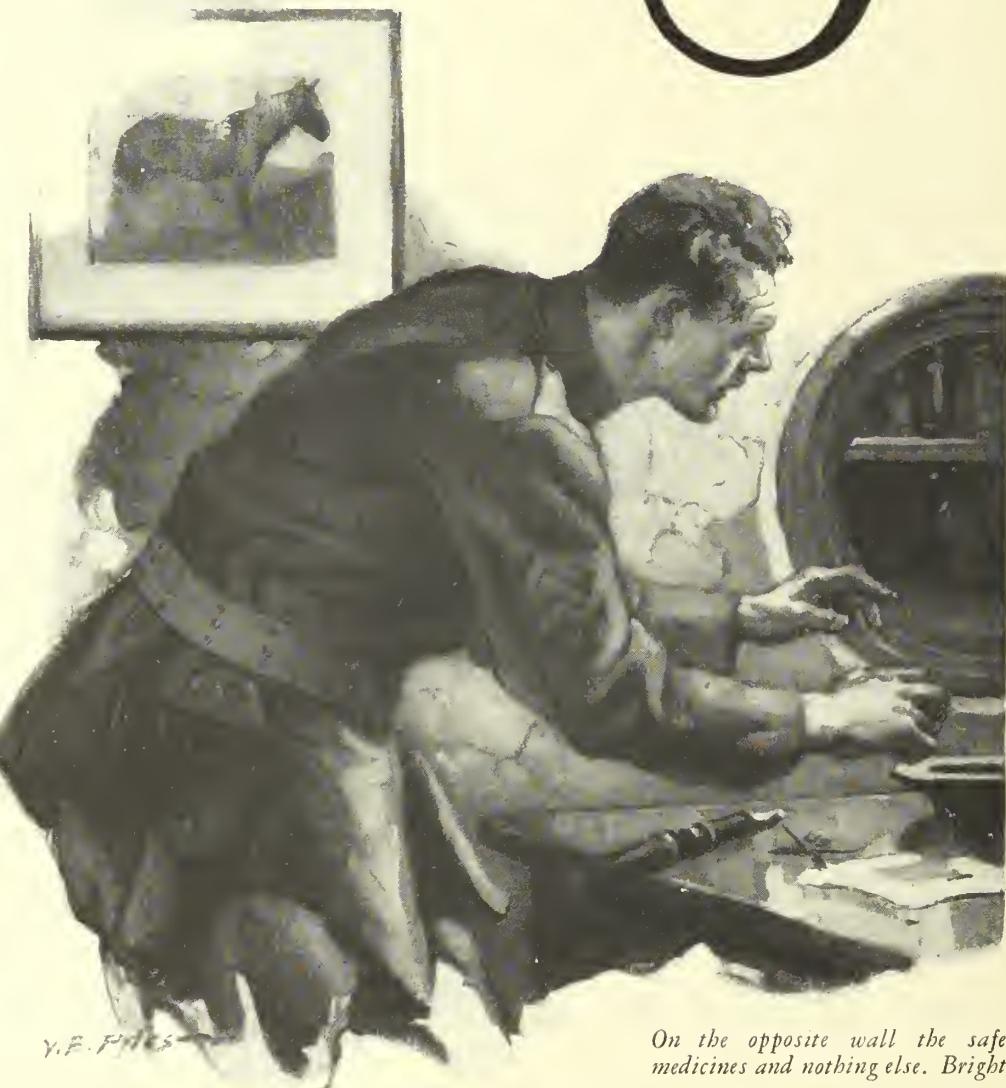
Chapters I—III in Brief

SERGEANT PETE BRIGHT, American D. C. I. attached to the Paris district, summoned to Bordeaux to help locate a French horse-trader named St. Denis missing in an attempt to smuggle horses in from Spain, is stumped. A man with mismatched eyes and thought to be an American had been conferring with St. Denis for some time, the missing man's secretary tells him, adding that at the time of his leaving for the Pyrenees the horse-trader had 100,000 francs in his money belt. Search of a Bordeaux house in which the queer eyed stranger lived discloses nothing on which to build up the case except a circled chalk mark enclosing a figure three with its top bar broken off. Bright leaves his assistant Corporal Duclose in charge and starts back for Paris, sharing a compartment with an English courier who confides in him that he has important papers for a member of the British delegation to the Paris peace conference and that a swarthy, heavy-set man has been following him. Bright leaves the train for a few minutes at a small town to send a telegram and when he returns sees a heavy-set figure leaving their compartment. The intruder runs at Bright's command to halt, and the sergeant fires at him in the darkness of the railroad yard. The shot causes the man to drop something which a few moments later Bright finds to be the English courier's dispatch case. In the now darkened compartment he finds the courier dead with a bullet hole through his head. The sergeant's flash-light picks out on the sole of the murdered man's shoe the mysterious broken-three symbol he had first seen in the Bordeaux house of the man with the mismatched eyes.

IV

SERGEANT PETE BRIGHT walked hurriedly out of the Gare d'Orsay into the early morning bustle of Paris streets. Under his arm he carried as inconspicuously as possible a leather dispatch case with a bullet hole through one corner and a dark brown stain along its under edge. His own automatic pistol, concealed now beneath his civilian suit, had made that bullet hole. Besides, in his pocket lay

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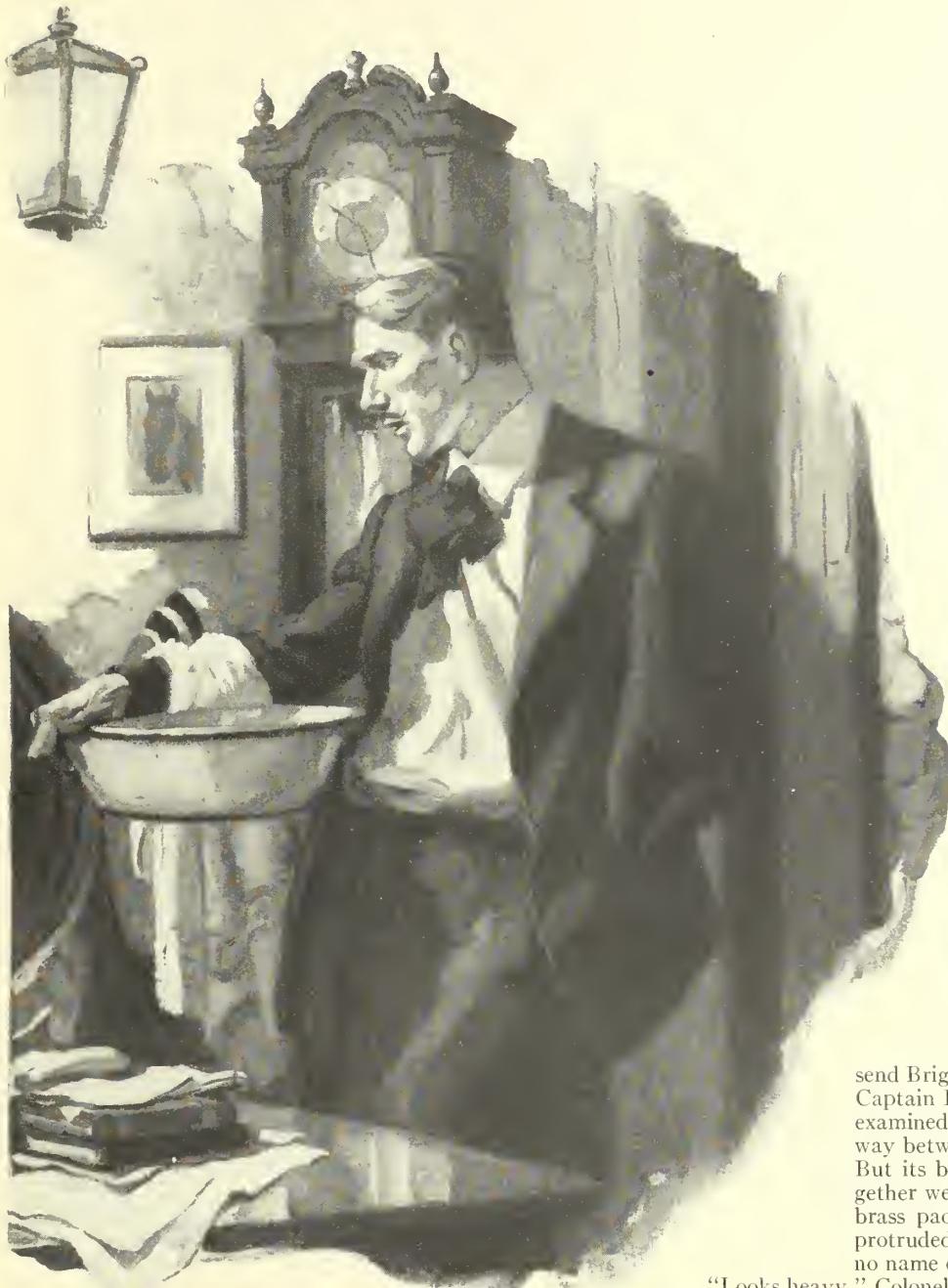
On the opposite wall the safe medicines and nothing else. Bright

an automatic pistol shell of the calibre that had killed Bathurst, the identical shell in fact.

He did not look back, dared not. At any moment the body of Courier Bathurst might be discovered on the floor of the first-class compartment in the Bordeaux train. It would take a lot of explaining if Sergeant Pete Bright of the D. C. I. were caught with Bathurst's dispatch case under his arm and a newly-fired pistol in his shoulder holster. French police officials naturally would doubt his story. What proof had he that his own bullet had only scratched the murderer? On the other hand, they would have proof aplenty . . . his pistol, the Englishman's body, the hole in the dispatch case, and an astounding ability, because they were French, to jump at conclusions. He had a poor alibi. He would doubt such a story himself if a stranger told it to him.

Tightening his elbow on the case, he dodged a street sweeper.

BY KARL W. DETZER



door gaped open. Its shelves held an array of veterinary gazed at it stunned. He had a new problem on his hands

Two elegant agents civil stood chatting by the curbstone just ahead. Bright turned aside. It would be hard, also, to convince a curious Paris policeman that this simple-looking little leather bag must be opened only by a certain Sir Harry Whitfield of the British delegation to the Peace Congress.

The sergeant hailed a taxicab cautiously, and fifteen minutes later entered the D. C. I. office in the gloomy old Hôtel Ste. Anne. He was thankful to arrive. At the outer door he hesitated a moment and looked back into the street. So far as he could tell no one had followed him. Still he was not at ease. He saw no one. But neither he nor Bathurst had seen anyone following them from Bordeaux. And Bathurst was dead, because they had not been vigilant enough. Bright scowled, and again blamed himself. He had an uncomfortable notion that things might have been different if Corporal Duclose had been along. Duclose might

drive a good man crazy talking art, but he knew how to be vigilant.

"Captain Keefe?" Bright demanded of a clerk on the second floor. His voice was harsh, and louder than he intended. He cleared his throat quickly and repeated the captain's name.

"With Colonel Saunders, in his private office."

"Got to see 'em . . . both."

The officers listened, without interrupting the sergeant's story, Keefe drumming the table occasionally as was his habit, the colonel watching with cool, unwavering gray eyes.

"So I beat it," Bright concluded. "Hated to leave him there on the floor. He was a good guy, this Bathurst. But I figured he'd rather not have the French police get hold of this packet . . ."

"Deliver the case to Whitfield," Colonel Saunders directed. He spoke soberly, scarcely moving his lips, yet enunciating clearly. "Find where he is, Keefe. Say nothing about this, Sergeant."

"Don't worry over that, sir. I'll be quiet as officers' quarters at reveille."

Saunders allowed himself a short smile. "Keefe, you report this directly to the British A. P. M.," he advised. "Tell them everything the sergeant has said. They'll claim the body."

"I hated to leave him there," Bright repeated. "Bathurst, I mean. The frog police turn a corpse inside out for a clue. He was a good fellow."

Colonel Saunders nodded.

"When you've located Whitfield, send Bright himself with the case," he instructed Captain Keefe further. He leaned forward and examined the leather bag. It was not large, midway between a brief case and a postman's sack. But its bellows ends bulged, and to hold it together were three broad buckled straps. A flat brass padlock fitted snugly into a staple that protruded through the center strap. There was no name or identification of any kind upon it.

"Looks heavy," Colonel Saunders remarked. He picked it up experimentally by its long musette strap. "It must weigh twenty-five pounds. I'm glad it's locked. Give it to this man Whitfield personally, Sergeant. Personally. Be sure to get a receipt."

At seven o'clock that Monday evening, Bright, who had discarded civil attire for a tailored uniform, drove west out of Paris, the dispatch bag in the seat of the official army car beside him. In his pocket he carried the discharged pistol shell, which was the only tangible bit of evidence he could bring with him from the compartment. Sergeant Murphy of the Paris office had secured news of Whitfield; he was spending four or five days with a certain American major, Rennells by name, who commanded the Circé district of the Embarkation area.

Circé, Bright learned from his road map, lay just over the hills from Domfront, where lived (or had lived, for the man undoubtedly was dead) St. Denis, the horse buyer. He could deliver this troublesome bag to Sir Harry Whitfield and hurry on to the St. Denis house . . . Corporal Duclose might even have reached there by this time to continue his investigation. Bright welcomed that idea. For before he returned to Paris, the sergeant decided, he must have solved the mystery which linked St. Denis the horse trader with the fat Blackbird—Turk or Armenian, which-

ever he was. And these two in turn with Courier Bathurst and Sir Harry Whitfield and the man with the odd eyes. Perhaps not clear the case from the books, but at least get a strong lead, something satisfactory to work on. The five men were linked, Bright was positive of that now. And it was more than intuition persuaded him. For the same figure, the queer broken three that he had seen on the black fireplace in Bordeaux, had been left on Bathurst's shoe sole at St. Pierre des Corps.

"This intuition stuff don't count in my business," he remembered telling Courier Bathurst.

It was a cold night ride, through dark, echoing villages under a starless sky, and with a raw wind blowing small puffs of snow down from the Channel. Bright was conscious of a growing depression as he drove westward. He blamed himself for Bathurst's murder. The man had been in a funk . . . but it was apparent now that he'd had a right to be. The murderer was impersonal in killing him, Bright suspected. Not Bathurst, but the bag, had been his object. He still wanted the bag. Next time it might be the bag and Sergeant Pete Bright.

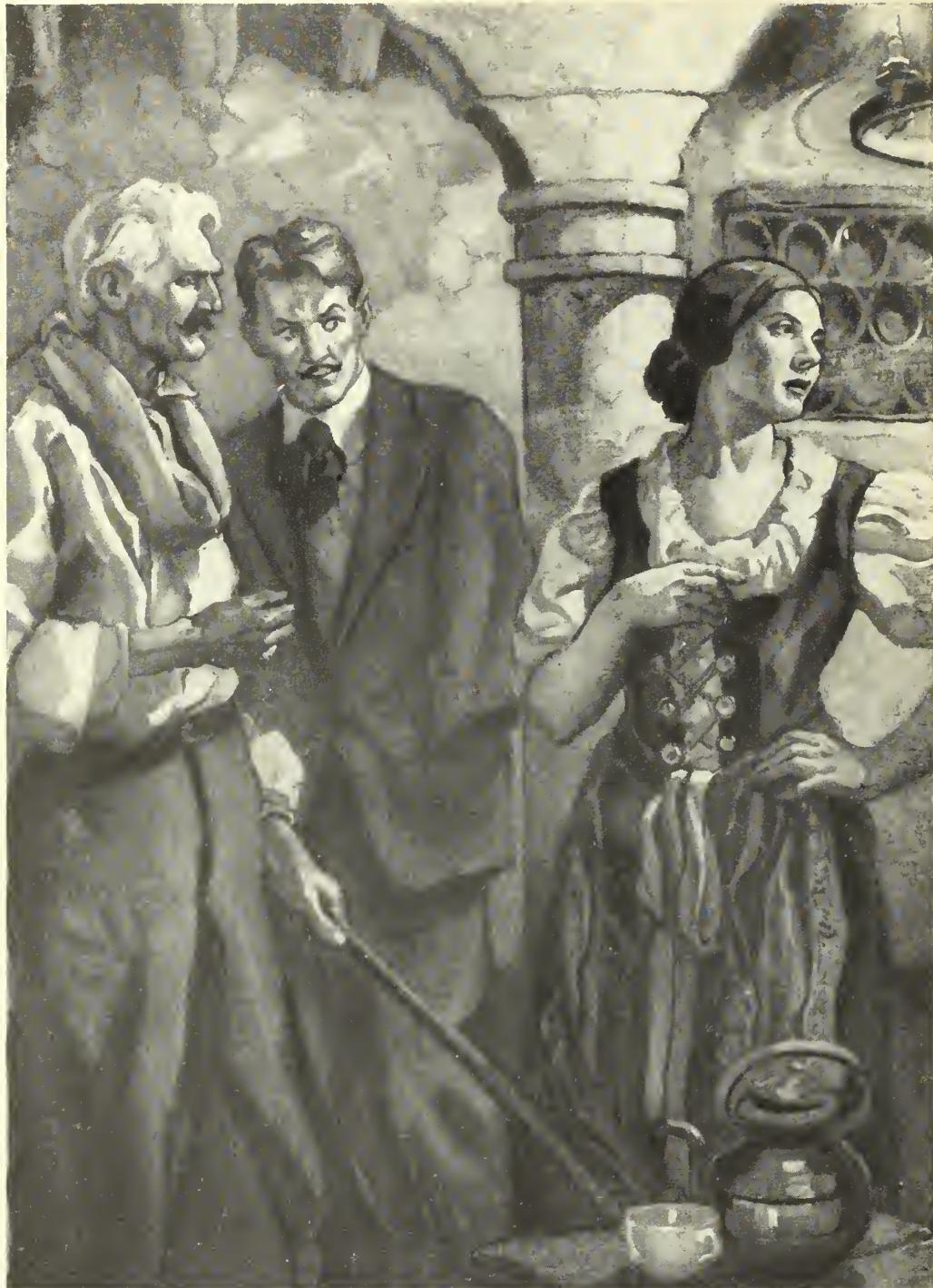
"And they say the guerre's fini," Bright muttered. "Well . . ."

He breakfasted at Argentan, and thirty minutes later peered down through the fog on the glistening wet roofs of Circé. He had been thinking less of Courier Bathurst and more of St. Denis as he approached the native neighborhood of the horse buyer. He was wondering at the moment whether Inspector Gibon of the Bordeaux district had discovered the man's body.

For half an hour there had been evidences of American occupation; slow-working parties in fatigue clothes, spades at right shoulder; headstrong Quad trucks, overloaded, striving to keep the middle of the road; and, in the yard of an old convent, the brown tents of a field-hospital unit. Bright coasted down the steep grade into town.

Circé proved to be an unexciting village with a moss-covered church shouldering its way boldly into the public square. The streets were clean, with the brisk sharp cleanliness of Normandy. A dozen American motor trucks stood in an orderly row in the center of the square. A motorcycle rushed across Bright's right of way. Soldiers in overcoats wandered about aimlessly. The village clearly was a center of some importance in the A. E. F. scheme of things. Bright halted his car and asked the way to Major Rennels's office.

The commander of Circé district lived at the western edge of town, in an old house that without much imagination could be called a château; in fact Major Rennels did call it that. Several acres of gardens surrounded by a high stone wall overhung the



The old woman turned on the sergeant and in rapid French anxious lest he be forced to tell them its history, fingered the case

river bank and the house stretched across the rear of the plot, a hundred yards from the gate.

Bright appraised it carefully. Nice, neat quarters for a major, he reflected, even be fair enough for a sergeant. The main door was approached from either side by a flight of stone steps. The center portion of the house, which was two and a half stories high, was flanked by wings extending at right angles across the ends. To the left, and some forty paces from the main building, a low, rambling structure, which some time no doubt had been used for a coach house, lay between the stable yards and the garden. Two motorcycles stood before it, and a half-dozen familiar looking yellow sheets, general and special orders, wet with morning fog, clung to the bulletin board against the stone wall.

A sign over the door of this smaller building announced that it served as district headquarters and that no passes would be granted today.

Five clerks pecked unenthusiastically at typewriters in the room Bright entered. A sergeant major was swearing over an ink



demanded: "What is in that package, young man?" Bright, carelessly, making sure that his left hand covered up the bullet hole

dab on a consolidated morning report form. He was a lean man with a cold, and his shoulders sagged under the clerical troubles of many home-going regiments.

"Well?" he asked.

"Major Rennels."

"Out."

"Out where? I got a message from G. H. Q., verbal orders." The sergeant major sneezed.

"He's fishing up the river. Go find him if you can. I can't."

"Who's with him?"

The sergeant major shook his head impatiently. "What the hell's it to you?" he demanded, and sneezed again. "Tell me your verbal orders and I'll see he gets 'em."

"Who's with him?" Bright asked, unruffled.

"A feller. Don't remember his name. Some damn Limey."

"Name Whitfield?"

"Yeh."

"He's fishing with the C. O.? Quite a party?"

The sergeant major tried to look reproving. Bright nodded.

"Dryin' up France, eh?" he asked amiably. "Anybody else with 'em? Anybody here who can lead me to 'em?"

"Adjutant's along. Major always makes him go. He don't care for fishin'. Name's Grice. Lieutenant. And nobody can't lead you to 'em because nobody can't find 'em. I been tryin'. Got a stack o' orders to be signed. They'll be back sometime. They always come back."

Bright sat down patiently on the edge of the desk. The dispatch case weighed like a dozen full packs on his arm. But he did not relinquish it.

"Back when?" he wanted to know. "Soon or toot sweet?"

"Whenever Grice can get 'em corralled. Today, mebbe. Mebbe tomorrow. Gimme them verbal orders and I'll see he gets 'em. Anything in 'em about us and Hoboken?"

"No. Besides, it's Whitfield I got to see."

The sergeant major grunted.

"Well, you'll get an eyeful when you do. Come back after a while. We'll be pourin' 'em into bed soon's they get here." He looked across the room, forgetting Bright, and demanded: "Where's the damn ink eradicator, Pat?"

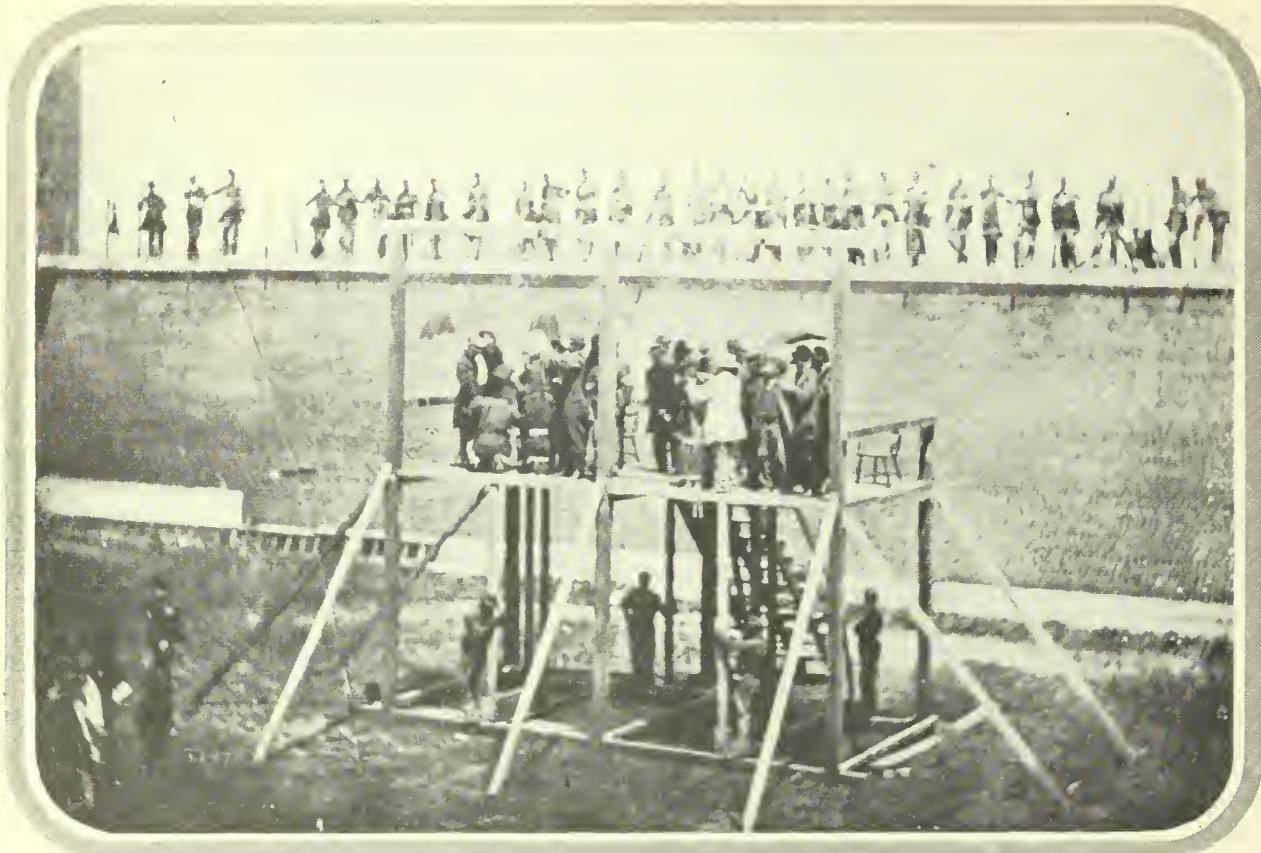
Bright turned to the door. He sought to hold the dispatch case so the sergeant major would not see the bullet hole. "Be back later," he promised, and frowning at the case, passed out into the garden. He felt more than ever like an errand boy. Why the devil should a little bunch of papers like this stir up so much trouble? A good scout Bathurst had been if he knew anything about men. He flung the bag angrily into the seat of the car.

He'd be rid of it soon,

thank God! And in the meantime . . . again he consulted his map . . . it was only three kilos on the Route du Finistère to Domfront . . . he might run up there and get the latest report from St. Denis's secretary. He could ask his way at the gendarmerie in Circé.

He parked in front of the stone police barracks in the Place de la République and climbed three steep steps to its narrow, inhospitable door. Within men were talking excitedly. Stone walls and floor set up discordant echoes. An old man in blue uniform faced Bright as he entered; a younger, who wore shabby gray civilian clothes that were wrinkled across the shoulders, with the left sleeve tucked empty into the coat pocket, stood with his back to the door. This much Bright saw before he caught the first words of the civilian, begun in staccato French and finished in a cough. The voice had a familiar ring to it. Bright looked sharply.

"I swear it is another assassin. What honest man would prowl at night about the house?" It was (Continued on page 67)



EXPIATION

By Marquis James

*A*RADIANT May sun slanted through the bars of the low-ceilinged room in the old Washington Penitentiary, composing a pattern on the floor. The fragrant spring air of the Potomac neutralized the odor of fresh whitewash that came from the blank bare walls. Behind a long table with a green cloth top sat the court-martial consisting of nine officers of the Army in blue and brass—seven grave-looking men with beards, and two with moustaches.

In front of the court were other tables. At one three army judge advocates were busy with books and papers. About another bent the counsel for the accused with heads together. At a third table were the newspaper men with pencils behind their ears; little of note had happened yet. In one corner of the room was a knot of spectators, whose presence was a mark of privilege.

These groups pretty well filled the calcined chamber, save for a railed-in platform against the wall opposite the court. On the platform were eight vacant chairs.

A door opened and the room was very still, which accentuated the sound of shuffling feet and the clank of iron without. A civilian entered followed by a soldier. The civilian's wrists were handcuffed together and he stooped as he walked in order to carry the seventy-five pound weight at the end of a two-foot chain that was fastened to his left ankle. He took his place on one of the seats on the platform, where a good look disclosed a mild looking young man about twenty-five years of age, of medium size, rather genteel face and a high forehead. His brown eyes blinked from the unaccustomed brightness of the room, for the bag tied over his head since his arrest had just been removed. This was Booth's schoolmate, Samuel Arnold. He was nervous and fidgeted in his seat.

Arnold was followed by Dr Samuel Mudd, likewise manacled and accompanied by a soldier. Dr. Mudd's beard, his premature

baldness and his dignity made him look older than his thirty-two years. He sat down in a chair next to Arnold and a soldier stood between them.

Then came Edward Spangler, the scene shifter at Ford's, a loutish, simple-looking fellow in workingman's clothes. He did not appear greatly worried, or to have much capacity for worry.

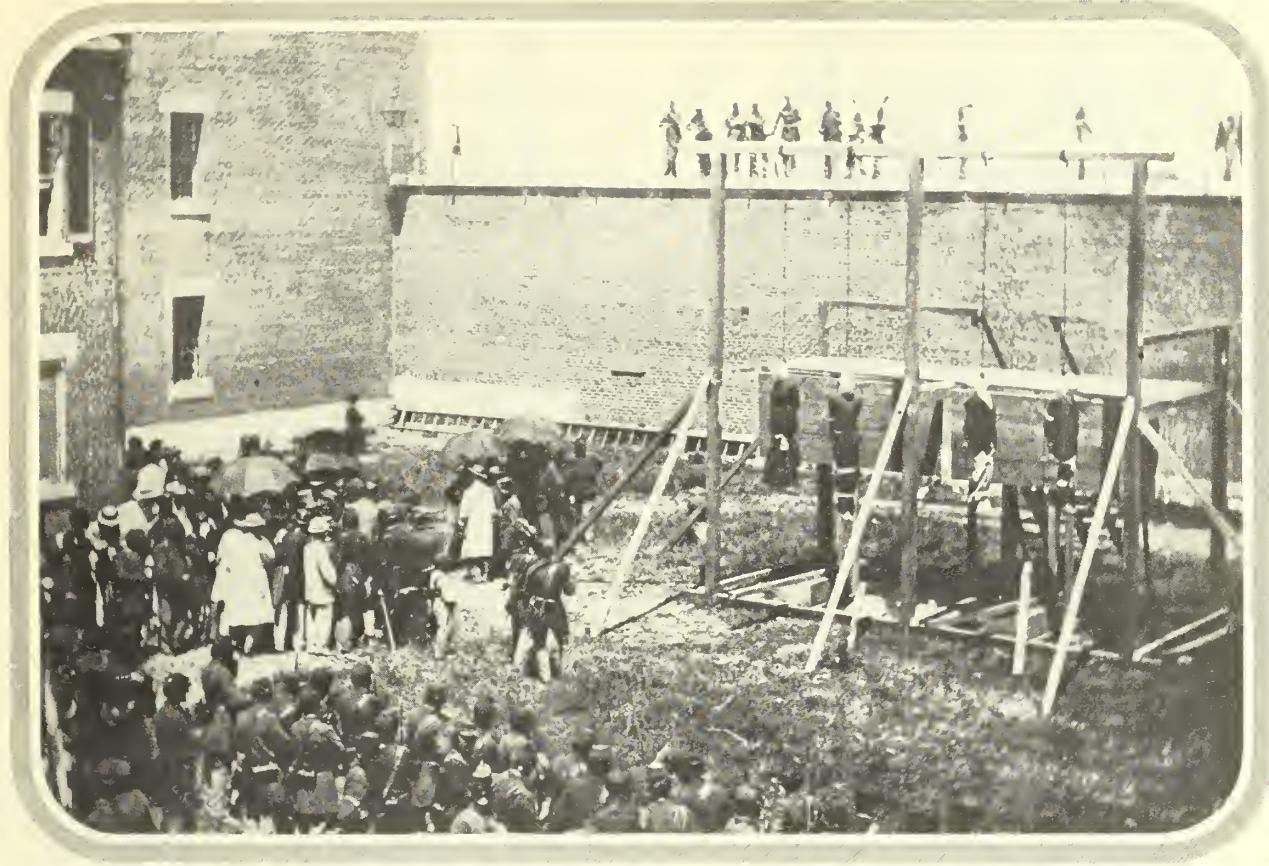
Michael O'Laughlin was next—a small man to whom the seventy-five pound weight was an actual burden to carry. He had a bright, alert face and a neat black moustache and goatee, but his dandified attire had lost its air of spruceness. O'Laughlin had surrendered to the authorities in Baltimore. His quick glance jumped about the courtroom as if he were still eager to please.

Except in the case of Dr. Mudd, the parts these four had played in the great conspiracy were obscure to the popular mind. That was something to be brought out at the trial. Vague also was the popular conception of the part borne by George Atzerodt, who followed O'Laughlin to the prisoner's dock, but the impression was that Atzerodt had played a desperate part, and, though small of build, his fierce-looking countenance seemed to justify the worst suspicions. He was more heavily ironed than the others.

The sixth in the line was the gigantic, scowling Payne, with extra fetters on. Everyone had heard of the savage aspect of the assailant of Secretary Seward and a buzz of interest swept the packed room. He crossed his legs and gazed over the heads of the spectators at a patch of landscape visible through a window.

Then came young Herold, the companion of Booth in his flight. There was great interest in him. His round, weak face looked sorely troubled; the muscles of his mouth twitched; and he had neglected to shave.

The last prisoner was Mrs. Surratt, a tall woman in her middle forties and inclined to stoutness. She was dressed plainly in



The execution of the Lincoln conspirators. On opposite page: Adjusting the nooses around the necks of Mary E. Surratt, Lewis Payne, David Herold and George Atzerodt. The day was hot—it was July 7, 1865—and the prisoners enjoyed the amenity of sunshades during their final seconds on earth.

Above: The trap was sprung at 1:20½ p.m. The bodies were cut down at 1:55

black, with an old-fashioned brooch at her throat. Mary Surratt had never been beautiful, but as a girl she had been undeniably attractive, because she was still attractive under the least favorable of circumstances. Her chestnut hair was parted in the middle and combed close to her head. Steady blue eyes looked from a countenance which, though pale and tense, faced an unfriendly world with a quality of composure that came from the well-springs of character—and every eye turned on Mary Surratt that morning appreciated as much. Mrs. Surratt was not ironed but was attended by a soldier like the others.

The prisoners stood while the charge against them was read. Severally and jointly they were accused of "maliciously, unlawfully, and traitorously . . . combining, confederating and conspiring together with one John H. Surratt, John Wilkes Booth, Jefferson Davis, George N. Sanders, Beverly Tucker, Jacob Thompson, William C. Cleary, Clement C. Clay, George Harper, George Young and others unknown to kill and murder . . . Abraham Lincoln, . . . Andrew Johnson, . . . William H. Seward, . . . and Ulysses S. Grant; and in pursuance of . . . said . . . conspiracy . . . unlawfully and traitorously murdering the said Abraham Lincoln, . . . and traitorously assaulting with intent to kill and murder the said William H. Seward, . . . and lying in wait with intent to . . . kill and murder the said Andrew Johnson and the said Ulysses S. Grant."

To this each prisoner pleaded not guilty, and the court adjourned to reconvene on the following day—May 11, 1865—at ten in the morning.

Thus swiftly had the wheels of justice turned. Fifteen days following the death of Booth and the capture of Herold eight prisoners had been winnowed from the shoal of suspects and brought to trial, while the search for others, and in particular those named in the formal charge, went forward. The scope and speed of these preparations attested the tremendous industry of Edwin M. Stanton, the Secretary of War. With brimming eyes but a clear mind in which burned the bright blue flame of revenge, he had stood by the bedside of his dying chief dictating the orders that formulated the pursuit of the conspirators and sought to expose the nethermost depths of their iniquity.

From the first Stanton had believed it to be a Confederate plot. The conclusion suited the forces of his busy mind. Mr. Stanton had been very bitter against the rebels and had shown his bitterness in speech and deed. During the feverish small hours of the morning of April 15th, the first evidence that incontestably linked John Wilkes Booth with the deed simultaneously supported the theory of Confederate complicity. This was the letter of Sam Arnold's advising Booth to "go slow" and take matters up with Richmond. Stanton accepted this as proof. He told La Fayette C. Baker, Chief of the Secret Service, to uncover the facts. Baker was another man of enormous energy. He was something of a legend. With Stanton's complete confidence and power practically unlimited, no secret was deemed immune from his mysterious agents, who were everywhere. Almost instantly, it seemed, Baker reported to Stanton that everything was proved. From Canada, from Richmond and elsewhere Baker's men brought evidence involving the Confederate President and his personal agents in the murder of Abraham Lincoln. It was asserted that John H. Surratt had been in Washington on the night of the murder, and not in Canada, as his friends would have the authorities believe.

This beginning seemed auspicious, but Mr. Stanton met obstacles to his passionate efforts to uncover the guilt of the criminals. John Surratt had not been caught, though he was hunted throughout the Northern States and Canada, and Surratt was represented by Baker's evidence to rank next to Booth as the moving spirit of the plot. They had his mother, but the evidence against her was incomplete. Under pressure John Lloyd, tenant of the Surratt property at Surrattsville, somewhat strengthened the net of circumstantial proof against his landlady, but pressure on other prisoners produced no such encouraging results.

In this connection the prisoner Wiechmann became an object of especial attention. He was a member of the Surratt household and shared a bed with John. This placed a War Department clerk in an equivocal situation, which other considerations failed to redeem. Wiechmann's eagerness to demonstrate that Surratt was in Canada when Mr. Baker was positive that he had been in Washington at the time of the murder; (Continued on page 56)

RED ELK

By Samuel Scoville Jr.

FAR in the north, beyond Doomsday Range and Bald Eagle, tower the violet peaks of Seven Mountains, four around three. Hidden in the inner triangle is Lost Valley, lovely, lonely, unlucky.

"Nevaire, nevaire lay your traps in Lost Valley," said old Pierre Lalonde one night in the trading station at Burnt Church. "Once there be man who live over at White Deer," he went on. "Hees name Jake Quiggle an' he ver' good trapper—mos' so good as me. Jake lay out trap-road in the Valley an' no come back, an' no come back. Two, three of us go look and we fin' heem dead in hees shack with marks on hees throat nevaire made by man or beast. We go for priest to bury Jake an' when we get back, dead man he gone. Nevaire, nevaire you trap in Lost Valley."

Sometimes around lonely campfires red men whispered the same warning and muttered stories of the Serpent Tree, that vast white oak which guarded the place. Deep in the living wood was carved a coiled snake, that totem of the Lenape, who once ruled Seven Mountains before the Iroquois swept them away. Still their curse threatens the stranger who visits the valley—so the Indians say.

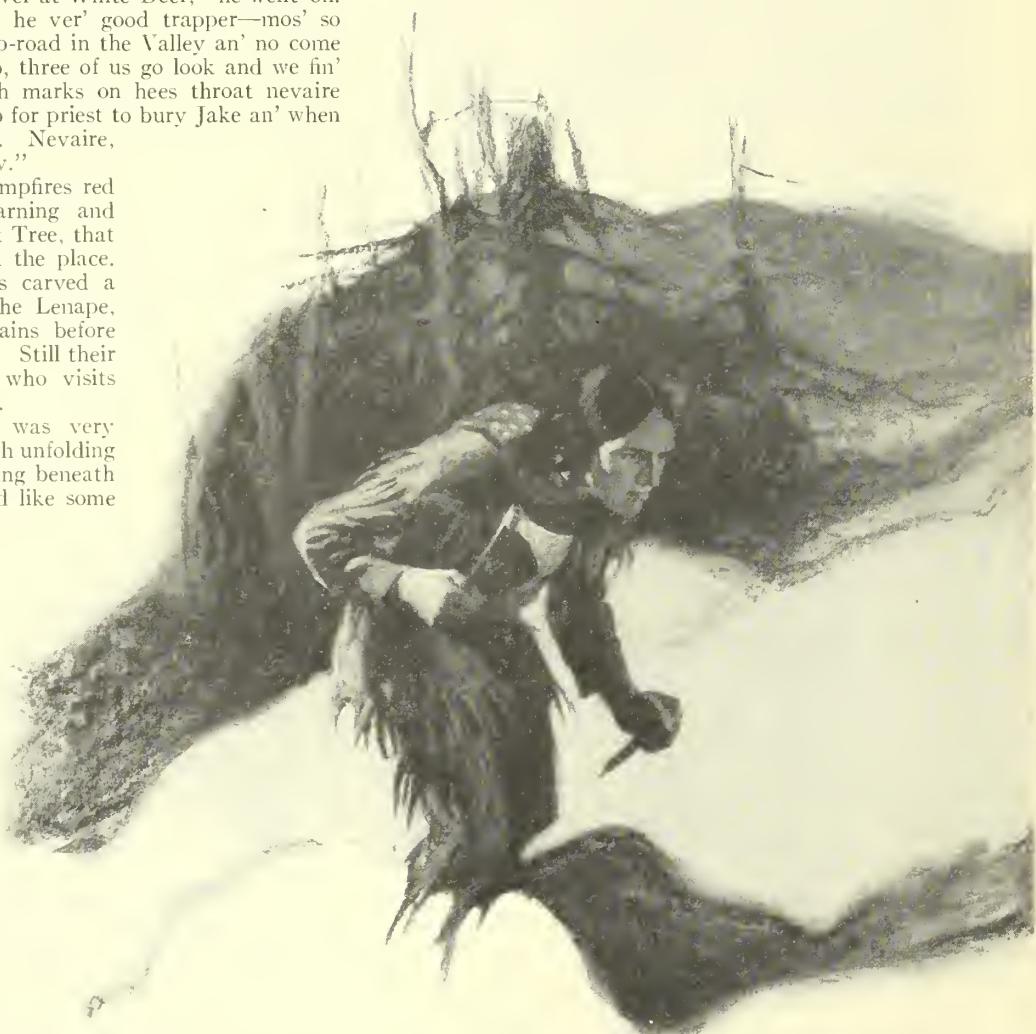
Yet that May the place was very beautiful, all green and rose with unfolding leaves, while the bubbling spring beneath the oak throbbed and fluttered like some living, lovely creature caught among the roots of the great tree.

There, when the Elk Moon, whose curved horns always point upwards, shone in the sky, and the air was full of hyla notes like jangled silver bells, a prince of the wild-folk was born.

His mother was the wisest and wariest of all the elk of Seven Mountains and his father the king of the herd himself, a great stag who stood five feet at the shoulder and carried half a ton of brawn and bone as lightly as he swung the six-foot antlers which adorned his royal head. Fit parents for a champion of champions.

The princeling was cradled in a hollow beneath the vast boughs of the Serpent Tree. Clove-black branches of spice-bush studded with golden flowers were about him and his yellow-brown coat dappled with white blended with the color of the dry leaves on which he lay. From the very day of his birth his mother had taught him that first lesson which all wild-folk who would live out their lives must learn—to lie stone-still and keep on lying still no matter what danger threatens. Only his lustrous eyes moved, gleaming like black opals, as they followed everything that stirred near his hiding-place.

Once every day the elk cow would come to him through the underbrush, silent as a shadow and the little calf would stand on his wobbly legs and drink deep of the unfailing fountain of warm milk which she provided. Then, as he lay down again, his body would seem to melt away, so closely did his coloring

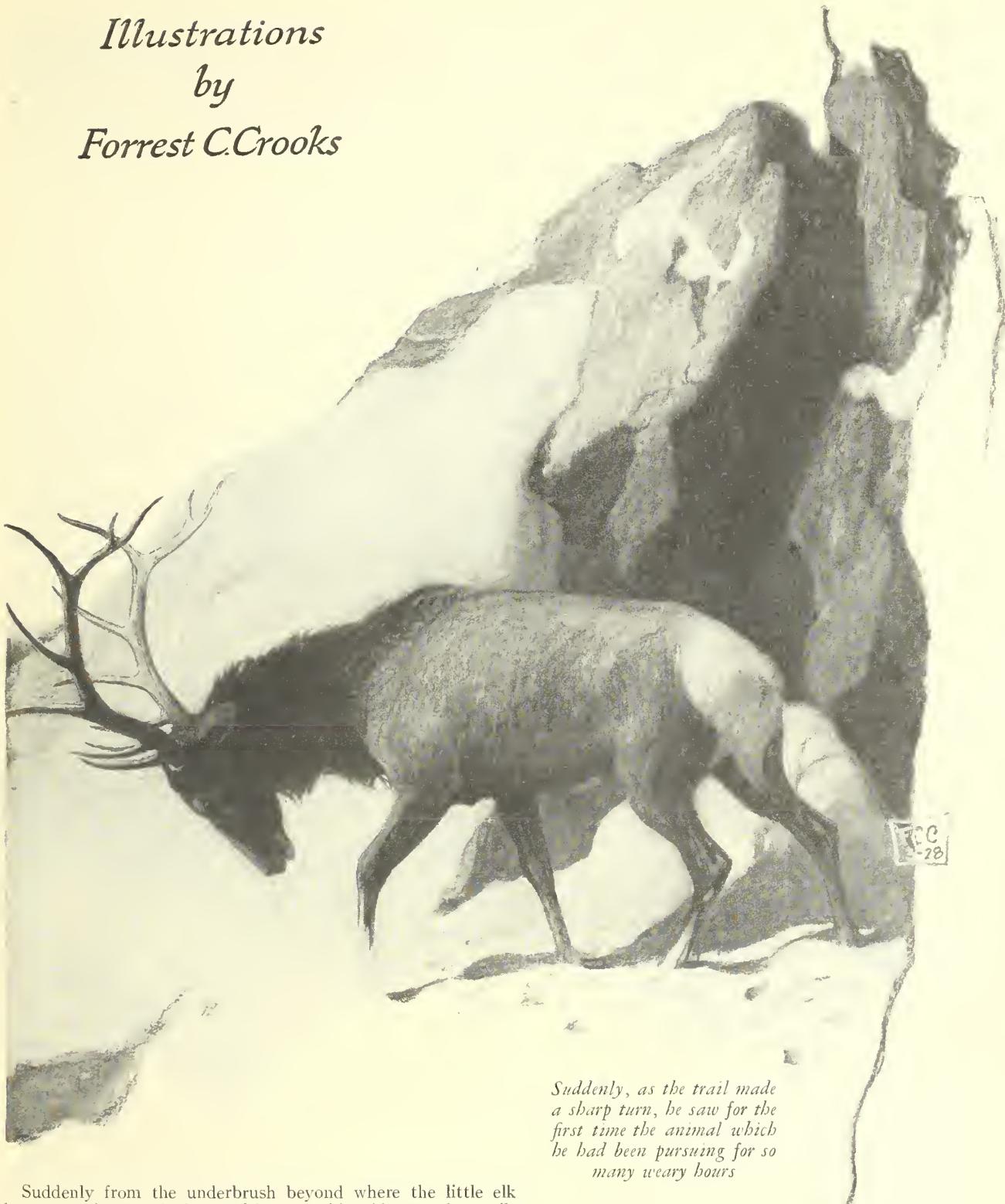


match with his bed of sun-spotted leaves. When night fell she came back to him and all through the dark he slept warm and safe against his mother's heart.

Scarcely was he a week old when the little prince was confronted with the first of those tests of life and death which every wild animal must so often pass. A wild-turkey gobbler had called to his flock as always just at dawn from his tree-top, and when the sun rose came the high ethereal notes of hermit thrushes, nesting on the ground among the pink butterfly-blossoms of flowering wintergreen. Coils of mist, white and violet and Nile-green, eddied up from the river and melted away before the rising sun.

"Swe-eet, swe-eet," sang the meadow-larks and beneath a bush of mountain-laurel a black duck quacked as she settled down over her gray-olive eggs in a nest rimmed with down from her breast.

*Illustrations
by
Forrest C. Crooks*



Suddenly, as the trail made a sharp turn, he saw for the first time the animal which he had been pursuing for so many weary hours

Suddenly from the underbrush beyond where the little elk lay, came the sound of a stealthy step; his wide-spread nostrils caught a pungent scent and he knew by some instinct, deep as life itself, that Death was coming toward him. A moment later and he caught sight of a round head with black tufted ears, gooseberry-green eyes and fierce jaws frilled with soft white fur, the hall-mark of that killer, the Canada lynx. For a moment the fatal gaze of the great cat swept like fire around the Serpent Tree but before it reached the calf he closed his eyes that there might be no break in the camouflage of his coloring.

Then, as he lay motionless, he heard the rustle of padded paws moving across the dry leaves nearer and nearer to him. At last the sound stopped and for a minute that must have seemed endless to the little animal the lynx stood motionless not six feet from where he lay, yet the young elk allowed no twitch nor movement of his taut muscles to betray him. Finally the fierce wood-cat drank deep of the spring and was starting to move away when there was the thud of hoofs behind him and through the thicket crashed the mother-elk. With a spitting snarl the

great gray cat sprang for the nearest tree but even as he left the ground one of the cow's sharp hoofs caught him glancingly across the flank, leaving a long red gash across the gray-white fur as he fled away through the tree-tops.

As the weeks went by the calf's long legs became stronger and swifter and he began to follow the old cow here and there through the valley. Sometimes, to teach him speed, she would pretend to run away and he would follow her bleating like a lamb, his bob-tail shining like silver in the sun. By the time that his tusks, those rudimentary canine teeth of the elk family, began to show, he could run with her at full speed for a short distance.

Then came a July day when he learned another lesson. Down to a deep pool in the river fringed with striped, dark-green moosewood his mother led him and tried again and again to persuade him to go into the water, dark and cool below the bank. The little calf, however, was afraid and each time turned away

until suddenly the old cow, losing patience, pushed him down the bank and into the river. Snorting and gasping the calf paddled desperately with all four feet and to his surprise, found himself breasting the water safely and swiftly, for every elk is a born swimmer. From that time there was never a day during the hot weather in which he did not bathe in the river, sometimes alone, sometimes with other calves of his own age, scattered here and there throughout the valley.

Through the August weeks, the flood-tide of summer slowly ebbed until at last there came a morning when a single branch of swamp-maple flamed crimson against the green. Then, as the frost-fires began to blaze, the sugar-maples became peach-red, the beeches gamboge-yellow, the sumacs were badged with crimson and gold, the ashes were wine-purple, while the Serpent Tree itself became the color of shed blood. The elk calves too changed their colors and put on drab brown coats, all except the little prince. Once in a hundred years, so the old trappers say, a red elk comes to earth and such a one had been born in Lost Valley beneath the totem-tree.

All that summer the stags had been away from the rest of the herd among the misty-violet peaks growing the horns which they had shed in March. Then came a twilight in September when the grazing cows and calves suddenly saw outlined against a pale-gold sky a great elk with vast, branching antlers. His new blue coat was sleek and a frill of black hair adorned his mighty neck. Filled with courage, desire, and pride, he stood for a moment like a statue of strength and beauty. Then, filling his lungs, he raised his black muzzle and roared like a lion. As the sound increased in volume, his great voice rang out like a bugle, one of the most inspiring sounds in all nature. Higher and higher in pitch the tone rose until it broke into a fierce screaming whistle and died away in a series of grunts. Immediately the cows pressed forward adoringly toward this fierce figure, while all the younger bulls coming down from the heights behind him, slunk away, none of them as yet ready to meet that challenge. One alone of the herd stood his ground. As the last notes of those trumpet-tones died away, the red calf braced his legs firmly, bristled his tiny mane and bled a piping imitation of

the crashing call, the only male of all that herd who dared to face the mighty bull.

All through the winter that set in soon after the return of the

stags, wandering packs of wolves and now and then a panther with eyes like pale fire, hung on the flanks of the herd and cut off careless calves and even some of the younger cows as they straggled away from the main herd. The cow of the totem-tree, however, always kept herself and the red calf under the protection of the bulls and spring found him with his first horns beginning to show and the next fall when the stags came down from the upper peaks he joined them in the circle-dance, which they always held the first night of their arrival in the valley, and was among the last to leave the patch of torn and trampled turf where they held that mysterious rite of the forest.

By his fifth year the red prince had attained his full growth and a magnificent pair of many-tined antlers which in spread and size surpassed all of the other bulls of the herd save only those of his mighty sire. The same years which had brought him to his full strength had treated his great father less kindly. The old leader's horns had become broader and more palmated, his legs were stiffer and his bugle notes in the fall had no longer the same arrogant blare which had once been theirs.

Then at last there came a September when he mounted the slope of the hill and sounded his defiance as of old, apparently the same proud, huge figure which had ruled the elk herd of Seven Mountains for so long. Suddenly from a hill opposite to where he stood came an answer to his challenge, such a bugle call as had never before been heard in Lost Valley. Beginning with a roar, which blared like a fog-horn, it rose to a mighty trumpet-note that was prolonged a half-minute beyond the bugling of any ordinary elk. At the sound the mantle of his many years seemed to fall upon the old chief. His whole body trembled, his antlers drooped and when once again the ominous challenge sounded louder and nearer, he suddenly turned and drove his bewildered herd ahead of him down the slope and away from Seven Mountains. Two alone of them remained. As the old leader departed, driven away by the certainty of defeat, the red elk took his place on the slope, and the youngest of the cows, who had long regarded him admiringly, left the others and drifted toward the spot where he stood.

Then, with the evening star flaring like a lamp behind him, the Red Prince threw back his head and blared forth a defiance to the challenger. Hardly had the notes of his voice died away when there was a crackling among the bushes opposite to where he stood and out into the open rushed a huge figure, black as the dark which was spreading like a slow stain across the little valley. Such an elk in bulk and weight had never before been seen on Seven Mountains. As he crossed the clearing like a black battle-tank, the red stag with a sudden side-long leap avoided locking horns with him and ripped the curved tines of his left antler through the stranger's side all the way from shoulder to flank. Six inches nearer and the battle would have ended then and there. As it was, although badly gashed, the challenger was not disabled and whirling like a flash rushed again upon the defender of the valley, this time with such lightning speed that it was impossible for the latter to side-step his rush again.

With a crash the spreading horns of the fighters came together and almost instantly the strength and weight of the black elk began to tell. Although he struggled desperately the red one was pushed back and back, slowly at first and then more and more quickly until at last he went down. With a quick motion the black bull disengaged his horns and sprang forward to deliver the fatal flank stroke. Even as he did so the younger elk gained his feet and with a swing of his antlers parried the thrust. Once again the horns of the two locked and for a second time the red elk went down, to recover his footing just in time to avoid being gored in the side.

When their horns locked for the third time the black bull, maddened by the other's resistance, drove the smaller stag back so furiously that almost instantly he fell.

This time he was slower in his recovery and by a scant inch just managed to parry the other's thrust, while his legs shook as he tried to brace himself against his enemy's charge. The dark fighter recognized these signs of weakness and redoubled his efforts to rush his opponent off his feet for the last time. Then, as he locked horns, a strange thing happened. Even as the red elk went backwards before his rush, the black bull slackened his speed and



*He saw the hoof marks
of a great elk beside
his spring*



Their tireless canter began to cut down his lead, and now he heard close behind him the closing-in cry of the wolf-pack

stopped, while a bewildered look came into his fierce eyes and he swayed and tottered where he stood. The flowing blood from the long gash which he had received in the first round of this fight to the finish had at last taken toll of his strength. For a moment he stood motionless, then, as he felt his weakness increasing, he suddenly disengaged his horns and turning his back upon his opponent lurched away in a tottering gallop. The red elk started in pursuit but a wave of weakness seemed to break over him as he moved until at last he stood still and watched the dark figure disappear among the trees never more to return.

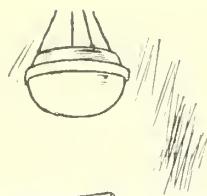
Then, as he turned away weary and bruised but a winner, there was a little whicker from a nearby thicket and out into the open stepped the young cow, her ears pricked forward and her soft eyes agleam as she moved toward the new defender of the valley. For a moment she rubbed her head caressingly against his battered body and at her touch the Red One straightened up and with head held high moved away into the fragrant dusk of the pine woods followed close by his new-won mate.

A few weeks later, just before the winter closed in upon the valley, there came a day in which the red elk had to fight again for his life against an enemy more dangerous even than the black bull had been. As he led his mate to the river that morning at dawn, the eastern sky was all flame-red and amber and lune-green and the stream was like black velvet stained violet-crimson by the first rays of the rising sun.

After they had drunk, the young elk led his mate along a cliffside toward a hidden mountain pasture where in the old days the stags had been wont to feed while they were growing their horns. For nearly half a mile the trail clung like a cobweb to the stark side of a great peak with the rock-face on one side

and a sheer drop of half a thousand feet on the other. In single file the cow followed the red elk along that perilous path only a few feet in width, while far below the waving tops of great pines showed like tiny bushes. At the narrowest part of the trail she stopped and sniffed uneasily, her great ears thrust forward while her soft eyes stared timidly down into the depths. As her mate turned his head to encourage her, from behind a great rock which jutted out half way across the path was thrust a dark, menacing head and the next moment the humped shoulders and long body of a huge black bear blocked the path. A wanderer down from Bald Eagle, he had made his way to that mountain pasture and finding the hunting bad was coming back to the valley along that desperate road. At the sight of the grim figure, the stag stopped dead in his tracks and snorted, while behind him the cow pressed close to the side of the cliff with a little whinny of terror.

At the sound the bear stopped and his eyes gleamed red as he looked up at the towering figure before him. The trail at that point was too narrow for either of the great beasts to turn nor could the stag move backwards with the cow close behind him. As for the bear, a fierce old male, on a path like that he would not have turned out for any animal that lived. Slowly his black body slid forward, his claws clamping tightly on the smooth stone. As he came nearer and nearer, the red stag lowered his armed head and stood on guard behind the hedge of his great antlers. When the bear was within striking distance, the black beast sat solidly on his haunches, the favorite fighting position of his kind, and for a moment the two great animals eyed each other. Then, without the slightest warning, the left paw of the bear whizzed down toward the elk's muzzle in one of those terrible crashing blows which (Continued on page 48)



OWN YOUR

*By Edward
Illustrations by*



He went to a loan shark who gave him the fifty, and at the same time hung a millstone of usury around his neck

EAST LYNN (Massachusetts) Post of The American Legion has just organized a credit union—a vest-pocket-size bank. Such news always reaches me promptly, but this news was particularly interesting because I lived in Lynn for a good many of the early years of my life, and was born in Salem a few miles away.

I did not wear a uniform during the World War, as I was far over the age for active service. Of course I did what I could and helped others to help. I feel now about the war as I felt March 3, 1918, when I prepared for the Boston Post this statement which was published on the top of the front page: "The man who doesn't spend his money and himself in this war will spend the rest of his life explaining why he didn't—or lying about it. The after-the-war period will have its tragedies—but none greater than that of the man who finds out too late that he has gone through the most meaningful war of human history without taking a man's part in it. He will be a man without a country." When, therefore, the news came to me that the first American Legion credit union had been organized, I was very happy indeed because I feel that anxious as I am to be helpful to the Legion, there is no service I could render which would compare in importance with this beginning of credit union organization in the Legion. Nothing else in which I have a hand is closer to my heart than these credit unions. On this occasion the news came by an excited courier, at top speed. If he hadn't been so nearly breathless, I fancy he might have indulged in whoops of joy. This courier was the Executive Secretary of the Credit Union National Extension Bureau, reporting, as the movies say, "in person."

In this same batch of petitions to organize "poor men's banks" came four from widely scattered associations of postal employees, two from power companies, others from groups of telegraphers, laundry

employees, copper miners, railway men and the parish of a St. Louis church. They arrived from all over the map. They were all important. They were all cause for rejoicing. But our Executive Secretary, singling out this pioneer credit union to be organized within the ranks of The American Legion, declared: "Here's the worst news for loan sharks that's popped in a year!"

Perhaps his personal interest in ex-service men's affairs prompted this enthusiasm. I recalled that Roy F. Bergengren was a Legion man, from the post in the little town of Wenham, near Boston. And that in war time he was a captain in the Ordnance Department of the U. S. A.—good training for his present job of helping furnish bombs to drop on loan sharks.

He proceeded now to attempt to convince me that his enthusiasm about the East Lynn news was not unduly exaggerated.

"We've made a beginning here—a good one, too," he explained. "These East Lynn buddies have an exceptional reputation and record for stability. They have never had a membership drive; yet their membership is constantly increasing. Their meetings are well attended, and the whole post operates under exceptionally fine leadership. So we've got the ball rolling at last! To that I only need add that the American Legion now numbers more than 750,000 members and the Legion Auxiliary over 300,000. Total—more than a million."

Next, there was something I could do which might help; namely, to tell this million of Legionnaires and members of the Auxiliary, in "a kind of familiar radio talk," just what a credit union is and what it does. "Don't let it scare you that there may be a million of them listening in. They're just home folks, mostly. So loosen up and let yourself go. I can prompt you on the lingo if you need me. And be sure," he ended, "not to forget the women. Those stories of mine about the two working girls might interest them."

Those were my instructions. Now, as best I can, I'm going to try to follow them. The first question is this:

"What is a credit union?"

I'm going to answer that first query by showing you how perfectly simple and practical the whole idea is. A group of people with some tie in common—such as you have as members of a Legion post—get together and pool their spare change. With that capital they organize a bank, vest-pocket size. They band together to keep themselves out of the hands of loan sharks in times of stress. They form a union to furnish credit to such of their members as need, for sound reasons, to borrow money at fair (instead of exorbitant) rates of interest. That's all on earth it is.

"How does a credit union operate?"

To answer that, I'm going to show you by an example. There's a Legion post in the town of



The younger girl found herself facing court proceedings in a suit brought against her for seventy-five dollars

OWN BANK

A. Filene

Paul Carruth

Centerville. On its rolls are Jim Brown and Ed Hawkins and Bill Jenkins, Henry Newmarker—better known as Hank the Butcher—and some three dozen other buddies, rich and poor or just “average well off.” The typical Legion post, my friend Bergengren assures me, is like that—drawn from all ranks of life, with all grades of financial ratings.

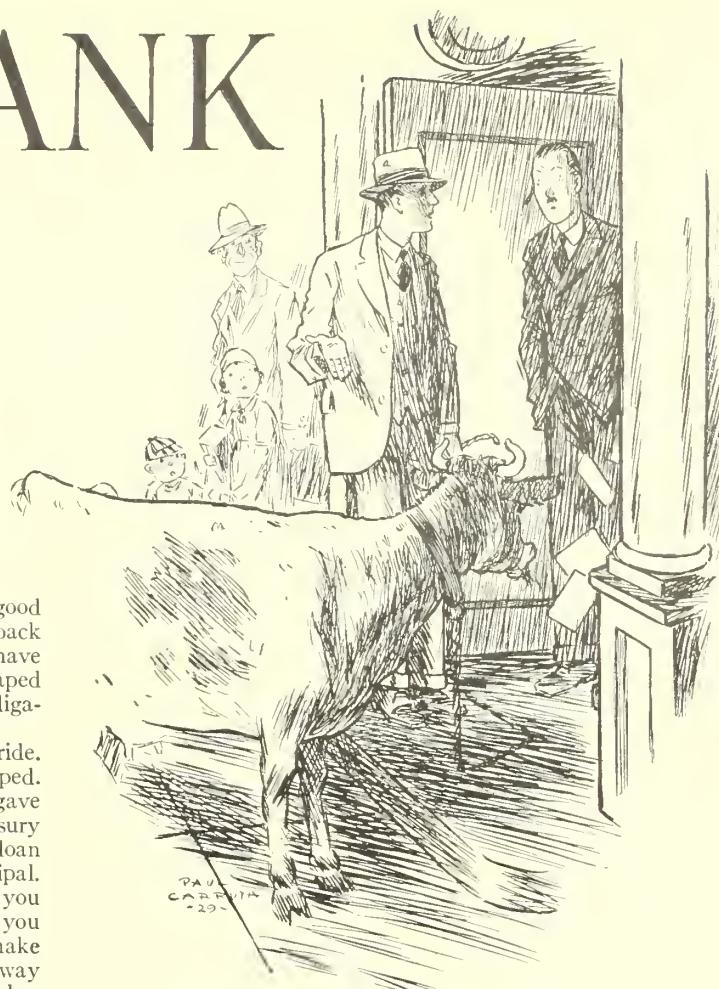
At the end of the formal session of the post's regular Tuesday night meeting, in the clubrooms over Charlie Wood's First National Bank, the members draw up their chairs closer to discuss the case of Jim Brown. Jim's a good fellow who's bumped into a bad break of luck. Sometime back an undertaker's bill and a dentist's bill have combined, if I have the phrase right, to “knock Jim for a loop”. After he had scraped together every last nickel he had in the world to meet his obligations he still was short a matter of about fifty dollars.

Now Jim, like a good many of the rest of us, had his pride. He didn't like to have the news get around that he was strapped. So he went to a loan shark down the street. This fellow gave him the fifty, and at the same time hung a millstone of usury around Jim's neck. The interest Jim is paying on that little loan long ago reached a total far larger than the original principal. Do you think that is an extreme case? Allow me to assure you that it isn't. Here in the Credit Union Bureau we can tell you stories like that all day long, any one of them calculated to make your hair stand on end and your blood boil. About a railway switchman out in Chicago, for instance. He got in the clutches of a loan shark who bled him for \$1,008 interest on a loan of *only thirty dollars*, which was renewed from pay day to pay day over a period of four years. Or if you want a really “extreme case” here is one of a Negro farmer who borrowed \$10 and paid \$130 interest on it during a year's time. That is the kind of problems we have to tackle.

But to get back to Jim. The question before the meeting tonight is what to do about lending him some aid. He never will get his head above water again if we don't make some move. Shall our post chip in on a hand-out to him—as if he were a pauper? That sort of thing is being done every day, I'm informed; thousands of you have forked across with your shares of it. Yet, in most instances, such practice is dead wrong.

Bill Jenkins now gets up and speaks against it. Bill used to be a member of a telegraphers' credit union before he moved to Centerville, and vows he'd like to belong to a local union if we had any.

“There are about forty of us here tonight,” he says. “Why not organize a credit union? First, take up an assessment of a dime or two bits apiece—that makes us stockholders. After that each of us deposits in the bank—for that's all a credit union is, just a small-time co-op bank—as much spare change as we feel we can afford to invest. Say an average of \$25: most of us won't shy at that. All right; what have we? We



The First National Bank can't ask Jim to come down Main Street leading that cow up to the cashier's desk

have something that might surprise you. We have more than a thousand dollars in the bank. In our bank. Now we'll elect a president and a vice president; and for a cashier the nearest thing we can find to a trained banker. For that I'll nominate Ed Hawkins. He knows how to handle money and keep books; and that standing desk he works behind, at the hardware store, is all the furniture our bank will need.

“The two bits we each put up makes us stockholders, all on an equal footing when it comes to taking a vote on matters of policy. We not only are stockholders, we're also investors to the extent that each of us feels he can afford. Stick in a hundred dollars if you're well heeled; only five or ten if that's all you can spare. In any case you won't regret it, for you're making a sound investment. We're going to loan money out now to any of our members who needs it for a worthwhile purpose and who can furnish good backers for his note or some proper security.

“And the first business of this bank is going to be a loan to Jim. He's got a Jersey cow. The First National Bank, downstairs, isn't going to risk making itself ridiculous by asking Jim to come down Main Street leading that cow up to the cashier's desk. But Bossy is plenty good security for us. In addition, I'm going to stick my name on the back of Jim's note. First, because I believe in Jim. Second, because I hate that lousy loan shark, and I don't give a hang who knows it.

“All right. Bank's open for business. Jim comes into us and borrows enough to pay off that loan shark. We make the loan to him at a reasonable rate of interest. In a little while, paying us back in instalments, Jim will pull out of the hole. Meantime he can stand on his own two feet and look the world in the eye without feeling (Continued on page 76)



If we could trace back every suicide, every marriage shipwreck, we should find most of them had just such an economic basis

EDITORIAL

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

The First Ten Years



LITTLE more than ten years ago some five hundred members of the A. E. F., including privates, generals, and representatives of grades between, assembled in Paris for a three-day meeting that produced The American Legion. The five hundred met under difficulties. A lieutenant colonel and his orderly, delegates both, fared forth from the mud flats of Gondrecourt inspired both by the zeal of organization and the delight of getting away from Gondrecourt. Somewhere along the line they became separated and the orderly fell among M. P.'s. The colonel, after a futile search, carried on. In Paris he did not devote himself to wine and wassail, but to a serious, often heated and occasionally tedious discussion of the proposal whether the new society should be called Veterans of the Great War or something else. At the end of three days of debate in the unesthetic precincts of the Cirque of Paris he was glad to depart for the great open spaces of Gondrecourt.

But he and the rest of the five hundred had accomplished something. When the lieutenant colonel received his copy of *The Stars and Stripes* the following Friday his oak-leaves must have twinkled with appreciation as he read a leading editorial which was captioned "In Being":

The three-day caucus which closed Monday in Paris marks the inception, so far as the A. E. F. is concerned, of the first authentic, all-embracing association of land and sea veterans that has come out of America's participation in the war.

A score of organizations, in France and in America, have already made localized, misdirected or otherwise unfortunate attempts at a similar coalition of America's fighting men—a term which honorably includes those American soldiers who did not get to France, but who, as the great reserve, were clearly before the minds of the German armistice delegates.

These other attempts have failed, in every instance, either because they did not have their roots in, or gain their initial impulse from, the whole American Army.

The impetus that has already established the new association on the road to actual organization has come directly from the Army, and the whole Army. More than that, it has come spontaneously. It is something for which no one person, or group of persons, can in all honesty claim individual credit.

There had to be a veterans' association as surely as there had to be victory. That it actually started at a representative meeting of members of the A. E. F. in Paris on March 16, 1919, is simply to single out the peg on which history will hang it. It might have been done somewhere else at some other time. But the happy fact is that it has been done, that it has started, and that every man in the A. E. F. is a member of it unless—which privilege he freely owns—he chooses not to be.

In that misty spring of 1919 the A. E. F. had a single objective—America. No longer was the battle cry "Where do we go from here?" but "When do we go from here?" In the months before the Armistice, also, the A. E. F. had had but a single objective—victory.

War, in its elementals, is a simple matter. There is only one thing to do with a war—win it. The peace that follows war is invariably a more complex business. Peace hath her victories, but a thousand different minds may have a thousand different pictures of the particular victories to be sought. The World War, no less than the American Revolution, was waged on behalf of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. We may not know exactly what life is, but we share our vagueness in common—all humanity, in general, would define life in the same terms. But there are dozens of different definitions of liberty, and there are millions of different and conflicting ideas of happiness. Complaint has been made that a self-governing people can wage a war with a devotion and singleness of purpose that amazes even themselves, and that once peace is declared there is an inevitable reaction—the familiar "moral let-down." Actually there is nothing either moral or immoral about it—in wartime a nation knows what it wants, and once the war is over it is not at all sure what it wants.

In the mind of the founders of The American Legion—as representative and democratic a gathering as ever assembled—burned the purpose to maintain in the fine crystallized state of unity that had characterized its efforts in wartime the spirit of organized service that had produced and maintained a triumphant A. E. F. Service without organization there could not be, and while the five hundred delegates to the Paris Caucus might have had five hundred different conceptions of service, they were as one regarding the absolute essentialness of organization. Yes, peace hath her victories, but they are won by the armies of peace, not by scattered guerrillas faring forth solitarily and futilely, like Don Quixote, to ferret out and run down single-handed the evils that beset mankind.

AS A matter of fact, the five hundred were not gravely divided in their forecast of the objectives to be formulated for this new American Legion. Foremost in the mind of every delegate was the problem of the disabled American veteran. Not a man there but knew, from the evidence of his own eyes and heart, that the problem existed and was paramount—and not a man there who could foresee the desperate tangle in which the affairs of the disabled veteran would soon become involved, or envisage the truth that only through the unswerving and unselfish devotion of The American Legion was that tangle ever to be straightened out. Had the Legion been created for no other purpose, that purpose alone would have immeasurably justified its creation, no less than its continuing existence as long as a maimed American



STRENGTHENING THE HOME NEST

veteran of the World War or anyone dependent on him survives.

Neither could any one of the five hundred foresee that within ten years The American Legion would develop into the largest veteran organization in the history of the United States, that its eleven thousand far-flung posts would dot the map not of America alone but of the whole world, that no great visitation of storm or flood would leave its wake of horror on the land without bringing The American Legion into action before the dazed survivors quite realized what had happened, that hundreds of playgrounds and recreation centers would spring into being as a result of Legion alertness and the Legion will to serve the home town as the epitome of the homeland, that Legionnaire-manned ambulances would be answering the calls of the afflicted, that all-Legion fire departments would be responding to alarms with modern

equipment provided through Legion realization of local requirements, that Legion-supervised and Legion-operated medical and dental inspections would be shielding the health of thousands of school children, that airplanes would be finding harbors of refuge in airports created by Legion enthusiasm and Legion realization of community needs, that Legion insistence on the duties and privileges of citizenship would help to bring out the largest vote in the history of democracy (the Legion meanwhile, through a whole eventful decade, maintaining in the fulness of letter and spirit its pledge of absolute and unequivocal political neutrality).

The record is open to the world, and it is a record that the five hundred of Paris may take pride in, for themselves and for those they represented—may take pride in even though the fulfilment far surpasses anything they dreamed.



The war over? Nearly thirty thousand men and women are still in government or other institutions receiving treatment for disabilities incurred in service

The UNFINISHED

By Watson B. Miller

THE bands and drum corps were playing farewell marches in San Antonio as they paraded toward the trains that would carry them homeward. The American Legion's Tenth National Convention was over. For five days San Antonio's streets and squares and hotel lobbies had been echoing with the music of the Legionnaire drummers and buglers and assorted bandsmen and the revelry of the thousands of other Legionnaires from North and South and East and West who had thronged San Antonio during America's greatest annual national pageant. Life and music for five days. Sunshine and flowers. I reflected as the homeward-bound trains were pulling out of San Antonio's stations that a new Legion year was beginning, and I got to thinking of what the Legion has done in ten years. Strongest of all to my mind came the thought that if The American Legion had done no more than what it has done to help disabled service men of the World War, it could justifiably take pride in its record.

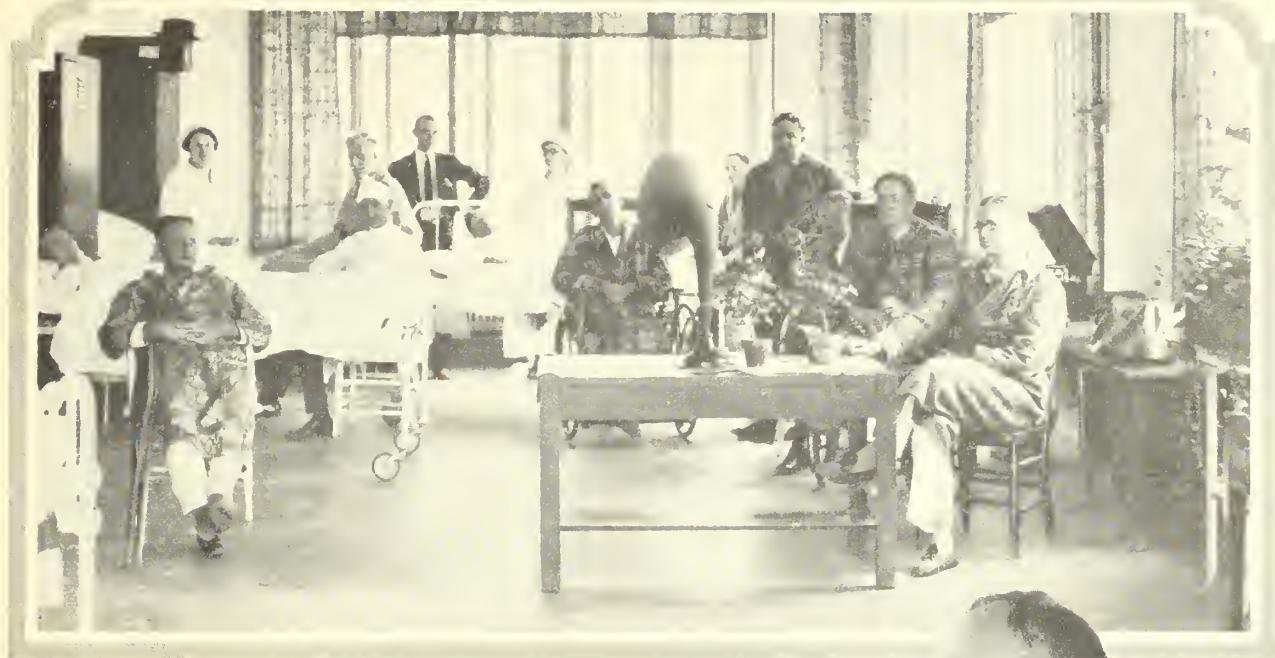
Two days later I found myself on a desert in Arizona, riding over a smooth road through sagebrush and cactus toward a chain of serrated mountains. I was still in a reflective mood and was recalling the things I had seen and heard in San Antonio, as I pieced together the convention's pattern of significance, when I came in sight of a long and low building whose red towers and arcaded walls seemed magically suspended between the white desert sand and the blue desert sky. That building of shining walls and tiled roofs set down there in the midst of a desert had not only magnitude and majesty; it was also a symbol of what the nation is doing



The newest (and fiftieth) United States Veterans Bureau hospital, just completed at Tucson, Arizona. It will care for two hundred and sixty tuberculous veterans

to help the disabled service man—a clinical cathedral. I thus saw for the first time the newest hospital of the United States Veterans Bureau—wrought by the people in the desert near Tucson for the better care and treatment of more than 260 World War veterans suffering from tuberculosis. It had taken form almost out of the thought of most of us as it had out of our sight. Yet its completion brought the total number of Veterans Bureau hospitals to a half-hundred, and I knew that additional institutions were still going up in other parts of the country. And I remembered that, in addition to the fifty hospitals operated by the Bureau itself, there were another half-hundred hospitals in which service men are being cared for under Bureau direction. I wondered how many of the three-quarters of a million Legionnaires knew about this hospital and the other hospitals located throughout the country—knew and understood how they happened to come into being, how they are being run and how they fit with the whole plan of the Legion's activities of the past ten years. And I wondered how much the average Legionnaire

knows about the Government's program for disabled service men and how importantly related to that program is the Legion's own rehabilitation work. To be able-bodied is to be busy; and most of us are so busy with our own affairs that the developments of ten years in the process of giving to the disabled man all that he should receive from a grateful government have taken place largely out of public sight and hearing. Even those of us who have knowledge of some parts of the vast governmental and



Tuberculosis and mental and nervous diseases account for the largest number of veteran patients still in hospital, totalling twenty thousand

BATTLE

Legion programs for ex-service men often do not understand them in their entirety.

Here and now I want to set down some facts which may be of more than casual interest to the busy service man who doesn't know much about what the Government and the Legion have done and are doing. I won't write technically of laws and regulations—these are available in the documents turned out endlessly by the Government Printing Office and in the somewhat technical reports which the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee submits each year to the Legion's National Convention. I simply want to let a little light fall upon that part of the Legion's everyday work which is so well known that, paradoxically, almost nobody knows about it.

First of all, a few statistics. They can't be avoided and they furnish the necessary groundwork for an understanding of the things I want to write about.

At the beginning of this year there were more than 27,000 men and women in hospitals under government auspices. Of these, 19,000 were in Veterans Bureau hospitals proper; the others were mostly in hospitals of the Army, Navy, United States Public Health Service and branches of the National Soldiers' Homes. More than 1,700, largely men with mental and nervous diseases, were in contract hospitals not owned or operated by the Government, from which they will be removed to Veterans Bureau hospitals eventually, for the most part, upon the completion of hospital building programs now under way.

Tuberculosis and mental and nervous diseases still account for the largest numbers of patients in hospitals. Exactly 6,830 men suffering from tuberculosis and 13,161 suffering from mental and nervous diseases were hospital patients on January 1st. General medical and surgical cases on that day numbered 7,046.

During last December 5,779 service men and women were admitted to hospitals, and in that same month 63,001 men and women received treatments under Bureau auspices outside hospitals. (It should be remembered that almost any service man suffering from any disability, whether incurred in wartime service or not, is entitled to free care and treatment in a government hospital under the present law.)

Up to January 1st the Veterans Bureau had received 217,950 compensation claims on account of death and 890,460 for disability. The Bureau had allowed to dependents compensation payments on 105,456 of the death claims and insurance payments on 167,000 death claims. It had allowed 443,765 claims for disability compensation, of which payments were being made on

Watson B. Miller, Chairman of The American Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee



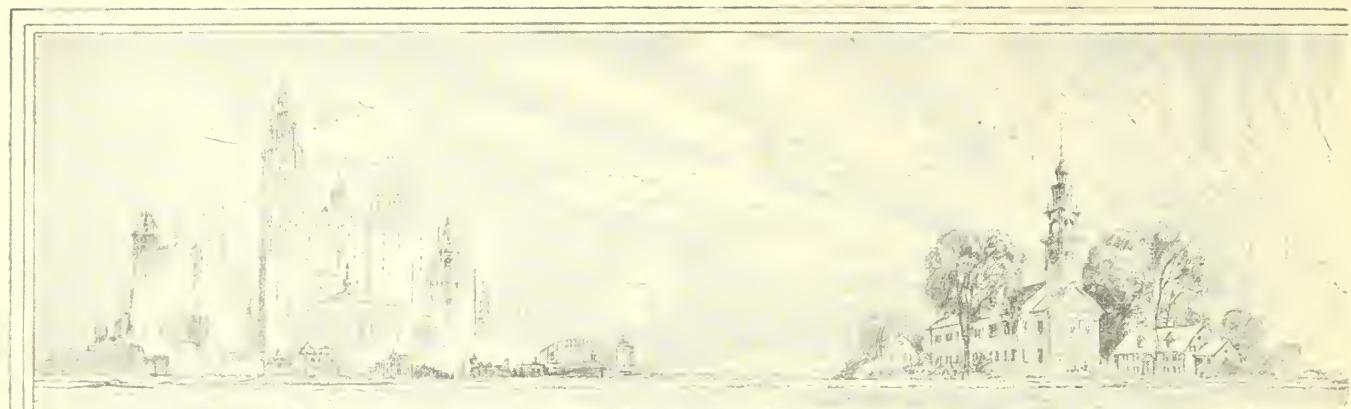
260,000 on January 1st, 182,000 claims having been closed by death or presumptive recovery from disability.

At the end of the Bureau's last fiscal year, monthly payments of compensation were being made to the dependents of 85,634 men who died in service or from wounds or disease incurred as a result of service. The dependents receiving payments included 78,821 fathers and mothers, 192,260 widows and 27,314 children. In addition to the compensation payments, seventy-four percent of the dependents were receiving payments of some form of government insurance. The total Bureau disbursements run well toward half a billion dollars each year.

On January 1st, 651,827 service men and women were paying premiums on government insurance which represented seven types of policies—insurance of the same general character supplied by private life insurance companies.

Up to January 1st there had been 3,653,579 applications for adjusted compensation. Of these, certificates had been issued on 3,398,813 applications; cash payments of \$50 or less had been made to 120,000 applicants, and payments had been made to dependents of deceased men in the sum of over ninety million dollars.

I have given all these figures simply to indicate the immensity of the Government's operations for World War service men and their dependents. They represent, of course, only a few phases of the Veterans Bureau's many activities. The full statistics are accessible to anyone interested in them. (Continued on page 62)



KEEPING

THE hardest legislative battle of The American Legion in recent years ended in victory when the United States Senate in February passed the Cruiser Construction Bill and the bill became a law with President Coolidge's signature. The enactment of the measure was a complete fulfillment of the hope which inspired National Commander Paul V. McNutt to carry to the whole country the Legion's policy on naval preparedness, as embodied in the San Antonio national convention resolutions and expressed on Armistice Day in the Legion's national radio broadcasting program in which President Coolidge and General Pershing gave addresses.

The American Legion throughout the country took part in the public consideration of the naval proposal. National Commander McNutt expressed the Legion's viewpoint in a series of addresses in various parts of the country and many other Legion speakers also helped convince the American people of the necessity for the passage of the bill.

Leaders in the United States Senate gave credit to The American Legion for presenting convincingly the proof that the country favored the measure. Many of them expressed the belief that the bill would have failed of passage had it not been for the efforts of posts and departments, which appealed to senators and representatives to support the bill, and the Legion spokesmen who appeared at the hearings held by Congressional committees. John Thomas Taylor, vice chairman of the Legion's National Legislative Committee, other members of this committee and the members of the Legion's Naval Affairs Committee met the united forces of extreme pacifism and internationalism who poured a stream of propaganda upon individual senators in their efforts to postpone action on the bill or defeat it.

The cruiser construction law provides that five scout cruisers of 10,000 tons, carrying eight-inch guns, shall be laid down in each of the next three years, beginning with the present year. The fifteen cruisers will cost, it is estimated, \$17,000,000 each. Construction of an aircraft carrier is also provided for. The law expresses favor of treaty or treaties with all the principal maritime nations, regulating the conduct of belligerents and neutrals in war at sea. It authorizes the President to suspend construction of the ships in the event of an international agreement for the further limitation of naval armament.

The law passed the Senate on February 5th by a vote of sixty-eight to twelve. It had passed the House last year on March 17th by a vote of 287 to fifty-eight. In mid-February funds

were made available for starting construction of five cruisers within the present fiscal year, and it was evident that Congress favored carrying through the whole program as soon as possible

A Nation's Women

THE American Legion Auxiliary, which had shared fully with The American Legion the task of acquainting the country with the necessity of providing for the construction of additional cruisers, contributed an impressive evidence of the country's real feelings on preparedness just before the Cruiser Construction Bill became a law. In the final days of January and the first days of February, there was held in Washington, D. C., the Fourth Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense. Sponsored jointly by The American Legion Auxiliary and the Daughters of The American Revolution, the conference was attended by representatives of thirty-eight national women's organizations. As one of its principal actions, the conference adopted a resolution expressing unqualified support for the Cruiser Construction Bill.

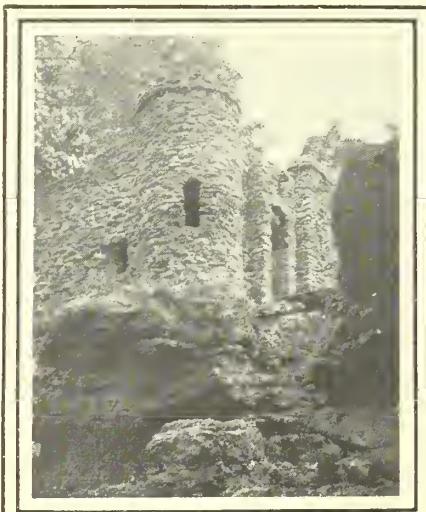
The presence of the thousand women delegates in Washington at the time the Cruiser Construction Bill was under consideration and the character of the deliberations of the conference attracted national attention. Extended stories of the conference were published in most of the newspapers of the country and helped focus public interest upon the bill before Congress.

The conference was held in Memorial Continental Hall and many of the ceremonies were very picturesque. At the opening session, Mrs. Boyce Ficklen, Jr., National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, sounded the conference keynote, when she said:

"Every true-hearted patriotic American woman stands squarely behind an adequate program of self-defense for the United States of America. We are gathered here to let America know this. A noisy minority has endeavored to convince American men that American

women believe this nation should disarm. I want to take this occasion to tell the men of this nation that this is not true. Such a spirit is not representative of the women of America. We women have known war, know the suffering caused by war, as well as the men, and we stand back of them in our demand that America shall never enter another war unprepared."

National Commander McNutt spoke after Mrs. Ficklen and explained the Legion's policies on national defense and international relations. Other nations have not followed America's



No, not on the Rhine. This castle was built by Legionnaires at Chanute, Kansas, as a summer home for Chanute Boy Scouts

STEP

lead for the reduction of naval armaments, National Commander McNutt declared, concluding with a plea for the Naval Construction Bill. Many other notable speakers addressed the conference, including United States Senator David Reed of Pennsylvania; Albert L. Cox of North Carolina, chairman of the Legion's National Defense Committee; Rear Admiral Robert E. Coontz, United States Navy, retired; Mrs. O. D. Oliphant, chairman of the National Defense Committee of the Auxiliary; F. Trubee Davison, Assistant Secretary of War; United States Senator Daniel Steck of Iowa, and United States Senator Hiram Bingham of Connecticut.

The conference recorded its opposition to "any and all legislation that would interfere with a rigid restrictive immigration policy," and to proposals for postponement or repeal of the national origins provision of the immigration law. It urged that Congress enact a law that would make easier the deportation of undesirable aliens and a law for the registration of all aliens.

The conference delegates were received by President Coolidge at the White House at the close of the first session. A banquet in honor of the Auxiliary's delegates was given by the Eight and Forty of the District of Columbia Department of the Auxiliary on the evening of January 30th. This was followed by the annual ball of the District of Columbia Department of The American Legion at which the Auxiliary officers and delegates were guests.

Kansas Castle

MOTORISTS driving through a wooded valley near Chanute, Kansas, see with surprise a battlemented castle looking down upon them from a cliff top—a castle that looks as if it had been transported intact to Kansas from the valley of the Seine or Rhine. Those who stop their cars and follow a rocky path to the cliff's brow find above the threshold of the castle a marble slab bearing the carved emblem of The American Legion.

"The castle, looking more than realistic, was built by Harry E. Boerstler Post because the post wanted to do something for the boys of our town who were too young to take part in the Legion's junior baseball games," writes Legionnaire H. G. Curl. "It has medieval walls of solid masonry, frowning battlements, turrets, cross-bow windows, a clanging drawbridge and all the rest of the things that go to make a real castle. Members of our post did much of the work, using the rocks from the hillsides, but we had skilled masons do the actual job of rearing the walls and finishing them. Today

the fortress-like castle is one of the show places of our section." Below the castle, Mr. Curl adds, is Chanute's Boy Scout camp. Other organizations had provided log cabins for the camp, and the Legion's castle was heartily approved by Scout Executive John E. Wilson, a Legionnaire, who was official photographer with the American forces in Siberia. The castle provides living quarters for eight boys.

This year the Chanute post plans to conduct a league of four junior baseball teams—one sponsored by the Eagles, another by Rotary, a third by Kiwanis and the fourth by the post itself.

Biggest Air Signpost

PEOPLES Gas Light and Coke Post of Chicago recently got its chance to co-operate in the Legion's national effort to mark building tops for the guidance of aviators. The post's drum and bugle corps and its rifle team had an important part in ceremonies which attended the dedication of the world's largest gas tank, on the top of which an arrow, 285 feet long, and letters of thirty feet indicate the path to Chicago's municipal airport, two miles distant.

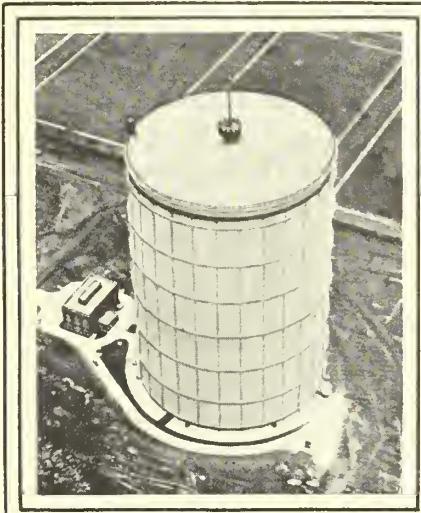
"The tank itself is 416 feet high and is topped by a 92-foot floodlight tower which illuminates the air sign at night," reports Legionnaire T. R. Bogumill. "In a picture the tank may look like a silo, but you may get an idea of its size by noticing the way it dwarfs the office building beside it. The lights on top of the tank are turned on and off automatically by a photo-electric cell which is controlled by the intensity of natural light. At dusk as daylight begins to fade, the photo-electric cell turns the lights on. At daybreak the lights are turned off automatically."

"What Outfit, Buddy?"

ADD to unusual outfit the name of George S. Lang Post of Minneapolis," requests Charles E. DeLaine, Post Adjutant. "We believe we have a claim to distinction and want to know if any

other post has a record such as ours. Here it is: Of our present membership of eighty, we could contribute to the Government in case of another war three brigadier generals, three colonels, three majors, twenty-eight captains, and twenty-two first and second lieutenants. In addition, we have one warrant officer and about a score of old non-coms. We do not specialize in brass hats. It just happened.

"Our members represent the following branches of service during the World War: Air Service, 3; Artillery, 5; Infantry,



This is not a silo. It is the world's largest gas tank which a Chicago Legion post helped dedicate as an aviation signpost

42; Medical Corps, 6; Quartermaster Corps, 4; Band Leader, 1. At present their military affiliations are as follows: Regular Army, 22; National Guard, 22; Officers Reserve Corps, 16. How is that for preparedness? And one thing more—I almost forgot to mention that thirteen of our members are veterans of the Spanish-American War as well as the World War."

Dimes for the Disabled

THE dimes of members of The American Legion Auxiliary are going to open the way to dollars for disabled World War veterans. This thought inspired the Auxiliary's National Executive Committee at its meeting in Indianapolis late in January to pledge a gift of \$25,000 to The American Legion to make possible the speeding up of the work of proving the claims of disabled men. Contributions of ten cents a member will make up the Auxiliary fund.

The pledge of \$25,000, in the form of a promissory note, was handed by Mrs. Boyce Ficklen, Jr., National President of the Auxiliary, to National Commander Paul V. McNutt at one of the sessions of the National Executive Committee. Immediately after Mrs. Ficklen made the presentation of the pledge, the Iowa Department of the Auxiliary presented a check for \$2,500, one-tenth of the whole amount needed, and other departments pledged themselves to raise their shares. The full amount is to be turned over to the Legion by April 6th, the anniversary of America's entrance into the World War.

Watson B. Miller, chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, and Mrs. A. H. Hoffman, of Iowa, chairman of the Auxiliary's National Rehabilitation Committee, told the Auxiliary's National Executive Committee that more than 60,000 claims of disabled men are in the files of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee at Washington. These files must be reviewed in order that many claimants who were unable to obtain awards from the Bureau earlier may obtain their rights under recent changes in laws and regulations. The Auxiliary's contribution will speed up the work of reviewing all pending claims and of keeping abreast with new claims that are pouring in daily. Many of the claims, old and new, present extremely complicated medical and legal problems.

Flood or Epidemic

IN Memphis, Tennessee, everybody remembered how Memphis Legionnaires several years ago turned out to save families threatened by the flood waters of the Mississippi, how Memphis Post after saving the lives of hundreds ministered to their wants by giving them food and clothing and shelter in Legion camps. When the influenza epidemic that was sweeping the country from west to east this winter reached Memphis, the same Legionnaires who had fought the flood mobilized to fight the disease.

Memphis Post's first step in its campaign against influenza was to raise a fund of \$1,000 among its own members. Additional funds were given by other organizations and individuals. Post Commander W. Percy MacDonald divided the workers of the post into three groups, each to work eight hours daily so that the relief work might go on day and night. A supply station was established in the county court house and food and

fuel and clothing were assembled for distribution. Physicians were enlisted to give treatment to victims and emergency hospitals were prepared.

For several weeks the post carried on its work until the epidemic was definitely known to be under control and subsiding. The Memphis *Commercial Appeal* expressed the gratitude of the whole city in a column editorial which described the assistance given by the Legionnaires to hundreds of epidemic victims. As typical of the work done, the newspaper cited this example:

"On Thursday night Legion headquarters was notified by General Hospital of a case on Poplar Avenue within a half mile of Main Street. Coal and food was the immediate need. A squad of Legionnaires responded. They found a family of eight living in two rear rooms of an old house. There was one bedroom and two beds. Seven of the family, which consisted of mother and father and six children, had influenza. The children's ages ranged from eleven months to twelve years. The father was out of work. The mother and the six children were ill. When the Legionnaires walked in, all were huddled in the two beds. All had their clothing on. There was no fuel or food in the house. The ex-service men left food and fuel and saw that medical attention was provided at once."

America in Paris

GENERAL PERSHING

and so many others have expressed the hope that The American Legion will hold its 1937 national convention in Paris that Paris Post is already looking forward to that event as

it carries on its campaign to raise the remainder of the funds needed for the magnificent clubhouse it has acquired in the heart of its city. But Paris Post need not wait for a national convention to bring to its threshold Legionnaire visitors from its native shore—this summer and for many summers to come the new clubhouse will certainly be the inevitable center for all Legionnaires among the tens of thousands of American tourists who annually visit France. With this thought in mind, Paris Post is anxious to have all Legionnaires know all about its new clubhouse. It has prepared an illustrated booklet which it will send to any Legionnaire who re-

quests it. The booklet may be obtained by addressing a request to American Legion Building, Paris, Inc., 305 Hall of Records, New York City.

In February it was announced that a memorial to General Pershing would be a prominent feature of the new clubhouse of Paris Post. The memorial, to be known as Pershing Hall, is to be the main salon on the ground floor of the four-story memorial building. Plans for the inclusion of Pershing Hall were announced at a luncheon in New York City at which Otto Kahn was host to eighty bankers and business leaders. At this meeting a message from Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War, was presented, indorsing the proposed memorial to General Pershing.

Still Fightin'

LEGIONNAIRE Alvin C. York of Tennessee, who ten years ago became a world figure and won the most honored medals of many nations when, singlehanded, he took a machine-gun nest in the Argonne and captured 132 prisoners, finds his present job "lots harder than the little shootin' in the Argonne." He told a big audience in Carnegie Hall in New York City in January that his effort to build and finance the Alvin

KEEPING STEP

C. York Agricultural Institute in the hills of his native State is a lot tougher than capturing a hillside stronghold of the Germans. He said this at the meeting staged for him by Belvidere Brooks Post of New York City, one of many meetings under auspices of Legion posts at which he has spoken recently in various parts of the country.

"The institute is finally going," Sergeant York told his audience. "So far we have a grammar school and a high school with a total of 418 students and a capacity of 750. The students walk from two and a half to four miles over the mountains to get a bus and then ride on an average fourteen miles to the school. We're going to dedicate the school as soon as I get back from lecturing for money to complete it. Right now, one of the things we want most is a dormitory for girls. They can't come as far as the men."

His Own Post

THE biggest celebration ever held in Boyertown, Pennsylvania, took place in January. It marked the return of Major Carl Spatz to his home town and his own post of The American Legion.

Charles B. Verger Post of Boyertown said to Major Spatz all the things about him it had been thinking while Major Spatz's plane, the *Question Mark*, was making aviation history by remaining in flight over California for a longer period than any other aircraft has ever flown continuously.

While Major Spatz was commanding the plane on its endurance flight, made possible by repeated refuelings aloft, he got a message from the men of his Legion outfit back in Boyertown. It had been telegraphed to him. It said: "Boyertown American Legion Post feels honored in expressing to you and your brave comrades of the *Question Mark* this message of encouragement

in your wonderful flight. All Pennsylvania is proud of its distinguished son."

Major Spatz's brother, F. W. Spatz, is Commander of the Boyertown post and Major Spatz himself has always taken more than casual interest in the post's affairs. Major Spatz entered the Army Air Service in 1915 as the twenty-fifth man to enroll at Rockwell Field, California, the field where his record-breaking flight was made. He won the D. S. C. for services over the front lines in the A. E. F. during August of 1918. During the war he also commanded for a time the Third

Aviation Instruction Center at Issoudun, at that time the largest aviation instruction center in the world.

Free Movies

HUNDREDS of Legion posts which have profited by showing publicly the motion pictures they have obtained from the Film Service of National Headquarters have demonstrated that a good picture show will always get everybody out for a meeting. The Film Service makes a reasonable rental charge for its film, an insignificant charge in comparison with the post's box office receipts when it holds its show in a

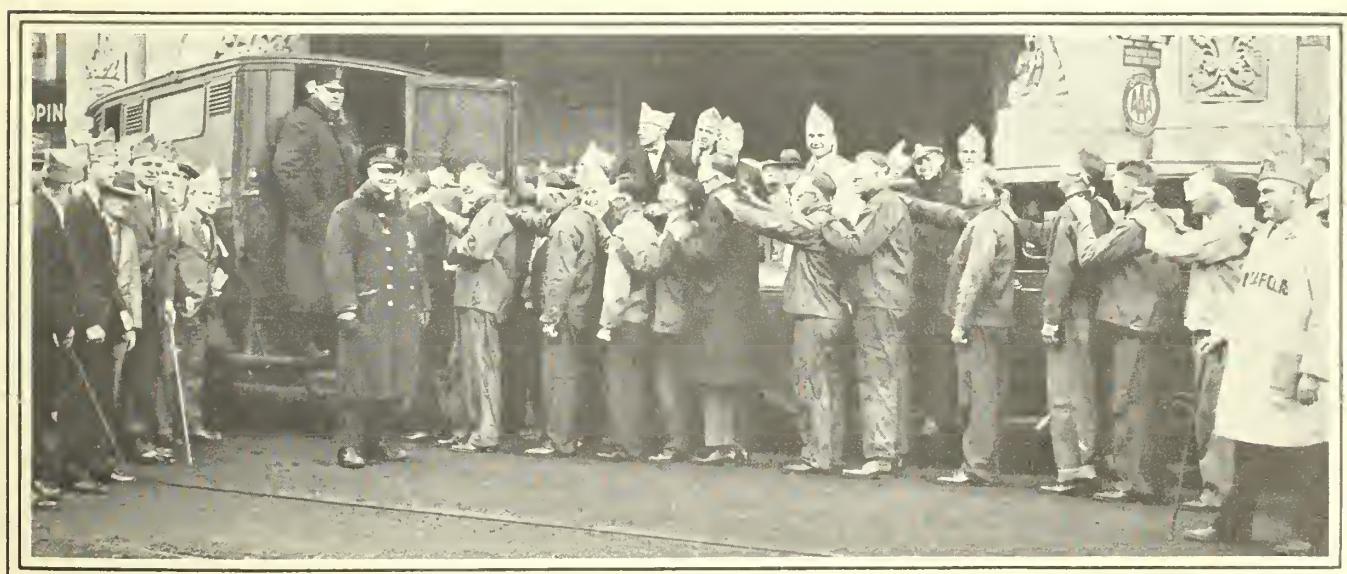
theater and gets the public to attend. The film rental is so small that many posts have used the film simply to provide good entertainment features for regular meetings, making no admission charge.

Posts using film as an attraction for meeting nights may also obtain free film from Uncle Sam. The Army Signal Corps has a big library of film, including many reels showing activities of A. E. F. divisions, which it will lend to posts which will follow prescribed regulations. These regulations provide that all transportation costs must be paid by the post and that no admission



National Commander Paul V. McNutt welcomed to Columbus, Georgia, by leaders of the Georgia Department and Charles S. Harrison Post. Later, the five thousand men of Fort Benning, near Columbus, turned out for a general review in honor of their visitor

Going for a ride in Minneapolis. The police department supplied its special balloon-tired boxcar so that Minneapolis Voiture of the Forty and Eight could give this load of blindfolded goofs the rough journey needed to make them voyageurs



KEEPING STEP

charge may be made when the film is shown. The full regulations governing lending of film and a list of film available may be obtained by addressing the Chief Signal Officer, War Department, Washington, D. C., or the Corps Area Signal Officer for the area in which the post is located.

For the Post Messkit

AMERICANS on British rations in the A. E. F. learned only too well a food delicacy termed Australian rabbit but commonly called frozen buzzard. In a refrigerator ship journey of some thousands of miles the once fresh rabbit meat from this side of Antarctica acquired a permanent flavor of clover complicated by other flavors, and the result was, as the Tommies said, not too good. The "monkey meat" served with the French ration was reputed to have come from the flanks and hams of venerable llamas, the beasts of burden of South American mountains, and that also was not so good, even when subjected to the artistry of poilu chefs.

When Mesa (Arizona) Post of The American Legion recently announced it would put on a buffalo meat feed and invited all the boys to come and get it, there may have been some misgivings among hardy survivors of the buzzard and monkey diets of A. E. F. days. But everybody who got his first taste of buffalo meat at Mesa Post's feed is now ready to go back for more whenever the post is able to get a new supply of the meat.

"The buffalo meat was luscious," reports R. A. Davis of Phoenix, Publicity Officer for the Department of Arizona. "The meat was donated to the post by H. G. Bush, Past Post Commander, who got it from Goodnight, Texas. It was cooked and served in true army style and was as tender and good-flavored as any meat obtainable. There is just enough of the wild taste to the meat, when prepared correctly, to give it a very appetizing tang. An Army cook fixed up the feed for Mesa Post and the Auxiliary unit did the serving. John C. Phillips, newly-inaugurated Governor of Arizona, was one of the many guests.

"Incidentally, we have several herds of buffalo here in Arizona and every year the State game warden draws lots and allows twelve citizens each to kill one buffalo out of these herds. The drawing is quite an affair and sportsmen are eager to get one of the lucky numbers. Our meat, as I said before, came from Texas, where there are privately-owned herds of buffalo."

Planting Time

LAST spring, when Pasadena (California) Post announced that it would send a packet of zinnia seeds from the celebrated Busch Gardens to any Legionnaire for a dollar, more than seven hundred semi-professional and amateur flower growers ordered the seeds. Since that time many of those who got the seeds and planted them have reported the luck they had with the flowers. It will be remembered that the seeds were for a giant variety of zinnia and were from stock produced in the Pasadena gardens, which had been operated by Pasadena Post before the death of the owner of the gardens, Mrs. Lily Busch.

Winter snows were still deep in all northern States when the Step Keeper began getting letters asking whether Pasadena Post intended to repeat its flower seed offer this year. So the

Step Keeper asked Commander David J. O'Leary of Pasadena how about it. Back came Mr. O'Leary with this letter:

"Last New Year's Day Pasadena Post entered a float in the famous Pasadena Tournament of Roses and it won a special award because of its impressiveness and beauty. The motive for the float was 'In Flanders Fields.' A section portrayed an old battlefield with discarded guns and battle equipment over which two giant spiders had spun their web, while the remainder of the float was a glorious riot of flaming poppies in a field of wheat. The float was designed and decorated by Legionnaire Douglas Fraser, whose father designed and created the Busch Gardens. The flowers used in the decoration of the float were descendants of the flowers which helped make Busch

Gardens one of America's best known beauty spots.

Fraser has developed a very wonderful flower, a poppy. Pasadena Post has made arrangements with him whereby we can offer

one packet of poppy seeds and five packets (separate colors) of the Giant California Mission Zinnia (balloon flowered) for one dollar—really six dollars' worth of flowers for one. Orders for the seeds may be sent to

Robert M. McCurdy, Adjutant of Pasadena Post, 131 North Marengo Avenue, Pasadena. Both the poppy and zinnia seeds are guaranteed to grow in any climate. The zinnia seeds should be in blossom sixty days from the date of planting, so that anyone planting them before June 15th ought to have good luck with them.

Our post prizes the letters it received from those who got our seeds last year and it was a satisfaction to know that many who got our seeds were undertaking their first venture in flower growing."

Well, it won't be Mr. O'Leary's fault if 1929 doesn't see some activity in backyards by Legionnaires and Auxiliaries who never before took part in the spring sport of gardening.

Summer or Autumn

SOME thousands of American Legion posts holding weekly and monthly meetings in April will be reminded

by the first warm winds of spring that the time has come to plan the things they will do this summer. Last March Fort Madison (Iowa) Post decided to give its community a homecoming celebration. Now Fort Madison Post reports that its homecoming week celebration and exposition, held last September, produced a net profit of \$11,000 for the post after payment of \$14,000 for expenses, and brought to its town thirty thousand or more visitors. Past Post Commander George Holt expresses the belief that a homecoming celebration will produce for almost any post the results obtained in Fort Madison.

As the life center of its homecoming Fort Madison Post established an industrial exposition in a huge circus tent. Merchants and manufacturers of Fort Madison and surrounding towns rented booths and placed in them surprisingly good exhibits. An auto show was conducted as an adjunct to the exposition. General admission tickets were numbered, and each night prizes were awarded. A radio set, a player piano, a refrigerator and several automobiles were among the exhibits presented to visitors. A popularity contest, in which purchasers of tickets voted for young women candidates, yielded a profit of \$1,500 above the \$600 spent for prizes awarded to the contestants, and increased attendance materially.

Throughout the week free attractions—vaudeville acts, musi-

KEEPING STEP

cal numbers and such like—were presented. The carnival spirit was stimulated also by a large number of wholesome concessions which added considerably to the revenue. These concessions were operated by Legionnaires.

Each day of the week was specially observed. One day was Farmers' Day. The Democrats had one day. The Republicans had another day. Aviation Day was featured by the dedication of Fort Madison's new airport.

Much of the success of the celebration was attributed to the advance sale of season tickets which provided the post with working capital. Individual Legionnaires were given one book of tickets free for three books sold. Posts in surrounding towns profited by this arrangement, and members of Burlington Post alone obtained \$157 for their post treasury by the sale of the tickets.

Thirty Out of Ninety-three

ON THE map of middle Iowa, the town of State Center is as inconspicuous as a shamrock on St. Patrick's Day, hard to find among the sizable cities which appear on the map in big, black letters—Marshalltown, Waterloo, Cedar Rapids, Iowa City, Oskaloosa. The population tables show that State Center has 972 persons. Harland G. Pfantz Post of The American Legion in State Center has all of 93 members. Now 93 members in a town of 972 people is quite a record in itself. But that isn't the reason Harland G. Pfantz Post thrusts out its collective chest when it meets the Marshalltown post, the Waterloo post and all the rest of them at department conventions. The State Center post has a better claim to distinction. Of its 93 members, exactly thirty belong to the post's drum and bugle corps.

"It's a record, isn't it?" queries J. A. Herring, of Belle Plaine, Fifth District Commander for last year.

Sheridan (Oregon) Post may want to dispute the Iowa post's claim, since it also has a post band of thirty pieces in a town of 900 persons. Moreover, reports Past Commander Otto W. Heider, Sheridan Post has 250 members.

Post Mansion

AN American Legion post in a town of 1,500 persons might consider itself lucky if it owned a home of its own—any sort of a home. But when Austin-Tunstall Post of Brookfield, Massachusetts, provided for itself a clubhouse its desires were not limited by the population of its community. That is the reason that today the post owns a clubhouse which would be considered a showplace in any community. It

owns a twelve-room Colonial mansion that was built in 1856 by Emmons Twichell, an outstanding figure in the town's history. It got the house from Emmons Twichell, son of the man who built it, when Mr. Twichell moved to another section of the country. The post paid \$5,000 for the house in 1920, getting with it sixteen acres of land. The problem of paying for the house was simplified when William McLaurin of Brookfield contributed \$1,000 to the post and later made an additional contribution of \$500 for the repainting of the house. The post converted one of the pasture fields of its land holdings into a five-acre playground for the children of its town. Just now it is busy getting boys lined up in many teams for the Legion's 1929 junior baseball season.

Utility and Beauty

SARASOTA BAY POST of Sarasota, Florida, attained rare success when it attempted to combine everyday utility with artistic beauty in the erection of a war memorial. On last Armistice Day the post dedicated a monument which is a cenotaph honoring the city's war dead, a traffic guide, with red and green stop and go lights, and a flagpole. The memorial stands at Five Points, in the center of Sarasota's business district. The cenotaph, forming the base of the memorial, has classic architectural lines. The lights for the traffic signals at the top of the cenotaph are unobtrusively in keeping with the design as a whole and the ornamentation is admirable in its restraint. The flagstaff in proportion and design is in harmony with its base. All the work in the erection of the monument, from foundation to flagpole, was done by members of Sarasota Bay Post.

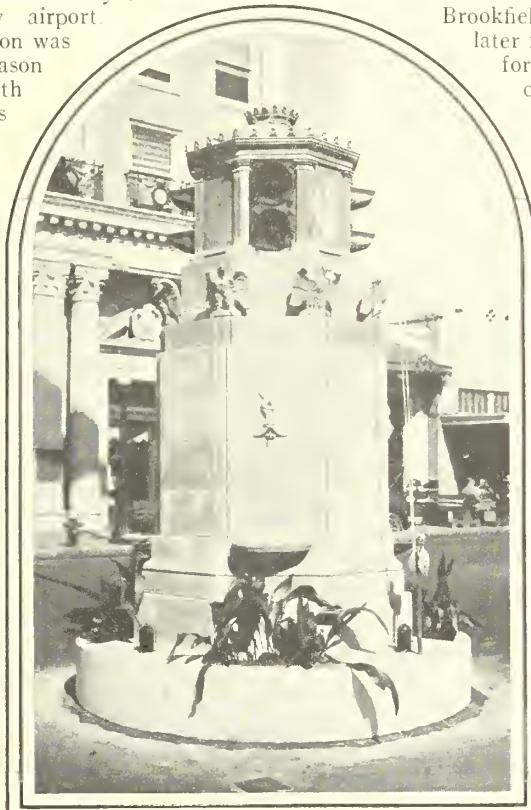
The post started its observance of Armistice Day by attending a special service at the First Baptist Church on Sunday, November 10th, at which Dr. Stewart Long, Past Chaplain of the Department of Indiana, delivered an Armistice Day address. On November 11th, in addition to the ceremony of dedicating the monument,

the post sponsored a football game, a boxing program and an Armistice Day ball.

Conqueror

THE fact that Stanton, North Dakota, has only 250 persons didn't prevent Vernon V. Isaacs Post of Stanton from challenging all the other posts in North Dakota to a membership free-for-all in 1928. A David among posts, with only eighteen members, it conquered all the Goliath posts of North Dakota by increasing its membership 555 percent.

"There are four



Legionnaires of Sarasota, Florida, designed and built this memorial which combines a cenotaph, a stop-and-go traffic guide and a flagstaff. It stands in the center of the city where traffic is heaviest



Austin-Tunstall Post of Brookfield, Massachusetts, believes it has the best American Legion clubhouse to be found in any town of 1,500 persons. Its twelve-room Colonial mansion was built in 1856 by Emmons Twichell.

The post paid \$5,000 for the house and sixteen acres of land

KEEPING STEP

other posts within thirty miles, but we went far and wide for our members," reports Legionnaire W. V. Jacobson. "This year we are trying to have Congress erect a monument to mark the site of the home of Sakaka-Wea, 'the bird woman,' who joined the Lewis and Clark Expedition when it spent the winter near our town. Our post regularly gives movie shows for the public in its clubhouse."

Read While You Ride

YOU needn't wait until you get home to read the new copy of *The American Legion Monthly* if you happen to be in a club or observation car of the Illinois Central or the Wabash toward the end of any month. When Frank J. Schneller, Past Commander of the Department of Wisconsin, on a recent railroad road journey failed to find the *Monthly* on a club car reading table he sat down at the club car writing table and composed a letter which he later sent to railroad officials. He told them that Legionnaires would appreciate seeing the *Monthly* in the club and observation cars on their passenger trains. From D. W. Longstreet, vice president of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, and H. E. Watts, passenger traffic manager of the Wabash Railway Company, came assurances that hereafter *The American Legion Monthly* will appear in the cars on their respective roads.

Book of Honor

HONOR rolls with the names of World War dead are inscribed on monuments throughout the country but the Delaware Department of The American Legion has undertaken to preserve for posterity on the pages of a memorial book not only the names but the deeds of Delaware's service men who gave their lives in the war.

"A memorial book has been provided in the library at the University of Delaware in which not only the names of the deceased World War service men of our State but also brief descriptions of their service will be entered," reports Department Adjutant J. R. Carey of Smyrna, Delaware. "All the posts of our department are helping gather information for the book under the direction of Department Historian Ira Brisner. Lieutenant J. Allison O'Daniel Post of Newark, Delaware, will see that a new page of the book is turned every day, so that in time the names and records of all men will have been displayed."

Blossom Time

HERE comes a time in May when all the apple trees are in blossom in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Miles of orchards take on the beauty of a fairyland. The pink and white petals of a million trees in full bloom, the perfume of the blossoms burdening the air, the warm sunshine of spring and the blue skies transform a valley, enchanting at any time, into one of the world's wonder places. Then it is that Winchester, Virginia, in the heart of the valley, becomes a pilgrimage center for 100,000 persons from other parts of Virginia and other States. For a whole week Winchester celebrates its Shenandoah Apple Blossom Festival.

In this year's festival, as in the festivals of other years, Robert Y. Conrad Post of The American Legion will not only

take a leading part in the celebration but also act as host to the visiting Legionnaires from scores of American Legion posts. Conrad Post and the delegations from other posts will take part, with massed Legion colors, in the annual pageant and parade which in motion pictures will be seen by the whole country. Last year places of honor in the parade were held by Ashby Post of Bridgewater, Virginia; Alexandria (Virginia) Post, Culpepper (Virginia) Post, Lloyd Williams Post of Berryville, Virginia; Morris Frock Post of Hagerstown, Maryland; Arlington (Virginia) Post and Warren Post of Front Royal, Virginia. Many Legion bands and drum and bugle corps marched.

Legionnaire J. V. Arthur of Robert Y. Conrad Post is director-general of the festival this year. The post each year constructs an elaborate float which is exhibited in the parade, and Legionnaires on the float present historical tableaux depicting important Colonial events.

Vacation Note

EVERY Legion post in New York will try to obtain at least one candidate for next summer's Citizens Military Training Camps under the plan which the New York Department has been using for several years, and Montgomery E. Leary, chairman of the department's C. M. T. C. committee, sends word to National Adjutant James F. Barton that a new method will be used this year to obtain suitable candidates. Posts outside New York City, reports Mr. Leary, will get in touch with the industries of their communities to induce them to give selected employes thir-ty-day leaves with pay

so they may attend the camps. The posts will also sponsor "send-off parties" to be given for the young men of each community as they start for the summer camps.

Trees and Bronze Crosses

REALIZATION that ten years have passed since the World War ended comes often as a surprise. Citizens of Minneapolis who gathered along their city's Victory Memorial Drive on last Armistice Day were impressed by the passage of time when they noted that the thousand elm trees which had been planted beside the drive just after the war have doubled in size.

"On Armistice Day another step was taken to carry out the plans to make our drive truly a perpetual memorial," writes Edwin J. Lindell, Adjutant of the Department of Minnesota. "On that day the wooden markers which bore the names of Hennepin County's 568 war dead were replaced by bronze crosses. Each cross bears the name of a deceased service man and the emblem of The American Legion.

"A monument will be erected at the head of the drive where a flagstaff now stands."

A Leader Passes

WHEN Asa Warren Candler died in February at the age of 44 at his home in Atlanta, Georgia, The American Legion lost one of the foremost exponents of its creed of citizenship and the principles on which the Legion is founded. Past Commander of the Department of (Continued on page 76)

THEN AND NOW

Meet the Captain—London Legion Post Rates
 Citation—Basketball, Too—Gobs and Gyrenes Want
 Facts—“The March of Democracy”—Reunions at Conventions

We are mighty happy to report that a second member has been added to the roster of the Association of Surviving Mascots of the World War, which organization was suggested in these columns in the January Monthly. You all remember Mlle. Verdun, the famous mule mascot of Battery E, 15th Field Artillery, Second Division, which was born overseas, brought back with the outfit, is still the pampered pet of that regiment of redlegs down in Camp Travis, Texas, and is our first member.

The average life-span of a mule exceeds greatly that of a dog, so we were surprised to have “Captain Nuts,” pictured on this page both “then” and “now,” presented as the second member of our newly-organized association. Of course, in January we told of “Riker,” dog mascot of Company D, 304th Supply Train, which was also an A. E. F. animal, born in November, 1918, but he went west last September.

But let us or, rather, let Mrs. Ada Heger of St. Joseph, Missouri, tell about Captain Nuts:

“I am sure that your readers and particularly those readers who served with Battery E, 18th Field Artillery, First Division, will be interested to hear about a World War mascot dog which is still living.

“The dog, a pure-bred English Bull, was acquired by the battery mentioned while it was stationed at Fort Bliss, Texas, in 1917, and was christened ‘Captain Nuts.’ His particular master was Corporal Herbert Stanley Jones, a cousin of mine, but he had the affection of all of the men in the battery.

“When the battery sailed for France in January, 1918, Captain Nuts had to be left behind and Corporal Jones expressed him to me and he has made his home here ever since, sharing all my joys and sorrows. While the boys were overseas, I was kept busy writing letters and taking snapshots of the Captain which were sent to his old comrades in the battery. I am sure that the Captain has been photographed at least two hundred times and some of these prints I am enclosing.

“So far as we have been able to determine, Captain Nuts is now about fourteen years old, and he is still active. Even now, more than ten years after the war, the Captain hasn’t been forgotten by his old comrades. Each Christmas he receives greeting cards and occasionally the boys send some money with instructions that ‘the biggest bone in town be bought for Nutty for his Christmas present.’”

At the time Mrs. Heger sent her interesting letter and the snapshots, she did not know of our Association of Surviving Mascots of the World War, but nevertheless Captain Nuts goes on the roster as the second member. We know that there are

more of these mascots scattered around the country and we’d like to hear about them—mules, dogs, goats, parrots are all eligible for membership in the association.

SPECIAL citations for distinguished service will have to be arranged for if the members of the Then and Now Gang continue the splendid co-operation which they have shown to date. And one of the first of these citations would have to be issued to Adjutant William Kulka of London (England) Post of the Legion. From this statement you will see that services rendered have become international in scope.

If you’ll remember, Gorman R. Jones of Sheffield, Alabama, requested in Then and Now in the Monthly of November last the assistance of the gang in locating the owner of a wrist watch belonging to one Lieutenant Marshall, which Jones had in his possession. At the same time, Jones told of having been on the torpedoed transport *Moldavia*, of having been rescued, landed in Dover, England, and billeted with an old couple with whom he left his life preserver. Jones was anxious to recover that priceless souvenir. What happened? Read the following letter received by the Company Clerk from Adjutant Kulka of London Post:

“In the November issue appeared an item from Comrade Gorman R. Jones relative to a life preserver which he had left with an elderly couple in Dover, England, after he had been landed at that port following the torpedoing of the *Moldavia* in May, 1918.

“Comrade Jones could remember neither the name of the couple nor their address except that they had resided over a grocery store located off the main street about three blocks from the bay.

“With such slender evidence I got into contact with the Mayor of Dover who was good enough to institute enquiries, and with the aid of the Chief Constable of the town he located the elderly couple mentioned by Jones. They proved to be Mr. and Mrs. James Wood of 44 Townwall Street, and their son, Captain A. W. Wood of the Royal Engineers, wrote me that the life preserver was still in his parents’ possession and they

would be pleased to send it to Jones upon receipt of instructions.

“It appeared to me that this was a case where a written request for the return of the article would not be sufficient at all, so I arranged to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Wood to thank them personally on behalf of Comrade Jones for their courtesy to him and for having taken care of his life preserver for all these years. Dover isn’t a great distance from London.

“Armed with a handsome bouquet for Mrs. Wood, I called on the old folks and was most cordially received by them, but



Introducing the second member of the Association of Surviving Mascots of the World War. Left: “Captain Nuts” with Corporal Herbert S. Jones, Battery E, 18th Field Artillery, in Ft. Bliss, Texas, 1917. Right: the same dog with his mistress, Mrs. Ada Heger, in St. Joseph, Missouri, 1929

•• THEN and NOW ••

regret to say I found Mr. Wood quite seriously ill. Mr. Wood, however, is a tough old soldier who has weathered many a hard-fought campaign and his voice boomed out to me in cordial welcome. Mrs. Wood, a thoroughly charming and motherly little lady, handed the life preserver to me and I have now sent it along to Comrade Jones. She recalled the happy hours which Jones had spent in their home and had often wondered whether Jones got safely through the picnic in France. Both of the old folks asked about several other Americans whom they had met in their home, particularly a Lieutenant Farmer.

"London Post will be delighted to locate any other lost souvenirs left in this country, and without question there were plenty of them. Just let us know and we'll get right on the job."

Adjutant Kulka's letter was written on January eighth, and on January twenty-seventh, reports Legionnaire Jones, the life preserver reached him in Sheffield, Alabama, in excellent condition. And at the same time Jones told us that he had found the owner of the wrist watch, former Lieutenant William F. Marshall, 58th Infantry, and now of Lakeland, Florida, so this double case of lost and found is now fully closed. That's what we call real Legion co-operation and service!

AS A member of Postal Service Post of St. Louis, Missouri, and a close follower of Then and Now," types Burt Ritcley. "I have decided to break into its columns.

"I was a corporal of Company A, 138th Infantry, 35th Division, during the entire period of the war and while at Camp Doniphan, Lawton, Oklahoma, a small camera was my most prized possession. As a result I have a scrapbook containing scores of snapshots taken in camp, mostly of buddies of my company. Several of the men were killed in action and I therefore take particular pride in having preserved likenesses of those departed comrades, although I think a lot of all of them.

"I am enclosing a postcard which I found in a dugout in the trenches in the Somme Dieu sector near Verdun on October 19, 1918. The inscription on the back indicates that it is probably a likeness of one Louise Laurent, No. 16, Route de la Source, Sermaize, Marne, France. The writing appears to be that of an American. While this memento may have been lost or purposely discarded, yet the owner may be able to recall the girl and may want to recover this war souvenir."

The postcard photograph is reproduced on this page and the owner may have it if he will write to the Company Clerk.

PLEAS for assistance in recovering personal property or service souvenirs are arriving in squad formation in our orderly room. If the requests were placed end to end, or set in type one after the other, they would more than fill the space allotted to Then and Now in more than several issues, and Then and Now would become a Lost and Found Bureau. We hope eventually to broadcast all of them. Here's one from ex-Marine Harold D. Pulver of New Milford, Connecticut:

"When my outfit, the Third Battalion, Fifth Regiment U. S. Marines, Second Division, started from Waldbreitbach, Germany, for Brest, early in July, 1919, to sail for home, I painted a large cloth sign to decorate our boxcar. My picture showed a Marine getting a 'shot in the arm' from a Navy medical man. Another 'artist' painted a large banner showing a lot of cooties, with the title, 'One Hundred Percent Pure.'

"We landed at Hoboken on August 3d and entrained for Camp Mills to be deloused further and make ready for the

New York City parade. I remember seeing the two banners hanging on these trains also, but where they went from there I do not know. Would like to have the banners for the Second Division reunion in Boston on May 31st and June 1st next.

"Of course, I'm interested particularly in my picture or painting ('twas a work of art) and I hope whoever has it will send it home to its papa."

READING the boasts of veterans regarding the championship or near-championship baseball and football teams of their outfits has inspired James F. (Baldy) Wiebel of Hagerstown, Maryland, to file another athletic claim. Baldy served with Company B, 325th Infantry, 82d Division, and he ought to know what he's talking about because he was a member of the team he lauds. Here's what he has to say:

"I wonder if anyone will take issue with me when I claim that Company B of the 325th Infantry in Camp Gordon, Georgia, had the best basketball team in the Army. I base my claim on the following:

"Company B's team with Louis Spiegel, Russell Packard, Edwin Krick, Andy Lawo and myself, won the Battalion Championship; the same men, representing the Battalion, won the Regimental Championship and then later won the championship of the 82d Division, without losing a game."

"Our coach, Sergeant Andy Lawo, challenged the Atlanta A. C., which team had star players from Georgia Tech and other colleges of the South, and we won from them with the same players from Company B. If any team can beat that record, let's hear from them."

Baldy Wiebel adds that his outfit boasted also of a good baseball team after it got to France and he wonders what has become of the members of that team and also of some of the championship black-jack players of his outfit.

SUPPORTING our statement, many times repeated, that historical facts only will be accepted by the critical readers of the Monthly, Commander Harry M. Itschner of Fleming - Jackson - Seever Post of Atchison, Kansas, offers the following comment:

"While not trying to discredit the Navy's part in the war, I cannot help but take exception to the statement of H. W. Kittle of Aurora, Indiana, in Then and Now in the Monthly of last July, that 'statistics compiled by the War Department show that forty percent of the entire Fifth and Sixth Regiments of Marines were regular Navy men taken off of the battleships and transferred to the Marine Corps.'

"I served twenty months with the Sixth Regiment of Marines and I can truthfully say I never met one whom I knew to have been a Navy man other than the stretcher bearers, doctors and sick bay attendants. Of course I have no manner of making an authoritative statement and no access to the records but I just can't believe that statement until I see it verified by someone of authority in the Marine Corps who can make a correct and positive statement which can be backed up by the records. Now that the discussion is started, let's see it settled by those who can."

WHILE the rest of Legionnaire Kittle's statement of Navy activities during the World War was not questioned, this particular claim of his was, and so the Company Clerk went to headquarters for confirmation or denial. Here is what Major E. W. Sturdevant, Officer-in-Charge of the Historical Section, Headquarters U. S. Marine Corps, had to say:

"The statement that forty percent of the Fifth and Sixth Regiments of Marines of the Second Division were regular

••• *THE N* and *NOW* •••

Navy men taken from battleships and transferred to the Marine Corps is incorrect. The Navy had need of all its men in carrying out its own job. The only Naval personnel serving with the Fourth Brigade of Marines were medical and dental officers and enlisted men of the Naval Hospital Corps. Their numbers were approximately two hundred.

"The number of Marines in the Fourth Brigade, which included Brigade Headquarters, Fifth and Sixth Regiments and the Sixth Machine Gun Battalion was, at its maximum strength, 9,776. The enlisted personnel of the Marine Corps was composed of men who were either in the Marine Corps at the beginning of the war or had enlisted or were inducted in the Corps afterwards."

RIIGHT now, in the midst of house-cleaning when the cellars and attics get their annual or semi-annual mopping-up, is the time for members of the Gang to do good deeds. There are posts of the Legion which are making strenuous efforts to complete their files of the old American Legion Weekly.

So when you run across that old stack of Weeklies—particularly any of Volume I, 1919, and Volume II, 1920, don't sell them for old paper or burn them. Among them may be just the one or two or half-dozen numbers that some post needs for its library. Read Then and Now in the March Monthly.

Just drop a line to the Company Clerk telling him what numbers you have on hand and he'll make arrangements so that the posts wanting them can add them to their files. Here's another real chance to show the co-operation of which we're all so proud.

LIVE and learn! It has always been our idea that the only place where service outfits were called upon to don the mask and wig in the interest of the war was overseas. And it took us ten years to find out that we were wrong—that service theatrical talent was called upon also on this side of the pond. Cast your eyes on the picture on this page and then read what Legionnaire Robert A. McLean of Oakland, California, who for at least a part of his period of service was a sergeant in a

recruiting depot of the United States Marine Corps, has to say about it:

"The photograph enclosed shows one of the scenes from 'The March of Democracy,' an historical pageant staged by Marines and Marinettes of the Marine Corps recruiting force in New York City during the Victory Loan campaign in 1919.

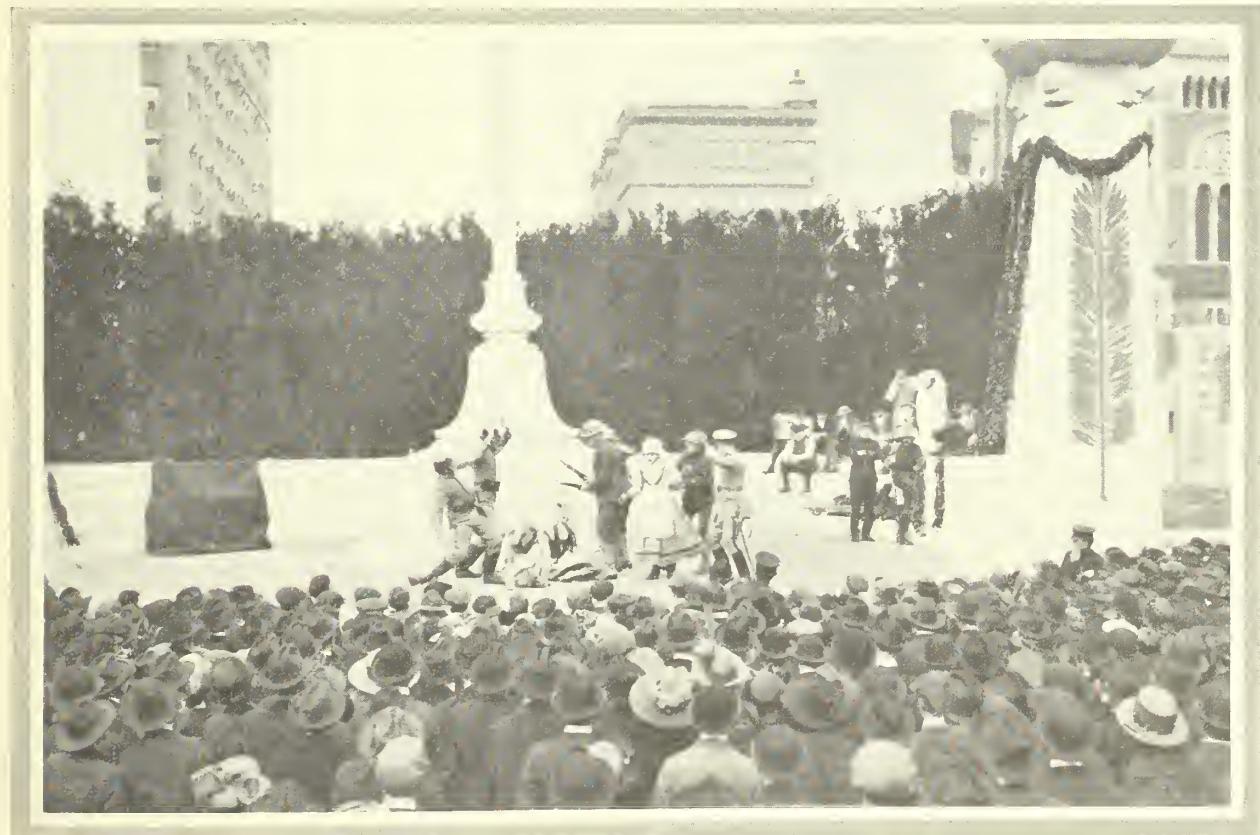
"In spite of its high-sounding title, neither actors, audience nor author (who happened to be the writer of this letter), knew what it was all about. As publicity sergeant for the Marine Corps recruiting office, I was given twenty-four hours' notice by the officer in charge 'to get up something for the Victory Loan.' After putting in about twenty of the precious twenty-four hours vainly seeking an inspiration, I finally hired a bunch of costumes, put the pseudo actors and actresses through one rehearsal, marched them up to the old Victory Square near the Grand Central Terminal and told them to go ahead and do their stuff.

"The 'stuff' was a series of scenes from every war from the Revolution down to the then present time. After it was all over a newspaper reporter asked me what the title of our offering was. In the hurry I had forgotten this little detail, so on the spur of the moment I told him it was 'The March of Democracy'!"

"The pageant nearly resulted fatally for our three 'Boches' who, by the way, were all veterans of Belleau Wood. Coming away from the performance in their hired uniforms, they were pelted with sticks, stones, garbage, etc., and it took the combined efforts of the troupe to rescue them."

And McLean's letter gives rise to another question: We have read of and heard from "gobblies," "goblets," or whatever you want to call the Navy ladies, but we didn't know that there were such persons as "Marinettes." Let us hear from some of these lady Leathernecks.

IF THE entertainment plans being drawn up by William J. Horrigan, chairman of the Convention Reunion Committee of the National Convention Corporation of Louisville, Kentucky, develop as he intends them to, we will have to start a sub-head in this Outfit Notices column. (*Continued on page 79*)



With Broadway and its stage luminaries only a stone's throw away, a bunch of amateurs from the Marine Corps staged the above-pictured pageant in Victory Square, New York City, in 1919. Ex-Sergeant Robert A. McLean produced "The March of Democracy" to help the Victory Loan

Chief officer



Harry Manning,
Chief Officer,
who as a result of his
heroism was appointed
Acting Captain,
"S. S. America"

Note : Authorities attribute the enormous increase in Cigarette smoking to the improvement in the process of Cigarette manufacture by the application of heat. It is true that during the year 1928, Lucky Strike Cigarettes showed a greater increase than all other Cigarettes combined. This confirms in no uncertain terms the public's confidence in the superiority of Lucky Strike.

“It's toasted”
No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

Harry Manning says:

"Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet."

WHEN I climbed aboard the 'America' after those cold, strenuous hours getting the men off the freighter 'Florida,' there was nothing I wanted so much as a Lucky — 'By George,' it tasted wonderful! A Lucky is always refreshing. My tense nerves relaxed, my aching throat was soothed and the whole thrilling adventure just seemed a part of the day's work. As time goes by, and I look back to that memorable night, I'll always remember the wonderful taste of that welcome Lucky. As I went around to visit the men we'd rescued, I found many of them enjoying Luckies, too. We really couldn't wait to get back to our ship and 'Luckies.' As an actual fact in returning to the 'America' I noticed one of our men* rowing with one hand and lighting a 'Lucky' with the other. There's no flavor to equal toasted tobaccos, and I always prefer Lucky Strikes. There's wisdom in the saying: 'Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.' It helps a man to keep physically fit and we who follow the sea must always be prepared for any emergency."

*The man mentioned by Chief Officer Manning was Boat-swain's Mate Alloys A. Wilson.



H. Manning

Harry Manning,
Chief Officer, who as a result of his heroism
was appointed Acting Captain,
"S. S. America"

© 1929, The American Tobacco Co.
Manufacturers

"REACH
FOR A
LUCKY
INSTEAD
OF A
SWEET."



A PERSONAL VIEW

by
Frederick Palmer

C. J. AGRAFIOTIS, instructor Manchester, New Hampshire, High School, sends a questionnaire. His name indicates that his family did not arrive on these shores as early as some of the Macs, O's, Smiths and Joneses. In answer to his first question, "Who is an American?" they might say, "Look at us! We are!" But Mr. Agrafiotis, who teaches sociology, has an inquiring mind which is out to learn anything he can in order to make his pupils good citizens.

HERE ARE MY OWN brief answers. No. 1. "Who is an American?" A citizen of the United States who earns an honest

Well,
Who Is?

living and does not expect his neighbors to do it all to make this a better country to live in. No. 2. "Who is a one hundred percent American?" I

might say nobody is so perfect except a candidate for office, but I will say that he is one who acts up to No. 1., as well as talking up to it. The noisiest hundred percenter I ever knew let his wife take in washing, gabbed and excused himself from the war because he had a family to support.

No. 3 OF THE questionnaire. "Does naturalizing an immigrant mean Americanizing him?" Not a bit, or being native

Leaving it to
Grandpa

born, either. No. 4. "What methods do you suggest for Americanizing the immigrant?" Make America what we talk it to be, make him feel at home in it, give him a personal example in Americanization so he will use rightly the instruction which he gets in our schools.

MORNING IN THE irrigation country on the Arkansas River in western Kansas! Teachers driving twelve autobuses, ten

Way Out in
Kansas

and fifteen miles, each carrying thirty children to the big central union school at Holcomb! Hot luncheons served daily! Country children getting all the educational advantages of city children plus the fresh air of the open spaces! It is a big count for the automotive age in which we live.

SAID A FRENCHMAN on his first visit to America: "Where do you find all the dogs? Why, when you have so much beef?"

Hot Dogs by
The Billion

Never having heard before of the national delectable he took its name literally. Eight hundred and eighty million hot dogs were eaten last year. We are a growing country and may reach the billion mark this year. When the Frenchman tried one he said, "No knife, fork, spoon, table or napkin—joocee, veree good. Labor-saving American efficiency!"

ARTHUR PONSONBY, BRITISH M.P., gives some items. Ten thousand paid British propagandists operating in the United States in 1917; no Belgian children with hands cut off could be found by rich American who sought to care for them; Miss Hume, who was sup-

posed to have had her breast cut off by a German soldier in Belgium, was never out of England; the *Lusitania* carried one hundred and twenty-five tons of ammunition for the British; the Kaiser never called Sir John French's Army "contemptible". Treaties that will definitely outlaw war, the universal draft that will make war profitable to nobody, these are the first steps that we must take in our progress toward lasting peace among all nations.

THREE STATES, CALIFORNIA, Texas and Oklahoma, gave us seven-ninths of all our oil production last year. There is no oil in old Massachusetts, where the textile business is bad; but in one day a record catch of almost two million tons of sea fish were brought into Boston. Oil will be exhausted, but the waters will go on supplying us fish, and the soil making crops, and the energy of men making the wheels of industry turn.

LEST NEW YORKERS be too set up in metropolitan provincialism as to superiority in civic excellence, expert George J. Hecht names other cities ahead of New York in particulars of health, welfare, parks, playgrounds and education. These range all the way from Boston to Los Angeles, including Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Gary, Dallas and Winnetka, Illinois.

SO THEY ARE saying in Italy, where Fascist spies keep watch for any breath of criticism against Mussolini. But one woman did whisper in answer to the dictator's latest command that Italian women should not keep thin. Being fleshy, they can bear more children—when there is so little room in Italy for them. Said she: "Mussolini is so versatile, why doesn't he do all the child bearing, himself, and see how he likes it?"

AGAIN, WHY JOIN the Legion? Let us look at it in a big way in answer to a Department Adjutant who asks me why I do not say something about getting new members. I have said a good deal, but *All Right,*
Adjutant I am ready to say more. Some of us, because the Legion has been steadily growing in membership and usefulness, have been riding on the band wagon, which means (Continued on page 54)



Never the same job twice

YES, it's the same man shaving on ten different mornings; ten different conditions of water, temperature, and nerves; ten different methods of lathering and stroking.

*But his Gillette Blade
meets all these chang-
ing conditions with
the same even temper*

So much dependable shaving comfort has been honed and stropped into this blade that eight out of ten American men have learned to expect—and get—a comfortable shave even under the worst possible conditions.

To meet that expectation Gillette has developed and perfected some twelve million dollars worth of new machinery in the past ten years. They condition the Gillette Blade far more delicately and precisely than even the most skilful artisan could sharpen a shaving edge.

Conditions vary. But the Gillette Blade is the one *constant* factor in your daily shave. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.



THE NEW FIFTY-BOX. Fifty fresh double-edged Gillette Blades (10 packets of fives) in a colorful, useful gift chest. Five dollars at your dealer's.

* **Gillette** *



Bursts and Duds



COLORFUL STORY

"Heavens!" gasped the little red rooster down on the farm. "You're looking pale!"

"Yes," happily replied the little red hen. "I've finally laid another egg and I'm tickled pink."

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN

On this trip the crack express had been far from living up to its reputation. First it would go forward fifty yards or so, then back, then stand still puffing uncertainly and then begin the same thing all over again. At last one of the travelers lost his patience and summoned the porter.

"What the devil's the matter with this train?" he exploded. "Backing up and jerking forward in this awful way."

"It's quite all right, sir," the porter assured him in that soothing way that porters have. "I think the engineer is teaching his wife to drive."

PROPRIETY

"Oh, gosh!" the girl exclaimed. "It's started to rain. You'll have to take me home."

"Why, I'd—I'd love to," her bashful escort stammered, "but you know I live at the Y."

PARLEY VOUS

Mrs. Newriche had just arrived from a tour of Europe, and her long-suffering acquaintances had no opportunity to forget the fact.

"And Paris!" she gushed. "Paris is just wonderful! The people are all so well-educated—not at all like they are in this crude country, my dear! Why, even the street cleaners can talk French!"

THE HOME LOVER

Fearing he had lost his way, a tourist leaned out of his car and hailed a sleepy-looking native of a small village.

"Hey!" he called. "What's the name of the next town beyond this?"

"Dunno, stranger," drawled the local patriot. "I lives *hyar*."

QUANTITY PRODUCTION

A couple of oranges were talking it over at one of those soft drink stands.

"Don't you wish you was as big as me?" asked the first.

"Aw, gwan, you ain't so big!" scoffed the second. "I bet you won't make twelve gallons more orangeade than I will!"

WHAT'S THE USE?

Miss Modernette was having a terrible time selecting a hat and was still unsatisfied after the exasperated clerk had brought out the entire stock.

"I want a hat that's mannish!" she snapped.

"Yes, miss, how about this one?" the attendant replied, bringing out the last of the assortment.

"Not mannish enough."

"But, miss," the other sighed wearily, "it's a man's hat."

KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES

"Does Jimpson's baby get off any original sayings?"

"Oh, he did, but they were so dumb that Jimpson had to hire a ghost writer for him."

IMPERFECT RECORD

"My good fellow," said the warden of the asylum to the inmate he had called before him, "I'm sure I don't know what to do about your case. You've attempted suicide six times now."

"I know, but be lenient with me, chief," pleaded Silly Sam. "I didn't succeed only twice."

SCENE: COURTROOM

"Now, sir," the prosecutor stormed at the defendant, "I'll ask you if you weren't convicted on the twentieth of March, 1926, on the charge of bootlegging?"

"Oh, yes," the prisoner admitted assuredly, smiling in a friendly way at the jury, "but I ain't got you for my lawyer this time."

ONE ON THE JUDGE

"Sorry, miss," announced the traffic cop, impressed despite himself by the pulchritude of the fair offender. "Judge'll soak it to you this time, I'm afraid — probably take away your license."

"Oh, no, he won't," she giggled in the tone of one who has the victory won.

"Huh? Why not?"

"Because—tee-hee—I haven't got any license."

BUSINESS METHODS

A couple of rival but friendly shopkeepers were talking things over.

"When does your opening sale close?" asked the first.

"When our closing-out sale opens," the second replied.

MATTER OF QUANTITY

"So you think Harold is twice as big a bore as Ted?"

"Absolutely. Everything you say makes him think of a *couple* of stories."

BYE-BYE

He was a slick-haired sheik and he was superbly conscious of all his manifold physical attractions as he drew his car up beside a solitary girl hiker on a lonely road.

"How about a ride, girlie?" he smirked.

"Are you going east?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied, preening himself.

"Look out for the ocean."

WASH DAYS COMING

"So yo' got almost a hundred dollahs saved up?" ejaculated Amanda in pleased anticipation. "Man alive, yo' kin soon be buyin' me mah engagement ring."

"Engagement ring nuthin', honey," her devoted fiance corrected. "Ah's done gwine buy yo' an engagement *machine*."

DEAD GIVEAWAY

A fashionable city tailor had taken his daughter into partnership with high hopes of the future upon her graduation from college, but the situation was distinctly not so good.

"I'm ruined!" he mourned. "What an idiot I was to let her get in the business with me!"

"What's happened, old man?" asked a sympathetic friend.

"Why, the first thing she did was to change the name to *Ye Olde Clothes Shoppe*."

THE MONTH'S WORST PUN

Lawyer: "So your husband died in testate?"

Aunt Sairey: "No, indeedy. He died way down in old Kaintucky."

RIDICULOUS!

Jenkins was one of his oldest friends and entitled to certain privileges, but Peterson began to feel a mild resentment for his pal's evident deep interest in the young and pretty Mrs. P.

"Say, old fellow," he remonstrated at last, "I wish you wouldn't keep on kissing my wife. Once when you come and once when you go is enough."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Jenkins indignantly. "You can't expect me to keep coming and going just to please you!"

“I got so I could see in the dark like a cat,” says

LEONARD H. NASON

*in relating his sleepless, nerve racked
war-time experiences*

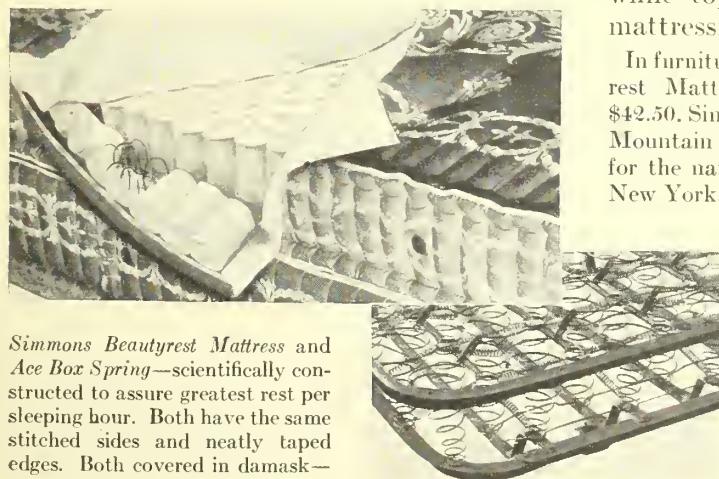
“THIS has since been changed—I sleep on a Simmons Mattress and Spring . . . and am very successful catching up on the sleep I have lost,” continues Mr. Nason.

No need to introduce Leonard H. Nason to any Legionnaire. He’s a regular contributor—but if you’ve never read his novel “Chevrons” . . . get it, and know him better.

His purchase of Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring is of interest to you because he’s another successful man who has recognized the superiority of these products—even when he could easily afford to spend much more than they cost. And his voluntary tribute to their satisfaction—to be printed here for other Legionnaires to read—is the strongest kind of recommendation.

Need we say more? The Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring (either Box or Open Coil types) will deliver more sound, untroubled rest per sleeping hour than any other sleeping equipment we know of. There are scientific reasons why this is so.

The construction of the Beautyrest, for example, is utterly unlike that of any other



Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring—scientifically constructed to assure greatest rest per sleeping hour. Both have the same stitched sides and neatly taped edges. Both covered in damask—two patterns, six pastel shades.

BEDS · SPRINGS
MATTRESSES

S I M M O N S [BUILT FOR SLEEP]



LEONARD H. NASON, AUTHOR OF “CHEVRONS,” is back on his favorite fighting and writing ground. His letter telling us of his satisfaction with Simmons was received from Biarritz, France.

mattress—a middle layer of finely tempered wire coils extending all the way out to the edge gives unusual support to the body . . . while top and bottom layers are of finest mattressing.

In furniture and department stores Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50, Simmons Ace Box Spring, \$42.50, Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring, \$19.75. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name “Simmons.” The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring—the perfected open spring—wonderfully resilient, low in price. Light weight, with coils close together, affording individual freedom of action. Smooth finished border protects sheets.

AN APRIL FOOL

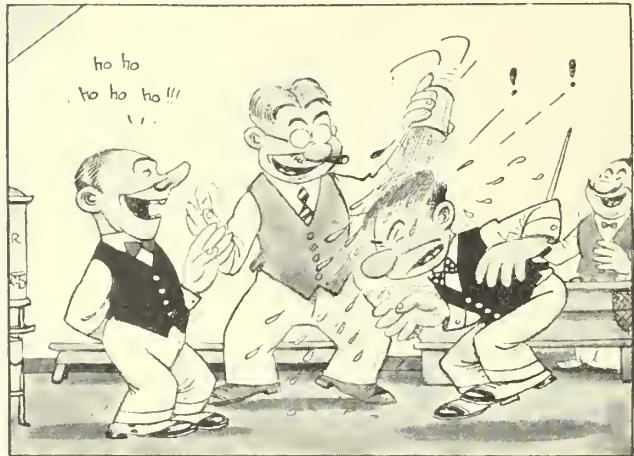
With Incidental Accompaniment of April Showers

By Wallgren



Buddies:—“Buck, we're talking about Prohibishun. Are you wet or dry?”

Buck:—(Very expectantly) “WET!”



Buddies:—“KEE-RECT! So you are!”

Buck:—“* - / * --- ----- ! ! ?”



Buddies:—“Haw! haw! haw! April Fool!”

Buck:—“All right, you guys! You won't catch me again.”



Buddies:—“Well, we'll give you another chance. Are you wet or dry this time?”

Buck:—(Very loud and confident) “DRY!”



Buddies:—“No, you're WET! You were right the first time.”

Buck:—“* - - ? * ! ! - - * * * ! * ! ! * ! ! ”



Buck:—“I may be all wet, but you birds is soon gona be a whole lot wetterer!!”

A DREAM

REALIZED



NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

(INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF NEW YORK)

A MUTUAL ORGANIZATION, FOUNDED IN 1845

EIGHTY-FOURTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

TO THE POLICY-HOLDERS:

Our Eighty-fourth Annual Report has been verified and is being filed with various governmental authorities. May I point out to you, the people chiefly interested, some of its salient facts?

As policy-holders you paid the Company last year in round figures \$256,000,000.

The Company paid to you and to beneficiaries \$156,000,000. That left us about \$100,000,000.

Our net reserves increased during the year \$100,000,000. We put that \$100,000,000 in our reserves.

You may ask, what are reserves?

Broadly speaking, they are funds set aside from which future liabilities are to be met.

We put that \$100,000,000 in reserves at the close of the year for that specific purpose.

A policy of Life Insurance is almost exactly like a bond. It will mature some day. Nearly all bonds mature at a definite date. Most policies of Life Insurance mature at an indefinite date, but all will mature, in some form, within a limited period of years.

A sound bond is protected by a Sinking Fund—from which the bond is to be redeemed at maturity. The Sinking Fund is accumulated by yearly deposits.

That \$100,000,000 was our 1928 deposit, our addition to the Sinking Fund for that year.

The law requires it. If we had failed to make or could not make that entry (deposit) we would soon be declared insolvent by the Insurance Departments and the Courts.

The reserve increase for 1928 was large, but no larger than the law requires.

That we shall redeem all our bonds (policies) as they come due is certain. You know that.

The other income of the Company was sufficient to pay all the expenses of acquiring \$900,000,000 of new business in 1928, the care of about \$6,500,000,000 of old business, taxes, \$6,700,000, the care of invested funds, the maintenance of other legal reserves and a sum sufficient to pay in 1929 \$8,000,000 more in dividends than we paid in 1928, and to increase the general surplus by \$4,000,000.

In addition the Company loaned you on the sole security of your policies \$52,700,000.

These are round figures, calculated to give you merely an outline sketch of the Company's activities in 1928.

SAVING YOUR MONEY

How much of the \$156,000,000 we paid you or to beneficiaries during 1928 and how much of the \$52,700,000 loaned you during that year will be lost because unwisely invested? That is a very important question. It goes to the very heart of the usefulness of Life Insurance. To save money by investing it soundly is difficult.

Even men of experience frequently make mistakes.

I do not overstate the truth when I say that few people having small amounts of money to invest do it wisely.

REMEMBER

You can leave the proceeds of your insurance with this Company in trust for your beneficiaries or you can leave any cash due under your policy and the Company will hold it, guaranteeing your principal and not less than 3% interest.

On all such funds we will pay in 1929 (as we have done for some years) 4.6%.

In 1928 you left with the Company in this way under various accounts \$28,000,000.

Your total under these accounts on January 1, 1929, was \$70,000,000.

That \$70,000,000 is not just a deposit. It is mingled with the Company's entire assets and is a part of the Company's liabilities. It is backed, as all our liabilities are, by \$1,500,000,000.

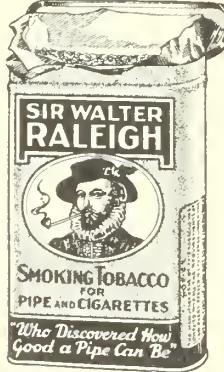
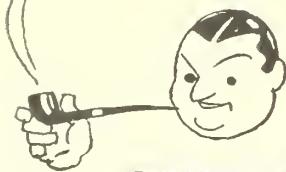
Finally study the balance sheet. There you have the facts about our financial condition, while above you have a picture of the new Home Office: "A Dream Realized."

Show the "Dream" and the balance sheet to your neighbor.

New York Life Insurance Company

By DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, President

What's all the shouting about?



IT WAS a simple enough hunch—that a lot of pipe lovers secretly craved a milder mixture than they'd been smoking. We gave it to them—literally—a free tin to every man who asked for it. And now so many tobacco connoisseurs are cheering for Sir Walter that we can scarcely make enough of it. Isn't it time you too discovered how good a pipe can be?

LIMITED OFFER

(for the United States only)

If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send you without charge a full-size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.

Dept. 201, Brown and Williamson
Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky



SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's



milder

Red Elk

(Continued from page 23)

only the bear-people can unexpectedly deliver.

If that smashing hook had landed, the duel between the two would have ended then and there. Fortunately for the stag, in his constant fencing matches with the other young elks of the band he had learned to anticipate their swiftest thrusts. At the first motion of the great paw he threw back his head so that the bear's swing missed him by an inch. Overbalanced by the blow, the black fighter tottered at the very edge of the precipice just as the elk with a sudden lunge of his antlers drove one of their sharp tines deep into the angle of his opponent's jaw. With a dreadful roar the bear tried to free himself from the curved point with one of his forepaws while he clutched for a hand-hold with the other. Swaying away from the abyss the foam flew from his gnashing jaws as he tried to fix his fierce teeth in the stag's neck. Then his claws caught in a crevice and he was just twisting himself free of the elk's impaling prong when with a tremendous heave of his great head the stag broke the black beast's hold and sent him whirling out into space. For a moment there was no sound and then from the dreadful depths came a muffled crash as the dark body struck the tree-tops far below.

A few weeks after that fight with the bear, the longest and coldest winter of the century set in, to be known all through that north country by red men and white as the "Wolf Winter." Never in the memory of the oldest trapper had so many wolves been known. Everywhere grim stories began to filter in to the trading-stations from snow-bound settlements and lonely camps, of wolves which drove deer and killed cattle and even attacked men, in places where none had been known for half a century or more.

Red Tahlin, the Indian trapper, just down from the far north, was not much impressed by these rumors but then Red was not afraid of wolves nor of anything else, as he proved by his plans for that winter's trapping. Tall and lithe with a skin the color of molten copper, he had been born on the Seneca reservation in New York State, but was of pure Lenape stock, a descendant of a long line of chiefs and shamans, whose children had been carried away by their fierce conquerors. All his life long Red had heard the legend of the Totem Tree of Seven Mountains and that year he had planned to visit the valley and trap there throughout the winter—for tattooed about his body was the same symbol which was carved about the tree.

Like an opal set in silver was the day when the Indian came to Seven Mountains. In the south the sun burned low through the frost-haze, a mass of soft white fire, while slim firs thrust their pointed heads above the hills whose slopes were sea-green with pine. When at last he stood before the Serpent Tree

the twilight was all pearl and violet and the full moon showed a bubble of pale silver just above the horizon. The vast oak bulked black against the snow as the young man looked long at the Snake. When he saw that every twist of the carved serpent was a replica of the one coiled about his breast he bowed before the totem of his tribe convinced that nothing but good fortune could come to him in this valley of his vanished people.

As the weeks went by the young trapper gathered in a rich harvest of furs, marten, lynx, and mink, and when at last he drew that grand prize of the forest, a black fox, whose pelt was worth its weight in gold, he felt that he was indeed under the special favor of the guardian of his tribe.

Then came a morning when at dawn Tahlin saw the fresh hoofmarks of a great elk beside his spring. As he looked he suddenly decided to run the stag down as he had often done with others on his hunting trips, and lay in a supply of fresh meat. Tightening the straps of his skis and leaving his rifle and cardigan in the shack, he thrust a few strips of pemmican in his pocket and armed only with tomahawk and hunting-knife, made ready to race the sun out of the sky and the moon over the rim of the world, as he who would follow an elk on foot must do.

As he sped along the trail his breath rose straight up in the still air and the snow stretched away in a series of drifts which seemed to rise and fall like waves of the sea as he skimmed over them. Overhead a sky of melted turquoise overhung the somber green of the spruces. All that day the Indian followed the trail of the elk and his mate with an easy unhauling gait that yet ate up the distance like fire. When the winter sun hung high in the south the smaller tracks suddenly diverged from the larger. No longer could the cow keep up and was separating from her mate. At the sight the hunter smiled grimly and increased his speed a little as he followed the great hoofprints fully six inches long which marked the trail of the stag.

The day wore on and at last sunset came and the black-green pines tried in vain to bar the glory which streamed in from the west. Beneath a bar of flaming gold the sky showed carmine and crimson and then dimmed to ashes-of-rose, changing at last to the black-violet of a winter night, while faint and far-away came the disembodied cry of an owl, while the frozen drops on the trees gleamed like wrecked stars.

Little by little the elk's tracks began to show that his endurance and speed were being sapped by the drag of the snow over which the man's skis moved so easily. The hoof-marks were deeper and here and there sprawled out of line, as the hunted animal's legs tottered in their stride and to the Indian's practiced eyes it was evident that the stag would go to bay before long.

Suddenly, so faint and far-away that it seemed hardly more than the ghost of a sound, came a high, quavering cry with a menace in its cadence which even the distance could not dim. Louder and clearer it echoed again among the silent peaks and there was in the wild cry that strange horror which from the beginning of time has made the howl of a wolf-pack dreaded by man and beast alike.

At first Tahlin paid but little attention to the sound and not until the ululating voices became louder and louder did he realize that the pack was on his trail, and remember with a sudden sinking of heart, the rumors that Arctic wolves, who have not yet learned to fear man, had been driven down by famine to hunt in the lower latitudes.

Once again, and this time with terrible clearness, the grim hunting-cry burst out behind him and looking back he saw, rushing towards him, a dozen or so gaunt figures, white as the snow across which they raced. As he caught the gleam of their dreadful eyes, he shot forward at a pace which for a moment carried him far ahead of his pursuers. Before long, however, their tireless canter began to cut down his lead, until he heard close behind him that half-bark, half-growl, which is the closing-in cry of a wolf-pack.

For an instant a black cloud seemed to shut out the jeweled beauty of the night. Then, like the hunted animal ahead of him, the man began to look for a place where he might make a last stand for his life. Suddenly, as the trail made a sharp turn, he saw for the first time the animal which he had been pursuing for so many weary hours. Silhouetted against a cliff, his satin-smooth coat showing rose-red in the moonlight, stood a great elk. Shaking his vast horns, dagged along their beams with sharp tines, he snorted defiance and pawed the snow with his edged hoofs as man and wolves rushed towards him. In all Seven Mountains he could have found no better place to make a last stand. Back of him the rock towered straight up for fifty feet nor could the Indian see any other place in sight where he might stand off the pack at his heels save beside the very animal whom he had been hunting so long. Swift as a shadow he shot across the snow towards the cliff, his knife gripped in his left hand, while in his right his tomahawk gleamed beneath the stars. Behind him came the ghost-white pack, silent now, their eyes gleaming like emeralds in the moonlight.

As Tahlin neared the elk the beset beast lunged at him viciously. With a swing of his body the trapper avoided the thrust and the next instant was standing beside the stag, just beyond range of his horns, ready to meet with him the rush of the white killers.

The leader of the pack was a veteran fully six feet in length and perhaps half as high at the shoulder, a super-wolf who had won and held his position by craft as well as courage. Feinting a spring as he came close, the gaunt beast suddenly dropped to the ground and like the swing (Continued on page 50)

Norman Rockwell tells Jim Henry



JIM HENRY—famous Mennen salesman—is interviewing some famous users of Mennen Shaving Cream. . . . This photograph shows him talking to Norman Rockwell, the famous painter. . . . Mr. Rockwell is seen working on a painting for the front cover of the Saturday Evening Post.

“I can put more *Chuckles* in my pictures when I’ve had this **COOL** shave”

NORMAN ROCKWELL:—“Sure, Jim, I’ll give you the dope on the artistic shave. . . I like to paint ho-ho-ho, but I certainly don’t like to look like one. . . That’s why I shave carefully—every day. . . Being a particular cuss, I’ve experimented with shaving creams almost as much as I’ve experimented with colors.

“I guess I was one of the first to try that Menthol-iced of yours. . . I don’t know what’s in the cream, but I do know that it gives my face a keen cool tingle that I’ve never had from any other shaving cream. . . There’s a real kick to it! Some day, maybe, I’ll do a painting of a happy shaver with his tube of Mennen. You know, Jim—that would be a self-portrait!”

Meunen Menthol-iced— The Young Man’s Shave!

THERE is a dash and a cool invigoration in Mennen Menthol-iced that is typically young—modern! The lather

has a “get-up-and-go” feeling to it that fits in with young ideas. Menthol, blended into the cream by a secret process, gives your shave a mountain-air COOLNESS such as you never felt before! The minute the rich creamy lather bubbles up from the brush you’ll say to yourself, “Here is something different!”

Dermutation Improves Shaves!

MENNEN Menthol-iced Shaving Cream is the newest member of the Mennen line—a modern team-mate for the regular Mennen Shaving Cream. Both creams have Dermutation—a three-way shaving improvement—exclusively Mennen’s. . . . Dermutation 1. Softens the beard. 2. Lubricates the razor blade. 3. Invigorates the skin. The proof is in a trial. Send the coupon!

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MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED SHAVING CREAM

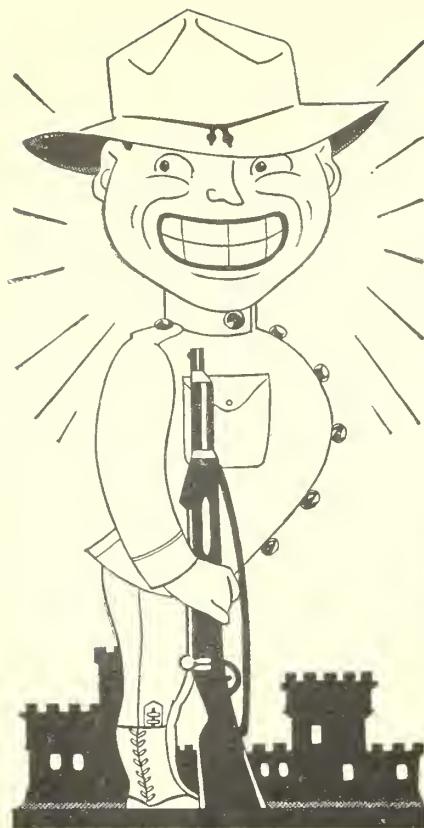


Jim Henry’s treat—14 COOL shaves

JIM HENRY, The Mennen Company, Dept. B-2, Newark, N. J. All right, Jim! If Mennen Menthol-iced is as good as you and Norman Rockwell say it is, send me a FREE tube. And a trial tube of Skin Balm, too.

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GUARD THE DANGER LINE

Red Elk

(Continued from page 49)

of a scythe the elk's antlers passed clear over him. The next moment he was at the red fighter's throat while, with the deadly team-work of a wolf-pack, two of his companions closed in on either side of the great stag with the others crowding up just back of them.

It did not seem possible that any animal could survive such a massed attack. The red elk, however, was a cool and experienced fighter and armed with weapons adapted for just such an emergency. Even as the wolf's black lips curled back from teeth like white daggers, the stag shattered the grinning jaws with a pile-driver smash from one of his edged fore-hoofs. As the blow fell a second wolf rushed inside of the curve of the great antlers, too close for the elk to use his hoofs again. The red champion's swordsmanship, however, was equal to the test. Snorting fiercely, he dropped his muzzle flat on the snow, protecting his throat from the other's slashing teeth and with a quick turn of his head drove one of the curved tines at the base of his horn deep into his opponent's side.

Then, as the gashed body whirled through the air, a third wolf reached the elk's other side ready to deliver that

fatal ham-stringing slash which has brought down many a gallant stag at bay. Beyond the reach of horns or hoofs, the red elk had no defense to this last attack and the death-ring moved nearer to him. Gleaming like great jewels his agonized eyes turned towards the man and it seemed to Tahlin that there was a look of appeal in their depths. Then, as the wolf sprang, savagely, silently, at the stag's flank, the Indian leaned forward and coolly sank the narrow blade of his tomahawk deep into the animal's spine. With a dreadful cry the beast leaped high into the air and was dead before he struck the ground.

Even as the wolves drew back before this third defeat, there was a glare in the east, a flock of cross-bills sang their sweet medley-music and the golden arrows of the rising sun flashed across the snow. The next moment, dismayed by the dawn and disheartened by the death of their leader the pack slunk away among the trees and were gone.

For a moment red man and red elk faced each other. Then the Indian gravely raised his hands, palms up, the peace-sign of every Indian, and started back for his shack, leaving behind him the undefeated King of Lost Valley.

The Luck of Roaring Camp

(Continued from page 11)

the back door. Them as wishes to contribute anything toward the orphan will find a hat handy." The first man entered with his hat on; he uncovered, however, as he looked about him, and so unconsciously set an example to the next. In such communities good and bad actions are catching. As the procession filed in comments were audible—criticisms addressed perhaps rather to Stumpy in the character of showman: "Is that him?" "Mighty small specimen;" "Hasn't more'n got the color;" "Ain't bigger nor a derringer." The contributions were as characteristic: A silver tobacco box; a doubloon; a navy revolver, silver mounted; a gold specimen; a very beautifully embroidered lady's handkerchief (from Oakhurst the gambler); a diamond breastpin; a diamond ring (suggested by the pin, with the remark from the giver that he "saw that pin and went two diamonds better"); a slung-shot; a Bible (contributor not detected); a golden spur; a silver teaspoon (the initials, I regret to say, were not the giver's); a pair of surgeon's shears; a lancet; a Bank of England note for £5; and about \$200 in loose gold and silver coin. During these proceedings Stumpy maintained a silence as impassive as the dead on his left, a gravity as inscrutable as that of the newly born on his right. Only one incident occurred to break the monotony

of the curious procession. As Kentuck bent over the candle-box half curiously, the child turned, and, in a spasm of pain, caught at his groping finger, and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed. Something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weather-beaten cheek. "The d—d little cuss!" he said, as he extricated his finger, with perhaps more tenderness and care than he might have been deemed capable of showing. He held that finger a little apart from its fellows as he went out, and examined it curiously. The examination provoked the same original remark in regard to the child. In fact, he seemed to enjoy repeating it. "He rastled with my finger," he remarked to Tipton, holding up the member, "the d—d little cuss!"

It was four o'clock before the camp sought repose. A light burned in the cabin where the watchers sat, for Stumpy did not go to bed that night. Nor did Kentuck. He drank quite freely, and related with great gusto his experience, invariably ending with his characteristic condemnation of the newcomer. It seemed to relieve him of any unjust implication of sentiment, and Kentuck had the weaknesses of the nobler sex. When everybody else had gone to bed, he walked down to the river and whistled reflectingly. Then he walked up the gulch past the cabin, still whist-

ling with demonstrative unconcern. At a large redwood-tree he paused and retraced his steps, and again passed the cabin. Halfway down to the river's bank he again paused, and then returned and knocked at the door. It was opened by Stumpy. "How goes it?" said Kentuck, looking past Stumpy toward the candle-box. "All serene!" replied Stumpy. "Anything up?" "Nothing." There was a pause—an embarrassing one—Stumpy still holding the door. Then Kentuck had recourse to his finger, which he held up to Stumpy. "Rastled with it—the d—d little cuss," he said, and retired.

The next day Cherokee Sal had such rude sepulture as Roaring Camp afforded. After her body had been committed to the hillside, there was a formal meeting of the camp to discuss what should be done with her infant. A resolution to adopt it was unanimous and enthusiastic. But an animated discussion in regard to the manner and feasibility of providing for its wants at once sprang up. It was remarkable that the argument partook of none of those fierce personalities with which discussions were usually conducted at Roaring Camp. Tipton proposed that they should send the child to Red Dog—a distance of forty miles—where female attention could be procured. But the unlucky suggestion met with fierce and unanimous opposition. It was evident that no plan which entailed parting from their new acquisition would for a moment be entertained. "Besides," said Tom Ryder, "them fellows at Red Dog would swap it, and ring in somebody else on us." A disbelief in the honesty of other camps prevailed at Roaring Camp, as in other places.

The introduction of a female nurse in the camp also met with objection. It was argued that no decent woman could be prevailed to accept Roaring Camp as her home, and the speaker urged that "they didn't want any more of the other kind." This unkind allusion to the defunct mother, harsh as it may seem, was the first spasm of propriety—the first symptom of the camp's regeneration. Stumpy advanced nothing. Perhaps he felt a certain delicacy in interfering with the selection of a possible successor in office. But when questioned, he averred stoutly that he and "Jinny"—the mammal before alluded to—could manage to rear the child. There was something original, independent, and heroic about the plan that pleased the camp. Stumpy was retained. Certain articles were sent for to Sacramento. "Mind," said the treasurer, as he pressed a bag of gold-dust into the expressman's hand, "the best that can be got—lace, you know, and filigree-work and frills—d—n the cost!"

Strange to say, the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for material deficiencies. Nature took the foundling to her broader breast. In that rare atmosphere of the Sierra foothills—that air pungent with balsamic odor, that ethereal cordial at once bracing and exhilarating—he may have found food and nourish- (Continued on page 52)

"...in more
pipes every
day"



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in a drier pipe!*

PIPE smokers tell us that Granger is the *coolest-smoking* tobacco they've ever found...

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The Luck of Roaring Camp

(Continued from page 51)

ment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted ass's milk to lime and phosphorus. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing. "Me and that ass," he would say, "has been father and mother to him! Don't you," he would add, apostrophizing the helpless bundle before him, "never go back on us."

By the time he was a month old the necessity of giving him a name became apparent. He had generally been known as "The Kid," "Stumpy's Boy," "The Coyote" (an allusion to his vocal powers), and even by Kentuck's endearing diminutive of "The d—d little cuss." But these were felt to be vague and unsatisfactory, and were at last dismissed under another influence. Gamblers and adventurers are generally superstitious, and Oakhurst one day declared that the baby had brought "the luck" to Roaring Camp. It was certain that of late they had been successful. "Luck" was the name agreed upon, with the prefix of Tommy for greater convenience. No allusion was made to the mother, and the father was unknown. "It's better," said the philosophical Oakhurst, "to take a fresh deal all round. Call him Luck, and start him fair." A day was accordingly set apart for the christening. What was meant by this ceremony the reader may imagine who has already gathered some idea of the reckless irreverence of Roaring Camp. The master of ceremonies was one "Boston," a noted wag, and the occasion seemed to promise the greatest facetiousness. This ingenious satirist had spent two days in preparing a burlesque of the Church service, with pointed local allusions. The choir was properly trained, and Sandy Tipton was to stand godfather. But after the procession had marched to the grove with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before a mock altar, Stumpy stepped before the expectant crowd. "It ain't my style to spoil fun, boys," said the little man, stoutly eyeing the faces around him, "but it strikes me that this thing ain't exactly on the square. It's playing it pretty low down on this yer baby to ring in fun on him that he ain't goin' to understand. And ef there's goin' to be any godfathers round, I'd like to see who's got any better rights than me." A silence followed Stumpy's speech. To the credit of all humorists be it said that the first man to acknowledge its justice was the satirist thus stopped of his fun. "But," said Stumpy, quickly following up his advantage, "we're here for a christening, and we'll have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California, so help me God." It was the first time that the name of the Deity had been otherwise uttered than profanely in the camp. The form of christening was perhaps even more ludicrous than the satirist had conceived; but strangely

enough, nobody saw it and nobody laughed. "Tommy" was christened as seriously as he would have been under a Christian roof, and cried and was comforted in as orthodox fashion.

And so the work of regeneration began in Roaring Camp. Almost imperceptibly a change came over the settlement. The cabin assigned to "Tommy Luck"—or "The Luck," as he was more frequently called—first showed signs of improvement. It was kept scrupulously clean and whitewashed. Then it was boarded, clothed, and papered. The rosewood cradle, packed eighty miles by mule, had, in Stumpy's way of putting it, "sorter killed the rest of the furniture." So the rehabilitation of the cabin became a necessity. The men who were in the habit of lounging in at Stumpy's to see "how 'The Luck' got on" seemed to appreciate the change, and in self-defense the rival establishment of "Tuttle's grocery" bestirred itself and imported a carpet and mirrors. The reflections of the latter on the appearance of Roaring Camp tended to produce stricter habits of personal cleanliness. Again Stumpy imposed a kind of quarantine upon those who aspired to the honor and privilege of holding The Luck. It was a cruel mortification to Kentuck—who, in the carelessness of a large nature and the habits of frontier life, had begun to regard all garments as a second cuticle, which, like a snake's, only sloughed off through decay—to be debarred this privilege from certain prudential reasons. Yet such was the subtle influence of innovation that he thereafter appeared regularly every afternoon in a clean shirt and face still shining from his ablutions. Nor were moral and social sanitary laws neglected. "Tommy," who was supposed to spend his whole existence in a persistent attempt to repose, must not be disturbed by noise. The shouting and yelling, which had gained the camp its infelicitous title, were not permitted within hearing distance of Stumpy's. The men conversed in whispers or smoked with Indian gravity. Profanity was tacitly given up in these sacred precincts, and throughout the camp a popular form of expletive, known as "D—n the luck!" and "Curse the luck!" was abandoned, as having a new personal bearing. Vocal music was not interdicted, being supposed to have a soothing, tranquilizing quality; and one song, sung by "Man-o'-War Jack," an English sailor from Her Majesty's Australian colonies, was quite popular as a lullaby. It was a lugubrious recital of the exploits of "the Arethusa, Seventy-four," in a muffled minor, ending with a prolonged dying fall at the burden of each verse, "On b-oo-o-ard of the Arethusa." It was a fine sight to see Jack holding The Luck, rocking from side to side as if with the motion of a ship, and crooning forth this naval ditty. Either through the pe-

cular rocking of Jack or the length of his song—it contained ninety stanzas, and was continued with conscientious deliberation to the bitter end—the lullaby generally had the desired effect. At such times the men would lie at full length under the trees in the soft summer twilight, smoking their pipes and drinking in the melodious utterances. An indistinct idea that this was pastoral happiness pervaded the camp. "This 'ere kind o' think," said the Cockney Simmons, meditatively reclining on his elbow, "is 'evingly." It reminded him of Greenwich.

On the long summer days The Luck was usually carried to the gulch from whence the golden store of Roaring Camp was taken. There, on a blanket spread over pine boughs, he would lie while the men were working in the ditches below. Latterly there was a rude attempt to decorate this bower with flowers and sweet-smelling shrubs, and generally some one would bring him a cluster of wild honeysuckles, azaleas, or the painted blossoms of Las Mariposas. The men had suddenly awakened to the fact that there were beauty and significance in these trifles, which they had so long trodden carelessly beneath their feet. A flake of glittering mica, a fragment of variegated quartz, a bright pebble from the bed of the creek, became beautiful to eyes thus cleared and strengthened, and were invariably put aside for The Luck. It was wonderful how many treasures the woods and hill-sides yielded that "would do for Tommy." Surrounded by playthings such as never child out of fairyland had before, it is to be hoped that Tommy was content. He appeared to be serenely happy, albeit there was an infantine gravity about him, a contemplative light in his round gray eyes, that sometimes worried Stumpy. He was always tractable and quiet, and it is recorded that once, having crept beyond his "corral"—a hedge of tessellated pine boughs, which surrounded his bed—he dropped over the bank on his head in the soft earth, and remained with his mottled legs in the air in that position for at least five minutes with unflinching gravity. He was extricated without a murmur. I hesitate to record the many other instances of his sagacity, which rest, unfortunately, upon the statements of prejudiced friends. Some of them were not without a tinge of superstition. "I crep' up the bank just now," said Kentuck one day, in a breathless state of excitement, "and dern my skin if he wasn't a-talking to a jaybird as was a-sittin' on his lap. There they was, just as free and sociable as anything you please, a'jawin' at each other just like two cherrybums." Howbeit, whether creeping over the pine boughs or lying lazily on his back blinking at the leaves above him, to him the birds sang, the squirrels chattered, and the flowers bloomed. Nature was his nurse and playfellow. For him she would let slip between the leaves golden shafts of sunlight that fell just within his grasp; she would send wandering breezes to visit him with the (Continued on page 54)

WALK-OVER SHOES



Tense thousands watched the maneuvers of the flying squadrons as they circled overhead. And many a foot throughout the crowd was smartly and comfortably shod in Walk-Over Shoes.

The "Boylston" is a shoe that carries its owner through a day at the office or an afternoon at the flying field with feet wholly untired. For, concealed deep beneath its good looks, is the famous Walk-Over built-in Main Spring* Arch which keeps the wearer's foot arches and muscles in perfect condition.

Comes not only in Black Calf, but in Tan also. The price is \$10. Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Mass.





Advance of 18th Inf., 1st Div., Oct. 11, 1918.
Photo U. S. Signal Corps.

The story of a typewriter that went to war

By a War Correspondent

IT was in July, 1916. The commander of the British Flying Headquarters at Saint-Omer took me for a flight over the lines.

Holding my Corona between my knees I wrote the first description of the front ever typed from the air. During a cruise in a British submarine I typed a complete magazine story while we were nosing about off Heligoland, a hundred feet beneath the surface. A description of the first Zeppelin raid over London I typed at a shattered window by the light of the fires from incendiary bombs.

Throughout my entire period at the front, all my writing was done on my Corona. Because of its portability and dependability, I made it a constant companion. Many a story banged off hot in a front-line dugout would never have been written if I had waited to reach a spot of greater convenience.

During my war-time work in Europe I typed an average of 15,000 words a week. In addition to this I typed the manuscript of four books. Yet, in spite of a number of emergency repairs made necessary by violent accidents, my Corona was still in highly serviceable condition when I arrived back in New York in 1919.

The foregoing is only one of many astonishing Corona stories. You owe it to yourself to drop into a store where typewriters are sold and see why Corona is the Champion Portable. The minute you lay eyes on it you will realize why a million people use it—why Roosevelt took one to Africa—why 30,000 Coronas were used in the World War—why more novelists, more newspaper men, more business men, more students in schools and colleges use Corona than all other portables put together.

For a small down payment you can take a beautiful new Corona home with you today. Don't neglect this opportunity. Don't let another day pass without doing something about it.

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balm of bay and resinous gum; to him the tall redwoods nodded familiarly and sleepily, the bumblebees buzzed, and the rooks cawed a slumbrous accompaniment.

Such was the golden summer of Roaring Camp. They were "flush times," and the luck was with them. The claims had yielded enormously. The camp was jealous of its privileges and looked suspiciously on strangers. No encouragement was given to immigration, and, to make their seclusion more perfect, the land on either side of the mountain wall that surrounded the camp they duly pre-empted. This, and a reputation for singular proficiency with the revolver, kept the reserve of Roaring Camp inviolate. The expressman—their only connecting link with the surrounding world—sometimes told wonderful stories of the camp. He would say, "They've a street up there in 'Roaring' that would lay over any street in Red Dog. They've got vines and flowers round their houses, and they wash themselves twice a day. But they're mighty rough on strangers, and they worship an Ingin baby."

With the prosperity of the camp came a desire for further improvement. It was proposed to build a hotel in the following spring, and to invite one or two decent families to reside there for the sake of The Luck, who might perhaps profit by female companionship. The sacrifice that this concession to the sex cost these men, who were fiercely skeptical in regard to its general virtue and usefulness, can only be accounted for by their affection for Tommy. A few still held out. But the resolve could not be carried into effect for three months, and the minority meekly yielded in the hope that something might turn up to prevent it. And it did.

The winter of 1851 will long be remembered in the foothills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain creek became a river, and every

river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous water-course that descended the hillsides, tearing down giant trees and scattering its drift and debris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned. "Water put the gold into them gulches," said Stumpy. "It's been here once and will be here again!" And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing water, crashing trees, and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy, nearest the river-bank, was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner; but the pride, the hope, the joy. The Luck, of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief-boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here?

It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding The Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. "Dead?" he repeated feebly. "Yes, my man, and you are dying, too." A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. "Dying!" he repeated; "he's a-taking me with him. Tell the boys I've got The Luck with me now"; and the strong man, clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.

A Personal View

(Continued from page 42)

harder work for those wheelhorses, the adjutants and the editors of the post papers.

I know of a man, very well to do, who said: "I don't get anything out of the Legion. I never go to post meetings." When his position had given him responsibilities this was a pretty narrow-minded argument. I see him marching all over the United States without getting one national thought. He would have all life and patriotism cash-registered. When he meets a friend, does he think how much he will get out of him? Does he fail to vote because he does not get anything out of it? Is voting some kind of a government business that has nothing

to do with his own business? What is his conception of citizenship?

He could not cash in for his ledger account on his honorable discharge, the Cross or the Medal of Honor, a life-saving medal or what he did to help the local community chest. Nor would he think of trying. He would be grouchy at the suggestion that he was not for law and order, clean streets and progress.

"Patriotism?" we hear him saying. "Don't talk to me! I proved mine in 1917-18."

He has heard, or someone has told him, that the Legion is a collection of professional veterans who fight the war over again in their post meetings and

have a grand national gabfest they call a National Convention. As for him, he is living in the present and right on the job, fighting the battle of peace.

As a business man—and life and practical patriotism are a business, if you will—he ought to capitalize his resources. One of them is his war service to be capitalized today and tomorrow through what war service meant to him eleven years ago. War was the rough preparation for present service.

He knew why he went to war. Has he considered why he should join the Legion? Let him study that as he would any business proposition; listen to the evidence as a lawyer would. Then he will find that the Legion takes off for present achievement from that common war service.

The Legion is not founded on the G. A. R. model. It is unique. It is in the living battle. He did not fight the war single-handed. Doesn't he want the same company in fighting the peace battle? For a war is always on, a war for sound causes and progress.

Let him look up the record of the Legion as a public influence. Has it been on the right or the wrong side of non-partisan and exclusively national issues? Was it there in the Mississippi flood? Is it there in local emergencies? Greater emergencies may come. Is it not a power for public good? If so, numbers and character of membership mean an increase of that kind of power.

When he starts an enterprise in which he believes, he wants the right men, all the right men, those who belong in and ought to be in. If they do not come in, he goads them for lack of public spirit. Then why isn't he, himself, in where he belongs?

In this land of drives, slogans, of so much distraction from so many appeals and activities, the Legion, in its part today, is not "over" to the public as it should be. Some elders, who were too old to serve, see it as a reminder of what they missed. They, too, think it is a reminiscence club. If it were just that I would get out. They do not realize how it is serving them as a part of the national whole.

It is the posts that keep the old members in and get the new. They do the real work. I am only writing words. But what the Legion stands for in the national living battle is the great argument, after what the post stands for in its own community. The way is organization through the posts and through the departments in team play, always in the inclusive thought of all eligibles and not that "our club" is big enough. No more is it too big now than the Army and Navy were during the War

DARING MINNESOTA WOMEN, descendants of pioneers! The men of Winnebago Post served a banquet which they

cooked in the post

The Fair Were Brave rooms for the Auxiliary. This took nerve on both sides.

I await curiously the

detailed reports of the casualties.

This tire is built to stand abuse..

*then BONDED
against abuse*



YOU want trouble-free tires. How are you going to be sure of getting them?

Suppose you were offered a *certainty*, by a manufacturer who had had a 40-year record of absolute reliability.

Suppose that tire company backed each tire with the most sweeping guarantee ever offered. Suppose this guarantee not only covered your tires against usual tire hazards, but also against accidents, such as collisions and milk bottles . . . and even against ABUSES.

Why Dunlop Tires can be Bonded.

Dunlop would be too intelligent to offer such a guarantee on an ordinary tire. If brains and materials were not put into each Dunlop in such full measure as to make it stand abuse, a guarantee like this would be suicidal.

From Egypt, where only the finest long-staple cotton is selected . . . through Dunlop's own spinning mills at Utica . . . from the rubber plantations on the other side of the globe . . . through the great Dunlop factories at Buffalo . . . where rubber and cord are transformed into the finished tire by master craftsmen . . . at every step this question guides all: "Will this make a tire that can stand abuse?"

Dunlop is confident of the answer.

This Surety Bond is a seal of confidence.

A guarantee? It is far more than that.

"What will make the public SURE that this guarantee will be fulfilled?"

Dunlop asked that question and thought it through like this:

The public knows that a Surety Bond is certain. The public knows that no company issuing Surety Bonds has a higher rating of intelligence and reliability than the American Surety Company of New York. "Is the tire good enough to justify such a Surety Bond?"

That was the natural question of the bonding experts. The fact that they decided to put the name of the American Surety Company behind the guarantee, was the answer. It is sweeping . . . it covers tire hazards from accidents to abuses. It is iron-clad . . . a guarantee in the form of a regular Surety Bond, backed both by Dunlop and the American Surety Company. Before you buy another tire, you will want to know about this. Without obligation to you we will mail you a specimen Surety Bond FREE. Mail the coupon today.

**Send for
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THE DUNLOP TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
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Please send me free specimen copy of the new Dunlop Surety Bond. It is understood this does not obligate me in any way.

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TODAY'S motor cars are designed to give more thrilling and better performance than ever before. What most motorists fail to realize is that all engines are subject to an imperceptible though steady depreciation in performance.

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Remember it is a genuine economy to install new Champions every 10,000 miles.

CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS

TOLEDO, OHIO - WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Expiation

(Continued from page 19)

the personally conducted wild-goose chase after Atzerodt and the ridiculous misidentification of the garments of Payne—these circumstances were damaging. The fact that sometime before the crime Wiechmann had confided his suspicions of Booth and Surratt to an office mate, but had gone no further, did not balance the score.

The officials bore down upon this prisoner very severely, and at length conducted him before Secretary Stanton. Mr. Stanton was a hard man for a culprit—or for any subordinate—to face. The Union generals had found him so, including Grant, who called his superior a blusterer. What Grant took for bluster most men assumed to be the evidences of an extraordinarily forceful personality, and so it appeared to Louis Wiechmann. Mr. Stanton subjected the clerk to an examination that lasted for two hours. Wiechmann was led from the Secretary's presence a cringing wreck, but he clung to his story. Pressure was not relaxed, and a few days later, given the choice of amplifying his admissions or facing a court martial, Wiechmann pieced out the story that sent Mary Surratt to the dock.

After the pleas of the eight prisoners had been heard the introduction of evidence began. The first testimony was by Baker's men, who claimed to have proof of the complicity of Jefferson Davis and the Confederate agents named in the charge. This had been previously announced to the press, and the North accepted their guilt as a fact. All that Baker's men were required to make plausible was something that nearly everyone already believed, and in this they were given great latitude. There was no cross-examination and they were permitted to introduce testimony which ordinarily would not be entertained even by a military court. Still they failed. Their evidence was inconclusive, and the court turned its attention to the prisoners at the bar.

With them the case was different. Payne had no defense and attempted none, although a lawyer who had volunteered his services went through certain formalities. Herold might as well have attempted no defense. Atzerodt was little better off. That he made no attempt on the life of Vice-President Johnson because he had lost his nerve amounted to little in the way of mitigation; Atzerodt knew of Booth's intention to kill Lincoln in time to have forestalled it. At no time was there a doubt as to the penalty these three would pay.

The cases against Dr. Mudd and Ned Spangler were not so clear, and the prisoners were skillfully defended by General Thomas Ewing, a brother-in-law of General Sherman. The evidence against Mudd established that he had sympathized with the South during the war. Booth had seen Mudd on his tours of Southern Maryland while working on

details of the abduction plot, and it seemed possible that Mudd may have known of this plot. Mudd admitted setting Booth's leg. Such was the evidence against Mudd, and the court was lenient in the admission of evidence for the prosecution and strict in its rulings governing the admission of evidence for the defense. General Lew Wallace, a member of the court, reprimanded one of the defending counsel for endeavoring to impeach the testimony of a government witness—an elementary right in ordinary courts of law.

The evidence in Mudd's favor was this. Mudd had repudiated his Southern preferences some months before the crime and at the last election had supported the Union ticket. His meetings with Booth and his acquaintance with Surratt were not shown to be connected with the crime. Mudd denied that he had recognized Booth when he set his leg. Nothing was proved to the contrary. On hearing of the assassination, Mudd had notified the authorities of his suspicions of Booth and Herold, though not as promptly by some eighteen hours as he could have done.

Ned Spangler was a shiftless but amiable character of low intelligence. For years he had done odd jobs for Booth, and thought it a kind of honor. He had cared for the horses Booth acquired for the abduction plot. While decorating the Presidential box at Ford's on the afternoon before the murder he was reported to have said, "Damn the President and General Grant." When Booth leaped to the stage after the deed and made his escape through the stage door, Spangler yelled to another scene shifter, "Don't say which way he went!"

The defense of Arnold and O'Laughlin was that they had not seen Booth for nearly a month before the crime and did not know that it was contemplated. As for the abduction plot—that was not what they were on trial for. Arnold had written Booth withdrawing from that enterprise, but the letter held out the hope that if Booth would change his dramatic tactics and consult with the Confederate authorities in Richmond he might come back in. Arnold was in Old Point Comfort, Virginia, clerking in a Union Army canteen on the night of the crime and was arrested there some days later. O'Laughlin was in Washington on the night of the murder. He said he had come from Baltimore to see the celebration of the surrender of Lee. His time was fully accounted for by witnesses of unquestioned loyalty. He did not see Booth, although he tried to find him for a friendly visit.

The Government contended that the murder conspiracy and the kidnapping conspiracy constituted the same offense, notwithstanding the fact that no mention of abduction appeared in the comprehensive charge. The defense was unable to introduce satisfactory evidence that the abduction plan was abandoned,

the participants to it had dispersed and the assassination conspiracy was thereafter erected on a new basis. Booth's notebook would have established this, but Secretary Stanton did not turn Booth's notebook over to the court. He submitted everything else that was found on Booth's body, however, and many things that were found in his trunk.

The cases for and against these prisoners were interrupted from time to time by the introduction of additional evidence against Jefferson Davis and associates. But proof of their complicity remained elusive.

The first witness against Mrs. Surratt was Louis Wiechmann. He testified that Booth had come to the Surratt house the first time in January of 1865 in the company of John Surratt, and thereafter was frequently at the house. He always asked for John, and, if John was absent, for his mother. Wiechmann had observed Booth and Mrs. Surratt in private conversation several times, but without hearing what passed between them. Herold had visited the Surratt home once, and Atzerodt once, staying all night. The witness had never seen Arnold or O'Laughlin. The witness described Payne's stay at the Surratt residence, and told of finding Payne and John Surratt in the attic examining knives and guns. He told of returning home unexpectedly on the day of the attempted kidnapping of the President to find Mrs. Surratt weeping. This seemed significant to him, as Mrs. Surratt had never wept before when John was gone on his missions as a Confederate courier, although the witness avoided an admission of his knowledge that his roommate was a rebel agent. Wiechmann described the two trips to Surrattsville with the prisoner, the last one being on the day of the murder. He said that on both occasions Mrs. Surratt had held conversations with Lloyd, her tenant, which he did not overhear. There was an appearance of furtiveness about the conversations, the witness said.

The next witness for the prosecution was John M. Lloyd. Lloyd told of a visit to Surrattsville by Herold and John Surratt to stow away carbines after the failure of the kidnapping. He said that on her first visit Mrs. Surratt had inquired about these "shooting irons," adding they would be needed soon. On the second visit Lloyd said that Mrs. Surratt asked that the guns be ready as they would be called for that night. At the same time she handed him a parcel which Lloyd found to contain Booth's field glasses which the assassin picked up during his flight.

Government witnesses related the dramatic story of Payne's return to her house and of Mrs. Surratt's failure to identify him; also that a search of the premises had disclosed a small lithograph of Robert E. Lee, one of General Beauregard and a tintype of Booth. A point was made of the fact that when told that she was under arrest Mrs. Surratt did not ask why she was being detained.

This completed the Government's case against (Continued on page 58)

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They did! And they turned out some swell gloves, men. Big and roomy, like you need, yet fitting just right. And they bend and twist as natural and easy as an old shoe—giving your fingers the freedom they've got to have.

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I'm proud to have my signature stamped on these fine gloves. Believe me, I sure can recommend them sincerely. They're great! And they got a pretty low price on them, too, for Big League gloves."

"Babe Ruth"

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The nearest Reach dealer will gladly show you the Babe Ruth Line of mitts and gloves. See them. Feel them. Try them out. And you'll know what we mean by *Big League* gloves.

To Post Athletic Officers

If you'll send in the coupon below, we'll send you free, a leaflet describing the individual gloves in the Babe Ruth Line, also a booklet "Playing Pointers". You can have as many of these booklets as you need for distribution among the junior teams fostered by your Post.

These fine gloves are suited perfectly for your teams. Quality of the finest, yet priced moderately. See them at the nearest Reach dealer's. Reach offers splendid bats and shoes, too.

Have your teams play with the Reach Official American League Ball, \$2.00. Another good ball is the Babe Ruth Home Run Special, the liveliest, longest-lasting \$1.00 ball made.

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Dept. J. Tulip and Eye Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

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The Browning shotgun is a product of the genius, John M. Browning—the man who gave the world such unprecedented arms as the Browning Machine Gun and Rifle, famous as standard equipment in the U. S. Army and proved under fire in the World War—the man who invented and perfected the automatic pistol and who is known as "The Father of Modern Firearms." No other shotgun than the Browning has such a distinguished heritage. It has such features as a magazine cut-out, double extractors, improved safety, barrel guiding, forged in one piece, together with barrel, and, of course, the original and remarkable Shock Absorber, which greatly softens the recoil. Brownings are made of the finest materials, processed and fitted with painstaking precision, in one of the world's largest firearms factories, where fine craftsmanship is a tradition handed down through generations of gunsmithing. The result is a gun that will last a lifetime. Get the whole story about Brownings, before you buy any gun.

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412 Pan-American Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

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Expiation

(Continued from page 57)

Mary E. Surratt. The defense sought to divest it of value as evidence by the cross-examination of the prosecution's witnesses and by fresh testimony.

Wiechmann was cross-examined by United States Senator Reverdy Johnson, Maryland's most distinguished lawyer. Mr. Johnson joined Mrs. Surratt's counsel after the start of the trial, having become convinced of the prisoner's innocence during a conversation with her in her cell. His appearance caused a commotion among the members of the court. On vaguely expressed grounds, General Harris challenged his right to appear, implying that during the war Mr. Johnson had not supported the Union as loyally as he should have done. The language of General Harris was intemperate and discourteous. Mr. Johnson replied with some spirit that he was eligible to appear before the United States Supreme Court and challenged the intimation that he had been unfaithful to his oath as a senator or to his obligations as a citizen. He was permitted to appear before the court, but the hostility of several members remained undisguised. Under Mr. Johnson's cross-examination Wiechmann admitted that Mrs. Surratt was a hospitable, generous and devout woman. On Sundays Wiechmann usually accompanied her to mass. He admitted that he had heard no word of any conversation between her and Booth or Lloyd. By cross-examination of Wiechmann and by the direct testimony of several other witnesses, it was established that Mrs. Surratt's visits to Surrattsville were in response to urgent summonses to attend to private legal business.

On cross-examination Lloyd confessed that he was drunk when he talked to Mrs. Surratt during her last trip to Surrattsville. Others testified that Lloyd was so drunk as to be irresponsible. Additional witnesses were found to her conversations in question. They had not heard what was said, but they swore that the conversations appeared to be of a casual nature.

The defense produced several witnesses who had seen nothing suspicious in Booth's visits to the Surratt house. The defense brought out that likenesses of Grant and of Sherman also were in the house and that the daguerrotype of Booth had been purchased at a gallery by Miss Anna Surratt, the prisoner's daughter. Character witnesses testified to Mrs. Surratt's good reputation and to her kindness to Union soldiers.

While the defense of Mrs. Surratt was under way Wiechmann, who had been released from prison, met a friend named Lewis J. Carland. In a sworn statement Carland later related what happened. Wiechmann, he said, declared himself to be miserable on account of his testimony against Mrs. Surratt and said that he was going to confess to relieve his conscience. The two young men walked to the rooms of a mutual acquaintance,

John P. Brophy, a young college student. Wiechmann asked Brophy what effect his testimony had had. Brophy was indignant. He accused Wiechmann of trying to hang an innocent woman, and Wiechmann admitted his belief in Mrs. Surratt's innocence, but said that he had been forced to give his testimony by threats of hanging. He said that the Government agents told him he had been talking in his sleep and that if he did not make a clean breast of it there would be no hope for him. "And I did not want to be hanged," said Wiechmann.

Carland advised Wiechmann to make an affidavit of his statements, but Wiechmann did not do so. Brophy, however, reduced them to writing and visited the defense counsel, offering to take the stand and swear to Wiechmann's admissions. With a feeling that they had overthrown the Government's case, Mrs. Surratt's attorneys asked permission to call Brophy as a witness. The judge advocates objected and the court sustained them. Brophy was not permitted to testify. He wrote an account of the matter for the *National Intelligencer*, but the newspaper declined to publish it.

The trial dragged on through May and through June. The introduction of evidence against Davis and his colleagues was renewed several times. Witnesses went far afield, but their testimony missed the point. This spectacular phase of the promised revelations quietly faded from the proceeding and interest centered upon Mrs. Surratt. At the beginning her complicity had been taken for granted. But when the trial closed on its fifty-third day, something akin to doubt had begun to surmount the grief-stricken rage of the North.

On June 29th the court met with the judge advocates who had conducted the prosecution, to render its verdict. Over Herold, Atzerodt and Payne there was no debate. They were found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. O'Laughlin was next on the list. Assent of the six members necessary to inflict the death penalty was wanting, and O'Laughlin was sentenced to life imprisonment. The simple Spangler was found guilty as accessory after the fact and given six years' imprisonment. Arnold—guilty and a life sentence. Then came Mrs. Surratt. The court adjudged her guilty. At least six of the nine members voted for death, but to the record was appended a petition to the President to commute her sentence to life imprisonment. The petition was signed by five members, or a majority, of the court. It was now six in the evening of a long, hard, hot day, and the court deferred sentence on Dr. Mudd until the morrow, when he was given life imprisonment.

The first four days of July were a period of suspense. The verdicts and sentences could not be made public until reviewed by the President, who was ill. On July 5th Judge Advocate General

Holt carried findings to Mr. Johnson, together with a digest containing the salient features, with one exception, of the various cases; there was no hint of the petition for clemency.

The Judge Advocate General left the White House with the sentences approved and the date of execution set for July 7th between the hours of 10 a. m. and 2 p. m., or less than forty-eight hours. More than twenty-four of these hours elapsed before the public or the defense counsel was aware of what had taken place. At 5 p. m. on July 6th John W. Clampitt, one of Mrs. Surratt's attorneys, was startled by a newsboy's cry in the street, "Execution of Mrs. Surratt!" It was only the signing of the death-warrant, but Mr. Clampitt was so shocked that he hardly knew what to do. With some of his colleagues he hastened to the White House, but two senators and a file of soldiers guarded the stairway to the President's study. Senator King of New York said it was useless to try to see the Executive, but Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas, the widow of the statesman from Illinois, thrust aside the bayonets of the soldiers and gained the presence of Mr. Johnson. Her plea for a delay of the execution was useless.

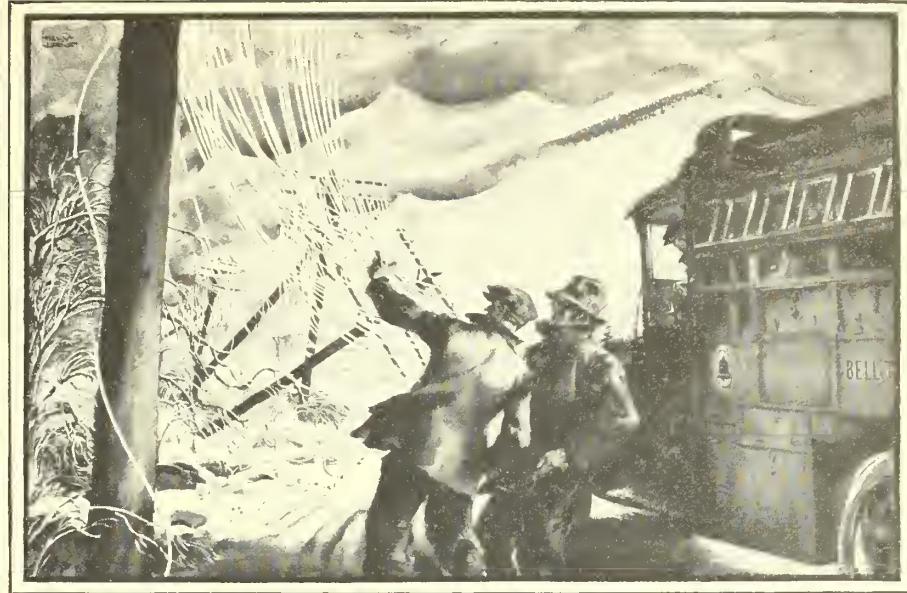
Joined by Miss Anna Surratt, almost hysterical with grief, the lawyers called on Judge Advocate General Holt. The girl fell on her knees as the attorneys entreated the prosecutor to intercede for three more days of life for her mother. Judge Holt promised to do so and made an appointment for Clampitt and Miss Surratt to meet the President on the following morning.

At eleven o'clock that night Mr. Clampitt sent a telegram to Reverdy Johnson in Baltimore. Because of the attitude of the court Senator Johnson had virtually withdrawn from the case, believing his advocacy harmed rather than helped his client. Mr. Johnson suggested a writ of habeas corpus to transfer Mrs. Surratt from the custody of the military to the civil courts. The papers were prepared and as a church clock tolled two the attorneys pulled the bell at the home of Justice Andrew Wylie of the District of Columbia Supreme Court.

The justice received them in his night clothes, took the papers and retired to another room. Presently he returned. "Gentlemen," he said, "my mind is made up. I am about to perform an act which before tomorrow's sun goes down may consign me to the old Capitol Prison." With that he signed the writ. At four o'clock Mr. Clampitt placed in the hands of the United States marshal an order directing him to obtain from General Hancock, the military commandant of the district, the person of Mary Surratt.

When day dawned General Hancock was at the White House to report the unexpected turn of affairs. Thither also hastened Secretary of War Stanton and Judge Advocate General Holt. While they conferred with the President, a soldier from the penitentiary arrived with a message.

"The prisoner (*Continued on page 60*)



Suddenly, out of a spring sky . . .

*An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company*



ALL was well on the telephone front on April 27, 1928. Suddenly, out of a spring sky, rain began to fall over central Pennsylvania. As night came on this turned into a furious storm of sleet, snow and wind. Inside of 48 hours, 3700 telephone poles were down. Seven thousand miles of wire tangled wreckage. Thirty-nine exchanges isolated. Eleven thousand telephones silent.

Repair crews were instantly mobilized and sent to the scene. From Philadelphia 47 crews came. Other parts of Pennsylvania sent 13. New Jersey, 6. New York, 4. Ohio, 6. Maryland and West Virginia, 12. In record time, 1000 men were stringing insulated wire and temporary cables along the highways, on fences and on the ground.

Within 72 hours the isolated

exchanges were connected and the 11,000 telephones back in service. Then, while the temporary construction carried on, neighboring Bell System warehouses poured out all needed equipment, new poles were set, new crossarms placed and new wire and cable run.

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Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is the goal of the Bell System. Present improvements constantly going into effect are but the foundation for the greater service of the future.

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Sirs: Rush to me without charge—copy of 32 page book, "How to Get a U. S. Government Job" with list of positions obtainable, and full particulars telling how to get them. Tell me all about preference given to Ex-Service Men.

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This mattock is well named "Dig-Ezy." It cuts fast and digs easy in any kind of soil. For taking out big weeds, old berry vines and breaking up new plant beds it has been voted to be without an equal. One blade 3" wide, the other 1 1/8". Fitted with 5 ft. selected ash handle.

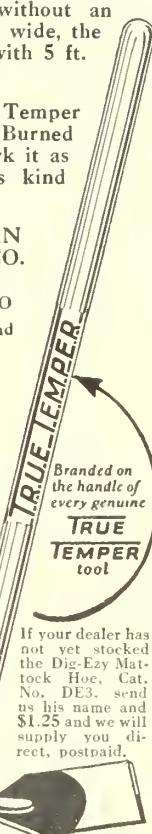
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Expiation

(Continued from page 59)

Payne has just told me that Mrs. Surratt is entirely innocent of the assassination of President Lincoln, or of any knowledge thereof. He also states that she had no knowledge whatever of the abduction plot. . . . I believe that Payne has told the truth."

The note was signed by Major General J. F. Hartranft, commandant of the prison.

At the hour appointed for their audience with the President, Mr. Clampitt and Anna Surratt arrived. They met Judge Holt coming from the Executive's chamber. "I can do nothing," he said. "The President is immovable."

Miss Anna threw herself at the feet of the guardians of the President's door, imploring them to admit her. The broad hallway of the White House was filled with distinguished persons, not a few of whom turned their heads. Secretary of Treasury McCulloch said this sobbing girl—"an amiable and accomplished young lady"—was "the most pitiable object that I ever beheld." She asked for a respite of three days, and for the promised interview with the President. Interview and respite were refused. John Brophy was one of a number of other callers also turned away.

Mr. Johnson was closeted with Judge Holt and "two eminent statesmen" who have not been formally identified, but the accepted presumption is that Mr. Stanton was one of them. Judge Holt said that they counseled the President that clemency for Mrs. Surratt "would amount to an invitation to assassins hereafter to employ women as their instruments."

The writ of habeas corpus was returnable before Justice Wylie at ten o'clock, the hour set for the execution. The justice was in his chambers, but the writ was not returned. A crowd stood about the penitentiary, where a high brick wall patrolled by soldiers concealed the scaffold. Those who found points of vantage on the roofs of surrounding buildings and the tall masts of ships in the river could obtain a view. The scaffold was empty. General Hartranft was taking advantage of the latitude permitted by the death warrant to delay the execution.

At eleven-thirty General Hancock, accompanied by the Attorney General, appeared before Judge Wylie. Mrs. Surratt was not with them. They reported that the President had suspended the writ of habeas corpus.

A clatter of hoofs sounded on Pennsylvania Avenue. A squadron of cavalry under General Hancock's orders formed a line stretching from the White House to the penitentiary, miles away, in readiness to transmit by signal a notice of a reprieve. The day was stifling hot, and the horses pawed the cobblestones. One hour, two hours, they stood there. At one o'clock General Hartranft put his machinery in motion. The legal hour for the conclusion of the execution was two.

Anna was with her mother at the parting. Herold was surrounded by his seven sisters. A miserable slattern who had been his mistress clung to Atzerodt. Payne stood alone, with a slight curl of scorn on his lip. He had slept soundly all night.

It was a walk of fifty feet from the penitentiary building to the steps of the scaffold in the yard. Mrs. Surratt went first, on the arms of two soldiers, followed by two priests of the Catholic Church, and a man who held an umbrella above her head.

Before the scaffold was aligned a company of veteran infantry. In front of the soldiers stood a knot of officials and newspaper men under umbrellas. Four graves were nearby. More soldiers looked down from the top of the wall. At the gallows steps Mrs. Surratt hesitated. "Holy Father, can I not tell these people before I die that I am innocent?" The sacrament of extreme unction had been administered. "No, my child," Father Walter said, "the world and all that is in it has receded forever. It would do no good and might disturb the serenity of your last moments."

Payne stepped forward next, ironed hand and foot. His step was light and steady, for the great chains on his limbs were nothing to his enormous strength. "His face might have been likened to that of a builder of castles in the air," wrote the New York *Herald* correspondent, adding that the spectators were unable to suppress a visible show of "admiration" for one who could face death like that. This quality of sheer and absolute courage had struck all who came in contact with Payne as one of the remarkable features of the dreadful episode. By orders, Payne's confinement had been more rigorous than that of the others. At no time had he complained or asked a favor of his jailors. To their questions, some frankly sympathetic, he returned brief but always courteous answers; the scowl on his countenance did not go very deep. He had shown no remorse for his act, no sense of degradation at his fate, no bravado. His one regret, he said, was that he should have unwittingly been a party to the conviction of Mrs. Surratt. He mounted the gallows stairs with more composure than the military attendants and with a little gesture of politeness bowed his tall head to the noose. It seemed incredible.

Herold walked with slight help, though transfixed by fear. Atzerodt gibbered on the point of collapse and was half carried.

At 1:20 1/2 o'clock General Hartranft dropped his sword and the trap fell. The bodies were cut down at five minutes of two.

JOHN H. SURRETT read of his mother's death in a newspaper in Canada. After wandering about Europe he enlisted in the Papal army under the name of Watson. Several times he had been recognized, but Washington showed

a singular disinclination to take him in custody. It was finally done, however, and in 1867 he was brought home for trial.

Meantime, a hearing before a committee of the House of Representatives had revealed the existence of Booth's notebook, which Stanton had suppressed. This caused a flurry. The bearing of the notebook upon the trial of Mrs. Surratt was plain to all who recalled or should consult the record, but the subject slept until John A. Bingham, special assistant to Judge Advocate Holt during the trial, and now a member of the House, saw fit to direct a shaft of satire at a colleague, Representative Ben F. Butler of Massachusetts. Butler had been a Union general, an advocate of firm measures against the South and a champion of military courts for the trial of civilians. To say the least, the point of Mr. Bingham's ridicule was not well taken, but few were prepared for the retort it drew from Butler.

"The gentleman has had the bad taste to attack me for the reason that I could do no more injury to the enemies of my country. I did all I could, but the only victim of that gentleman's prowess that I know of was an innocent woman hung upon the scaffold, one Mrs. Surratt."

Reverberations of this sensation brought to the ears of President Johnson the report that a petition for clemency formed a part of the record of the case against the condemned woman. The proceedings of the trial were in print, with a War Department certification of their accuracy. But the bulky volume contained no reference to a petition for commutation. The President sent for the original papers. Among these he found the petition, and returning to his private secretary dictated the following communication to the War Minister of Abraham Lincoln:

August 1, 1867.

Sir: Public considerations of a high character constrain me to say that your resignation as Secretary of War will be accepted.

Very respectfully yours,

ANDREW JOHNSON.
To the Honorable Edwin M. Stanton, etc.

Seven days thereafter the trial of John Harrison Surratt terminated in a disagreement of the jury, which stood eight to four for acquittal. The prisoner was released without a second trial.

THUS the narrative of a crime of murder so foul and so futile that it seemed as if a grief-blinded world took undiscriminating revenge on everybody. The assassin had struck down not only a man, but also the qualities that his life embodied—the milk of human kindness, rationality, justice amid a tempest of the passions. The Judge Advocate General claimed that President Johnson had seen the clemency petition when he approved the sentences. The President said he had not seen it, and the evidence is with his contention. Yet Mr. Johnson suffered from the arrows of remorse because he had suspended the writ of habeas corpus; and in the impeachment proceedings (Continued on page 62)

"Will the gentleman who just coughed, step to the box office . . . for a package of Old Golds?"

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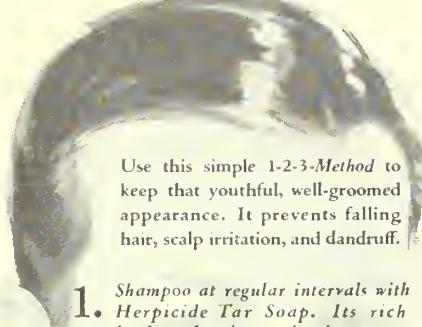
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Expiation

(Continued from page 61)

brought against him he suffered from insinuations, principally the spurious coinage of La Fayette Baker, the baseness of which have no parallel in our annals. The crime that elevated Andrew Johnson to the Presidency also destroyed him, as it destroyed others. The two United States Senators who guarded the President's door against those who approached it on errands of mercy killed themselves within a year. The Chief of the Secret Service left public life shorn of character. Hardly anyone escaped.

Michael O'Laughlin died in prison on the barren island of Dry Tortugas, off Florida. Mudd was pardoned in 1868, although he would not have been had Mr. Johnson been able to avail himself of the accumulation of sixty years of evidence which indicates that the surgeon had recognized Booth when he set his leg. Spangler and Arnold were released from Dry Tortugas in 1869. And so closed, with an act of mercy, the record of the mad murderer's deed and all that came in its train.

The Unfinished Battle

(Continued from page 29)

They may be found, for example, in the Annual Report of the Director of the United States Veterans Bureau for the year 1928, a book of 123 pages which may be obtained for fifteen cents from the Superintendent of Documents, United States Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

Now it is obvious that the Government operations for which I have given data and those which I have not mentioned specifically involve a vast amount of what is customarily called red tape. The American Legion since it came into existence has carried on as its principal activity the work of assisting service men and their dependents to obtain from the Government, through the Veterans Bureau and the agencies which existed before the Bureau was established, the rights and benefits awaiting them. The American Legion has undertaken to fill the role of best friend of the disabled man, to act as his representative in many of his dealings with the Bureau. The American Legion has mastered the intricacies of government operation and tries to help in the simplest and most direct ways the average service man who would be bewildered if he were to attempt, unaided, to obtain from the Government that to which he is entitled by the laws. Without assistance, the claimant would find puzzling not only the complicated legal verbiage of the statutes but also the equally complicated rules and regulations which the Veterans Bureau has had to establish.

It should be understood, first of all, that The American Legion is the godfather of practically all the laws affecting the interests of World War service men. It assumed that role through necessity immediately after it was organized in the spring of 1919 and it has been the godfather of service men's legislation ever since. It sought the confidence of Congress at the beginning by the moderation and justice of what it advocated for the disabled and I hope and feel that it has continued to hold that confidence. It is not overstating the case to say that Congress is grateful

to the Legion for having ascertained through its day-by-day experience what needed to be done, step by step, as the Government proceeded to discharge its obligation to World War service men, and it is certainly not overstating the case to say that the Legion and those of its officers who appear before the Congress at its behest are grateful indeed to the members of both the branches of that great legislative body for their attention to our presentations and their generous responses when we have been found to be right.

In the absence of a large, all-inclusive body of World War service men—such as the Legion—Congress might have been confused by the demands of large numbers of groups representing conflicting interests and probably would have enacted compromise measures which would have satisfied none.

Every Legionnaire may justly take pride in the unique relation existing between The American Legion and Congress. He should recall that it was The American Legion which presented the plan that resulted in the formation of the Veterans Bureau after two years of governmental chaos in which the United States Public Health Service, the Bureau of War Risk Insurance and the Federal Board for Vocational Training each worked independently and frequently at cross purposes. It was The American Legion which pressed insistently until Congress abandoned the utilizing of makeshift hospitals and authorized a comprehensive program of hospital construction, the wisdom of which has since been more than demonstrated. It was The American Legion which presented the logical, workable plan for adjusted compensation when such a plan was needed to satisfy the overwhelming demand for some such legislation that had spontaneously developed among all service men in the difficult years immediately after the war. It was The American Legion which helped to form the World War Veterans Act of 1924, an act which simplified the Government's administration of its operations for service men

and an act which still forms the basis of the rights and benefits now accorded. It was The American Legion which called attention to the need of a separate Congressional committee to deal with veterans' affairs.

Just how does the Legion exercise its influence on legislation? The answer is obtainable any day in Washington, where the National Legislative Committee and the National Rehabilitation Committee have offices. Both committees are governed by the resolutions adopted by the annual national conventions of The American Legion. These resolutions are the outgrowth of the sentiment of service men living throughout the United States. The resolutions are used by the chairman of the legislative and rehabilitation committees in formulating the legislative program which the Legion presents to Congress. Ordinarily, the National Commander presents to the President a statement of the program following each national convention. The chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee uses other convention resolutions as the basis for advocating needed reforms in Veterans Bureau administrative methods or regulations.

Legion legislative and rehabilitation spokesmen constantly appear before committees of Congress and the directing heads of the Veterans Bureau to assist honestly in the compilation of statutes and regulations which will satisfy at once the requirements of sound law and the dictates of justice and fair play. Both the National Legislative Committee and the National Rehabilitation Committee are composed of members representing all parts of the country, and the composite viewpoint of the two committees is invariably representative of the best judgment of service men everywhere.

The work of studying the operation of existing laws to determine their adequacy and of detecting promptly the need for new legislation is carried on by the National Rehabilitation Committee at the same time as it conducts its huge operations to assist individual service men to obtain an adjustment of their claims. The office of the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion is separated from the central office of the United States Veterans Bureau in Washington by only three blocks. In the Legion office, the chairman and twenty aides are at work every day and all day. In the files of the office are folders representing sixty thousand claims of individual service men—claims of the sort that present complications which make it difficult for the claimant at issue to deal personally with the Bureau to carry them forward successfully.

Despite every effort at simplification, the laws and regulations are still complex. The statutes and administrative regulations affecting veterans' rights are so numerous and so involved that the Legion experts must be as skilled and as trained as specialists in marine or patent law. Often in preparing a claim for a board of appeals, the Legion expert must study previous rulings and submitted evidence (Continued on page 64)



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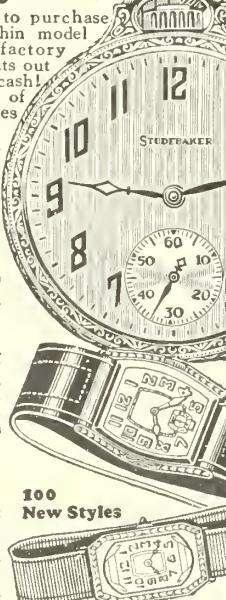
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The Unfinished Battle

(Continued from page 63)

consisting of hundreds of pages. The work requires not only a knowledge of laws and regulations but also of the minutiae of medical diagnosis and medical findings of fact upon which claims may stand or fall.

The claims which come to the office of the National Rehabilitation Committee in Washington are mostly those which the committee's field workers and the claims experts of the departments have been unable to press to settlement in the regional offices of the Veterans Bureau. The Bureau has, in addition to its central Washington office, fifty-four regional offices located in every part of the country. There is at least one Bureau regional office in every State. To keep in touch with these regional offices and assist claimants dealing with them, the committee has twelve liaison representatives, each assigned to a definite area.

In addition to the claims experts working directly under the National Rehabilitation Committee, there are in many States service officers maintained by Legion departments or through State appropriations with Legion co-operation. Legislatures of twenty-four States have made appropriations for the maintenance of State service officers and in ten States these officers are maintained entirely by appropriations of Legion departments. Thus, in thirty-four States there are full-time service officers regularly assisting claimants. In seven other States, the Department Adjutants also act as service officers, so that altogether forty-one States have trained Legion workers giving assistance to claimants. These men almost uniformly have offices in the cities in which the Bureau's regional offices are located. Regional offices are able to make adjustments and only the most difficult cases, especially those involving appeals, find their way to the office of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee in Washington.

The vast majority of claims, of course, come to the Legion workers at the Bureau's regional offices through the service officers of the Legion posts. Every post, regardless of size, should have a post service officer who is in a position to give the necessary time to the assistance of the disabled service man or his

dependents. By establishing contact with the department service officer, the post service officer may keep open the best channels for communication of claims to the Bureau. He should preserve a copy of the World War Veterans Act of 1924, as amended, and keep on hand a stock of the most commonly used forms required by the Bureau in submission of claims.

The National Rehabilitation Committee has published a manual for the guidance of post service officers and other Legionnaires who assist claimants. This manual gives in outline the provisions of laws affecting compensation, hospitalization and the other usual subjects of claims and tells of the steps which should be followed in preparing and presenting claims of each type. By the time this is read, a copy of this manual should have been received by every post.

In all its work of service for the disabled, The American Legion is carrying out the pledge it gave to the American people at the time it assembled The American Legion Endowment Fund of \$5,000,000. Half of the income from this trust fund is used for the Legion's rehabilitation activities, the other half being used for the Legion's efforts for the orphaned and needy children of service men. The amount available for rehabilitation activities from the income of the Endowment Fund is hardly sufficient to meet the expanding needs of the work being done, but The American Legion Auxiliary has undertaken to provide a notable contribution which should prevent any lessening of our organized effort. The National Executive Committee of the Auxiliary, meeting at Indianapolis at the end of January, extended \$25,000 for the Legion's rehabilitation work, the sum to be raised by a contribution of ten cents from each of the Auxiliary's members. Assistance such as this affords to those carrying on the Legion's work for the disabled surpassing inspiration. It brings the assurance that not only in the Legion itself but also in its helmate there is as strong today as it was ten years ago that determination to keep our pledge to the disabled our foremost obligation.

Americans Forever

(Continued from page 13)

two interpretations had to be clarified and, deplorably, war was necessary to the permanent settlement of the question.

I was groping among such ideas as these when Henry W. Grady, editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, delivered a speech on the New South before the New England Society in New York that thrilled the country. That was in

1886. No nobler or more heartening utterance ever came from the lips of an American. I reread it the other day with renewed admiration. No apology, no whimper; but the manly deliverance of a son of the South whose eyes were turned toward the future without regret for the past. The election of Cleveland in 1884 had witnessed the last vigorous waving of the bloody shirt. In that cam-

paign, one of the bitterest the nation has known, it was charged that if the Democrats were successful the Confederate brigadiers would again be in the saddle; the debts of the Confederacy would be paid and pensions would be forthcoming for Confederate veterans. Nothing of the kind happened. Cleveland, elected on questions remote from sectionalism, brought an era of good feeling. The Southern men appointed to important places by a Democratic President proved to be soundly American, entitled to all respect and confidence. And Grady had struck a note so high and touched with so splendid a patriotism that the unforgiving "stalwarts" of the North were shamed by it. We began to realize that the perpetuation of a sectional spirit was a profitless business on both sides.

The South had not only suffered in war but had been deeply humiliated by the abuses of Reconstruction. Having whipped the Confederate States back into the Union it struck me as poor sportsmanship to continue to harass them. The high purpose of the Union could only be defeated by the persistent irritation of the vanquished. Grant had said: "Let us have peace." Not the soldiers, but politicians intent on keeping alive the old animosities made the mischief. The South, it must be said, had its irreconcilables and fire-eaters who struck back fiercely when provoked. But we began to hear more and more of the New South, and other typical Southerners, following Grady, lifted their voices reassuringly and found friendly response in the North.

One of the best lectures I ever heard was General John B. Gordon's "Last Days of the Confederacy"—eloquent, graphic, and touched with a delightful humor. Colonel Henry Watterson, the distinguished Kentuckian, lecturing in the North on Lincoln, helped in the work of reconciliation. Such Southern folk as I began to meet seemed quite like other Americans; there was nothing the matter with them! I became acquainted with two Confederate veterans who had moved to Indianapolis; they were perfectly orderly, law-abiding citizens. A pension attorney, knowing only that one of these gentlemen had been a soldier, pursued him for months to get his application for a pension. It amused the veteran to encourage his attentions. Finally when the attorney's pen was poised ready to fill in the papers he was flabbergasted by the applicant's smiling confession that his military service had been with Jeb Stuart's cavalry!

In my own cogitations the war of which I had heard so much took on a new aspect. Its causes became less important and interesting than the personalities of the men who had waged it. Lincoln was already immortal. I had seen Grant, Sheridan and Sherman and John A. Logan in the streets of my own city. It occurred to me that Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Joe Johnston, Albert Sidney Johnston, Longstreet and Pickett of Gettysburg were also of the fine fibre of which Americans are made. "Mighty men of valor, (Continued on page 66)

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Americans Forever

(Continued from page 65)

famous throughout the house of their fathers." I didn't change my heroes; I merely added to the list!

No doubt many boys in the South, seeing Confederate veterans and hearing the war discussed, had passed through an experience similar to mine, with the difference that while political feeling was largely responsible for my attitude, Southern youth, born in the years immediately following the conflict, might well be pardoned for a bitter antagonism due to the fact that the story was written with an iron pen upon the land itself.

Gratifying it is indeed to have lived to see the old sectional prejudices and hatreds obliterated. If any proof were necessary of the patriotism of the South it was amply given in the unquestioning response of the sons and grandsons of the Confederacy to the call to the colors in the War with Spain and in the World War. With the portrait of my father in his uniform as one of Abraham Lincoln's soldiers before me daily, I would not have my children think in terms of disparagement or hatred of the men who fought against the flag that waves now in every part of a united Republic. I would rather have them believe that the war was inevitable and that the men of the South who engaged in the long struggle were as valiant as the men of the North. If I go with them to view the Lincoln Memorial in Washington—the most beautiful monument in all the world—or if I take them to Grant's tomb and say, "Here was a great soldier of the Republic, whose iron blows saved the Union," I shall not neglect to tell them that the soldiers of the South were worthy foes.

I shall never forget a day when I stood before that recumbent statue of Lee in the chapel of Washington and Lee University at Lexington. I should be sorry for any son of a Union soldier who can view that figure without emotion. In Washington, standing by the august figure of Lincoln and glancing toward the capitol, we thank God that we are a united people. By the Hudson we ponder the life of Grant—so amazing in its beginnings, so tinged with early failure; so splendid at last in magnanimity. It is to be a better American to reflect upon that April day at Appomattox when two American gentlemen met to end the war—the greatest soldiers of modern times. One was of undistinguished blood save as he brought it to fame; the other of Virginia's proud aristocracy. And the conqueror, so solicitous for the other's feelings, so anxious to be generous! Noble Americans, all!

A vast literature, still increasing, describes the War Between the States. Its causes and the controversies over errors of judgment by the commanders fill many volumes. There are innumerable biographies of the men of the period. Novelists, poets and playwrights have found those battle years rich in material. We have now what strikes me as the

most comprehensive and adequate work yet produced in Stephen Vincent Benét's "John Brown's Body." Here indeed is a great saga, a poem unique in method, vivid, quick with life and nobly just in its appraisements. It has the color and movement of a great pageant. It is a work of genius, not approached by any other writer of any other period in our history. Old John Brown is fittingly the "point of departure," but the stage is alive with characters, not only the famous but the humble. "Old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago" are magically evoked. The social picture as to both sides is done with amazing skill; there are stories within the great story—interludes with swift changes of key. The effect of the whole is tremendous. Much in these pages could not have been got from other books; the poet must have sat at the feet of his elders who had tasted the smoke of those battles and tramped with the great phalanxes. It touches the sublime heights but falls into colloquialism without loss of dignity. There's no mere prettiness of phrase; no dolling up of the human beings who cross the broad stage. The characterizations of the famous are done with sure strokes:

This Lincoln, President now by the grace of luck,
Disunion, politics, Douglas and a few speeches

Which make the monumental booming of Webster

Sound empty as the belly of a burst drum,
Lincoln shambled in to the Cabinet meeting

And sat, ungainly and awkward. Seated so

He did not seem so tall nor quite so strange

Though he was strange enough. His new broadcloth suit

Felt tight and formal across his big shoulders still

And his new shiny top-hat was not yet battered

To the bulging shape of the old familiar hat

He'd worn at Springfield, stuffed with its hoard of papers.

He was pretty tired. All week the office-seekers

Had plagued him as the flies in fly-time plague

A gaunt-headed, patient horse.

Fate, we are reminded, "has a way of picking unlikely material," and we see Grant—

Sometime brevet-captain in the old Fourth Infantry,
Mentioned in Mexican orders for gallant service

And, six years later, forced to resign from the Army

Without enough money to pay for a stateroom home.

Turned farmer on Hardscrabble Farm, turned bill-collector,

Turned clerk in the country-store that his brothers ran,

The eldest-born of the lot, but the family-failure,
Unloading frozen hides from a farmer's sleigh
With stoop-shouldered strength, whittling beside the stove,
And now and then turning to whiskey to take the sting
From winter and certain memories.

.... A middle-aged clerk,
A stumpy, mute man in a faded army overcoat,
Who wrote the War Department after Fort Sumter,
Offering them such service as he could give
And saying he thought that he was fit to command
As much as a regiment, but getting no answer.

Yet it was he who was to become "Unconditional Surrender" Grant; and, looming larger as his star led him Eastward, it was he who ended it all.

Lee, on his famed horse, Traveller, comes into the picture now and again, but most memorable is an aide-de-camp's chance view of him in the last hours of the war:

He saw, imprinted on the yellow light
That made the tent a hollow jack-o'-lantern,
The sharp, black shadow of a seated man,
The profile like the profile on a bust.
Lee in his tent, alone.
He had some shadow-papers in his hand,

But you could see he was not reading them,
And, if he thought, you could not read his thoughts,
Even as shadows, by any light that shines.

"You'd know that face among a million faces,"
Thought the still watcher, "and yet, his hair and beard
Have quite turned white, white as the dogwood-bloom
That blossomed on the way to Chancellorsville
When Jackson was alive and we were young
And we were winning and the end was near.
And now, I guess, the end is near enough
In spite of everything that we can do,
And he's alone tonight and Jackson's dead."

How thin the lines have grown of the Blue and the Gray! Discussions of the right and wrong of it are profitless now save for the student of law and history. But there is continuing inspiration in the thought of the men of the North and the South who acquitted themselves so nobly, with so fine a courage; who were so steadfast and patient under suffering and so brave in defeat. They enriched and strengthened the American Spirit for those of us who carry on, and they wrote new meanings and new glories into the name of our common country.

The Broken 3

(Continued from page 17)

Marcel Rude, secretary to the lost horse trader, St. Denis.

Bright smiled as he recognized the one-armed Frenchman; circumstances were his way for once. Of the two, the gendarme saw the D. C. I. sergeant first. "M'sieur?" he gave a rising inflection to the single word.

Rude whirled about. The fright which covered his face gave way to recognition.

"You?" he exclaimed. "The M'sieur Bright! I did not at once know you in uniform."

"Most folks don't," Bright agreed. He went directly to the point. "What you mean prow?"

Rude hesitated. His eyes rolled up and down nervously as they regarded the American's face. Bright suddenly remembered Inspector Gibon's description of him: "Honest as a kitchen clock." Honest and slow.

"This is M'sieur, the Sergeant Bright of the American police, the one whom I saw so recently down in Bordeaux," he was explaining to the gendarme. "M'sieur, the Brigadier Bonnet, our brave policeman."

Brigadier Bonnet stepped heavily from behind the desk, dipping his head toward his hand in a casual salute. Bright had time to get out his packet of cigarettes. The gendarme saluted twice now, with more vigor, accepting one from the packet.

"What about prowlers?" Bright repeated.

"I have come just now to report to the brigadier," Rude answered. He spoke slowly, almost reluctantly. "Last night I was sleepless. M'sieur St. Denis is still gone, good Sergeant. The affair is heavy on my mind, and who could sleep? It is two o'clock, perhaps, when I look from my window. There is a person in the garden. He is near the stables when I first see him, then continues this way toward Circé. He has come from Domfront direction. Have I told you an old road crosses the farm? It is now disused. So I think, at the moment, he is just a traveler, perhaps a tired soldier going back to his billet. But this morning I find evidence that he has trespassed in the stables. The straw has been pulled down so to make a sleeping place. There is blood on the floor and a sleeve stained with it, torn from a shirt. They are empty, the stalls, except for M'sieur's favorite horses, you understand the war . . ."

"I've heard there was a war." Bright was watching Rude's right hand. Its fingers were working nervously, closing and unclosing, picking at the buttons on his coat. "What's this baby look like?" the sergeant demanded of him. "Eyes different colors?"

Rude shook his head sadly. "You must under- (Continued on page 68)



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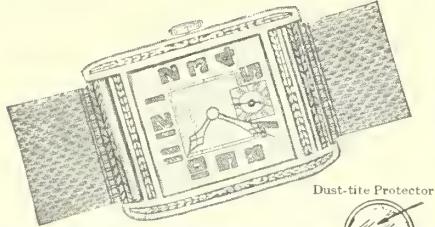
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The Broken 3

(Continued from page 67)

stand, Sergeant, it was dark as a Bordeaux cask. I could not see the eyes, only the thick shadow." He paused, and comprehension lighted his face. "You mean. . . . oh, no. It was not the American who abducted M'sieur St. Denis. This one was shorter, heavier. . . . it is not too much to say fat."

Brigadier Bonnet, who was chewing the end of his unlighted cigarette, put up his hand quickly at this last remark, and pursing out his lips, exclaimed "La-la-la!" An old soldier, this brigadier, possessing a shrewd, round, earnest little face and a cherry nose, with bulging brown cheeks. A typical gendarme. Not so smart as Gibon down at Bordeaux, Bright guessed, but better natured. He observed that the Frenchman wore the Military Medal, the Cross with palms, and the blue, white and red of "honorable service and saving of life."

"You say short?" the brigadier exclaimed. "Fat? You did not tell me this before, friend Rude. Perhaps I, too, saw the intruder. There was a stranger this morning, a pig dark as thunder, and the devil had made his eyes. He paused here in the place and asked an American soldier where m'sieur the commandant lives. Oui, m'sieur the commandant, the Major Rennels. This one was American? Non. He was not, for once. Something else beside American. His French was wretched. A pig."

"Pig?" Bright repeated. He spoke involuntarily. Pig. That was the word Corporal Duclose had used in describing the man they had since come to designate as the Blackbird. Short, dark, fat, the devil had made his eyes, and he looked like a pig. "Pigs in pork butchers' windows," Duclose had put it. Bright unconsciously gripped tight on the leather bag under his arm and then called himself a fool for doing it.

"When was that?" he demanded indifferently. He suffered a cold, momentary vision of Courier Bathurst dead on the compartment floor.

"An hour ago."

"His shirt?" Rude put in eagerly. "It was torn?"

Bonnet shrugged. "I have not second sight, friend Rude. I cannot see through the coat. I do not notice his arms, except that he possesses two." Bright found himself looking at Rude's empty sleeve. "But it may be," the brigadier was continuing, "may be the very one you hunt."

"And maybe the one I'm hunting," Bright muttered. He considered the facts quickly, watching as he did so the uneasy expression on Rude's dull face. The man had seen someone, unquestionably. Bathurst was murdered at St. Pierre des Corps, five kilometers out of Tours. A division of the Etat railway ran from Tours to Le Mans; another connected Le Mans with Domfront. It would be easy for a man to get from St. Pierre des Corps to Domfront by rail in ten

or fifteen hours. Bright shifted the dispatch case from his right hand to his left. For the moment he was tempted to confide in Rude, to tell him of the chalk mark on Bathurst's shoe, its duplicate in the room which St. Denis's American companion had occupied. Rude was honest, everyone said.

"It's this way," Bright began. He paused without finishing the sentence. He remembered suddenly one significant fact. According to Inspector Gibon it had rained the night before Duclose and he arrived in Bordeaux. When considered in relation to a piece of evidence he carried in his pocket, that rain was important. No, he would not grow confidential just yet with St. Denis's secretary.

"I might look at your dark friend myself," he said carelessly. "Not that I think him American, understand. But I advise *you* to catch him, brigadier. Never do to let a wild pig run around loose."

"Zut!" the gendarme shrugged. After all this was unimportant. Since the war began Bonnet had discovered the distressing fact that there were many foreigners in the world who looked like pigs. "It is an hour ago since this person was in the place. He is gone by now. You depart, m'sieur?"

"Got business up the street," Bright answered. "'Bye, gentlemen."

He started the motor and tucked the dispatch case in beside him. By rights he was through with the St. Denis affair. It rested now with Corporal Duclose, and Duclose should be here any day to wind up the troublesome business as far as the A. E. F. was concerned. But Blackbird or not, this man who asked for Mister Commandant might stand looking up. Three minutes later Bright halted again at the staff headquarters of the Circé district. The sergeant major still worked on his morning report. Bright leaned confidentially over the desk.

"I'm back, General." He brought out his cigarettes. "Smoke? I'm looking for somebody else this time. Sort of a half-breed Turk. A fat guy, fat as Fatima. He asked somebody down the street how to get here a bit ago."

"That damn pest? Yeh, he come and went. Turk, was he? Well, mebbe. A garlic hound all right. In much of a hurry as you was. And askin' for the same man?" The sergeant major looked up with new suspicion. "Why's everybody wantin' this guy Whitfield so sudden and so early in the morning?"

Bright grinned. "Early? If reveille was ten o'clock some o' you paper soldiers would still be in bed."

"Oh, hell!" The sergeant major turned his back. "Pat," he called, "where's that damn ink eradicator?"

"If the dark gentleman strolls in again," Bright directed, "keep him. Say you'll get Whitfield. And send to the

jend-army-rie for me toot damn sweet. I'm a cop, see?"

"Yeh, I spotted you first time. You was forward like they all are. I don't care for cops."

"Well, it wasn't love at first sight when I run into you, big boy, but that's no difference. We're talking about Turks and things. If he comes back, you act pretty and keep him interested and send for me. He's wanted."

The sergeant major regarded him morosely and puffed the cigarette.

"I'll call you, soldier," he agreed. "Sure. Only hope I don't see him."

V

THE village of Circé offered no clue to the Blackbird, if it had been he, nor did Whitfield return. All day Bright waited, making three hurried trips along the river road in search of the fishermen, while Brigadier Bonnet in the meantime pedaled his bicycle up the road to the St. Denis establishment, at Rude's anxious insistence, and stood desultory guard. But at six o'clock, when Bright was hurrying through the gate of the Circé headquarters, bent on a last inquiry, the sergeant major stalked out of the door with information.

"They's a feller here now might tell you where Major Rennels is at," he volunteered; "his old dog robber. Major used to take him along. Just got back from hospital today, had Spanish influenza a couple of weeks."

"Send for him," Bright bade. He scraped his feet restlessly on the gravel and for a moment allowed the dispatch case to dangle by its strap. Thick clumps of shrubbery filled the darkness with deep shadows. He glanced about uneasily. The day so far had lacked definite events, but in spite of that, or because of it, the disquietude which first possessed him there on the train with the unlucky Bathurst had increased almost to definite dread.

"Ain't the horse trader needs a psychiatric test," he muttered, "it's me. No place in my business for nerves."

He lighted a cigarette. Into the flame of the match spread that unpleasant picture of Courier Bathurst dead on the compartment floor two nights ago.

"Find that fellow Menz, Pat," he heard the sergeant major order. "He's in quarters. Bring him down."

It seemed to Bright that Private Menz walked with a slight falter as he approached through the garden from the enlisted men's quarters in the farther wing of the main house. Even in the gloom he made out an unsteadiness to the man's gait, a hesitance, as if he could not see or had been released from the hospital too soon.

"Menz?" he asked before the orderly had reached him. "My name's Bright, with a sergeant tacked on if you can't resist being military. Where's your skipper? I need him."

The orderly was silent. Bright sensed, although he could not plainly see any features, that the man was peering inquisitively at him.

"What you want to know for?" It

was a young voice, younger than the tall, lean, even, well-set up figure made Bright anticipate; young, and with almost a trace of accent. Bright was not sure, but he guessed German. Duclose would have known.

"I've a package here for a friend who's with him."

"What's in the package?"

"Laundry," Bright answered rapidly. "Clothes of some kind."

The orderly shrugged. "I don't know where they are. They go lots of places to fish, never twice the same one. Can't give an idea where they are this time." He paused. Bright waited. There was nothing more forthcoming. He prodded the man with another question. Private Menz maintained his silence.

"Bet you make a good dog robber," Bright growled at length. "Don't know anything and can't give an idea. Good night."

He started his car noisily. The lights of Circé faded out quickly as he drove up the long sloping road to the hills, and before he had decided just what he should do or why he had come, he made out the glow hovering over Domfront, and the gates of the St. Denis farm on his right.

The horse trader's home was a long, low, angular building, cropping out of the stony surface of the land. Bright, observing its size, remembered the seventeen years St. Denis was reported to have been victorious at the Bernay horse fair. The dozen gables of the house followed the uneven contours of the ground and were lost in the shadows of a grove of chestnut trees to the west. On the other side a group of tall stables loomed against the background of bare apple orchards. Bright halted his car on the gravel drive.

There were no lights visible at the shuttered windows, but an oil lamp burned in a windproof glass box in the entry before the main door. Bright sat motionless a moment, conscious again of the dispatch case at his side. He might have left it in the Circé headquarters . . . too late for that now. And on second thought it wouldn't do to leave it anywhere until he had the signature of Whitfield in return. Before he had time to move, a figure detached itself from the shadows and started toward him. Bright gripped his pistol and slid the barrel from the holster. Then he recognized Brigadier Bonnet. He relaxed angrily.

"Listen, grandpa," he growled, "don't start out sudden at me like that. You was pretty near assigned to patrol duty on the golden stairs!"

"I do not comprehend," the gendarme answered in French.

"That's the trouble with Frogs," Bright persisted in English, "they don't understand, and when they do they don't care . . . Anything going on here?"

"It is quiet as a virgin's boudoir."

"Nobody prowling tonight, eh? Guess Rude imagined . . ."

The gendarme bristled, at once defended his countryman.

"And I imagine, too, m'sieur? These two eyes may (Continued on page 70)

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The Broken 3

(Continued from page 69)

be old, but they saw a pig there in the village."

"Mebbe," Bright retorted, "mebbe not. Where's Rude?"

"At the rear. In a room on the north where the daughter keeps flowers. It has many windows."

"There's a caretaker."

"He is inside. A man blind as a pump, but he has good ears. He stands now in the kitchen, with the stove poker in his hands, listening."

"And the others?"

"Mademoiselle Josephine and her aunt sit by the fire in the dining room, disconsolate. Nearly two weeks the father has been missing." Bonnet paused, and shaking his head ruefully, tapped one finger against a bulging cheek. "I tell you this in confidence, m'sieur. The aunt is a hawk. Diable! Did she give me a look! 'Why are police here?' she asks."

"Well, why are they?" Bright demanded. "Somebody sneaks through the yard one night, and the next you put out listening posts."

The brigadier shrugged, and muttered something about the American problem. "You have the Englishman you search?" he asked politely.

"No, but I'll relieve you here. Like to look around. Go home to your wife."

Bonnet hesitated. He was reluctant to leave, once having been persuaded to come. "What has your Englishman to do with my St. Denis? And this black devil I saw? Who is he? If he is a Turk . . ."

"He isn't," Bright retorted impatiently. "He's Armenian. Duclose said so. I don't know what he's got to do with your precious horse trader or my bloody Britisher." He had shifted from French to English. "But don't you begin asking questions, grandpa. I got enough I thought up myself to start a puzzle works."

"I have not the English, I do not comprehend . . ."

"Don't expect me to teach you. Not at your age. They got to be young and female to call me teacher."

Bonnet shrugged, and muttered again of the American problem.

"If I go now," he began reluctantly, "and should be required here . . ."

"I'll holler," Bright promised.

He let himself into the door after the Frenchman had departed, and halted in a dimly lighted corridor with a stone floor. An unpleasant gloominess pervaded the entrance. Bright's first impression was disappointment. The interior was bare compared with the pretentious outside. Two rooms opened to the right, one to the left, and at the rear a narrow, steep flight of steps led upward. A half-burned candle in a brass stick on a table midway back provided the only illumination. The three doors were open, two giving upon darkened rooms, the third, that nearest on the

right, sending a streak of lamplight into the corridor.

"Cheerful place," Bright murmured. "Don't blame a man for jumping off the Pyrenees."

Two sounds came to his ears. A clock was ticking in the room to the left, and beyond the lighted door a wood fire crackled. But before he had investigated farther Rude appeared, coughing. He carried a hammer in his hand.

"It was your car that stopped?" he asked.

"Why the hardware?" Bright motioned to the hammer.

"I must protect myself. You have come to assist?"

"I'll stick around tonight. I'm just waiting for a friend, as the lady says in the story."

Their voices brought two other members of the household. A tall, almost towering old man in a soiled shirt advanced cautiously from a room at the rear. He was armed with a stove poker.

"Chevonnet, the caretaker," Rude explained. "He sees poorly. This is the American policeman, Jules. He will spend the night here."

"I would be better satisfied with a battalion," snorted the old man, "and a priest to offer consolation. I do not see well, policeman, but I can hear the blossoms fall from the trees."

He pushed forward his great face, which was ornamented by a dyed mustache, and Bright decided at once that half blind or not, here was a capable ally in battle. The girl came out more quietly than Chevonnet. By the dim light in the hall, Bright could not see her features as distinctly as he would have liked, but at least Rude had not exaggerated. If this were Josephine St. Denis, and Rude's respectful manner told him that it was, she was worth a better light.

"Good evening, monsieur." Her greeting was in short, clipped English that had not been learned in Domfront's market place. "Did I hear Marcel say you will remain the night?"

"Wheel team couldn't pull me off, miss. I'd like to look around, see something of the house." Bright was interrupted by an insistent cawing voice from the room with the fireplace.

"Josephine, I feel a draft!"

"That is my aunt." The girl's manner was apologetic. "She is deaf, and at times very . . . what you call unreasonable." She motioned him toward the door. "She reads lips," she added in an undertone.

Bright nodded. "I've met that kind," he said.

He held the dispatch case half concealed behind him as he followed into the dining room. The woman before the fire was extremely old and extremely thin and straight. She wore a black shawl and a white lace cap; the knob of a cane stood at her right side, her left

hand reached out toward the heat. She turned half about as Bright entered and stared at him with small eyes, which in youth probably had been blue.

"You are American?" she asked, and then, without waiting for the admission: "More trouble."

Bright sighed; he wished he were Russian . . . oh, anything . . . at times. Remembering the amenities, he shut the flap of his pistol holster. If this were St. Denis's sister, he reflected, it was fortunate indeed that Josephine resembled her mother. The girl was darker than most Normans, the better light revealed, smaller of build, with little of the robust coloring native to the Channel hillsides.

"You bring news of my father?" she asked. Bright shook his head. "I am hopeful," she ventured.

"No reason not to be. Lots of folks gone longer than he's been turn up. Anyhow, we're not going to have any trouble here tonight. I just came along to give you a hand at keeping awake." He was speaking to Josephine, but over her shoulder he saw Rude and Chevonnet peering through the door. "Anything in the house anyone would want to steal?" Bright asked. The girl smiled.

"Nothing, monsieur. There is nothing valuable, or important, here. Not even good horses any more. I cannot comprehend what it means, all this . . ."

"It don't amount to much," Bright answered heartily. "The man last night was out stealing somebody's geese." He anticipated what the girl would answer. "Cut his arm on a coney-ac bottle, like as not. But if you don't mind I'll snoop around. Whenever you ladies want to turn in . . ." he lowered the dispatch case to the floor for the first time; on second thought picked it up. The aunt, into whose ear Josephine was speaking, interrupted.

"You mean he is spending the night?" She turned on Bright, in rapid French demanded: "What is in that package, young man?"

Bright fingered the case indifferently, making sure that his left hand covered the bullet hole. "Souvenirs," he answered, and the girl repeated the word in her aunt's ear. The eyes of the four turned to the case. Bright wondered suddenly if any of them ever had seen it before, whether they recognized in it a clue to the disappearance of St. Denis, as well as to the murder of Bathurst. But the idea was ridiculous.

"Souvenirs of the glorious war?" the aunt asked.

"That's what the patriots call it," Bright retorted. "One or two glorious saw-tooth bayonets." He smiled at Josephine. The aunt, apparently objecting to the smile or the remark, arose with surprising alacrity, and they heard her heels and her cane tapping up the steep stairs.

"Call if you need me," her niece instructed Sergeant Bright. "I sleep lightly. But I must go up now to help her prepare. There is a luncheon on the kitchen table should you be hungry in the night, and plenty of cider."

"Thanks," Bright said. He noticed

that she spoke warmly to Chevonnet as she passed him in the door, but only briefly, with an order, to Rude. The latter retreated. Bright chuckled. The secretary evidently was out of good grace. "No posies for you tonight, young fellow," he remarked.

Rude shook his head. He did not ask what Bright meant. But he recovered from his apathy when the sergeant demanded the shirt.

"Shirt?"

"Shirt sleeve. The torn one. One the man left in your stable."

"Oh-h."

He was gone a considerable time. He returned holding a blood-stained piece of cotton cloth gingerly by one edge. Bright looked at it with interest but did not relieve him of it. "Turn it over," he directed.

It was half a sleeve, of cheap printed fabric, grayish white, with a faded pink and green pattern of flowers. It was torn off at the elbow, and a black button, too large for the buttonhole, had been sewed clumsily but securely to the wristband.

"Fancy chap," Bright remarked.

He took the sleeve finally, and after shaking it twice, he folded it carefully and stowed it away in his right blouse pocket with the envelope from Bordeaux and the empty shell from St. Pierre des Corps. He had a queer notion that his own gun was responsible for this dried blood. He had shot the Blackbird in the arm; nicked him seriously enough that he dropped the bag. Which arm he did not know; it had been too dark to see. This was a left sleeve.

"You will keep it?" Rude asked.

"Another souvenir," Bright answered, "and now, mon cher, let us see the house."

VI

RUDE had little to say as he led Bright through the downstairs rooms. Behind the dining-room, where the women had been sitting, a huge kitchen, with modern stove installed in its wide fireplace, extended entirely across the rear wing. To the right, and opening upon both dining-room and kitchen, a glazed conservatory was heavy with the scent of plants. Its windows looked across the garden and orchards and gave upon a distant vista of the lights of Circé. It made an admirable observation post. Bright noticed, for it jutted far enough from the thick stone walls to give a clear view of both the rear and the east side of the house, and a portion of the front.

Opposite the dining-room the parlor stretched at a stiff angle, a large, uninviting room with shabby gilt chairs which bore out the girl's assertion that there was nothing valuable left in the house. There were no curtains at the windows, and the tight white shutters helped to increase the sense of emptiness. The floor was bare. Bright poked about uncomfortably, conscious of the noise of his shoes. Rude, who was shivering, saw fit to apologize.

"These have (Continued on page 72)

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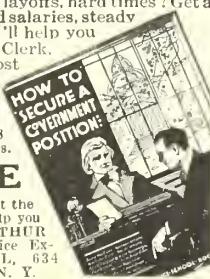
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The Broken 3

(Continued from page 71)

been poor years. You understand, the war . . .

"Guess the horse business in Normandy can't be so prosperous as it's cracked up to be," Bright said. "Ugly house for a nice girl." He nodded upward. Rude interrupted the gesture. The secretary's voice became agitated.

"If you mean mademoiselle, it is true. She is a nice girl. With a fault."

"Only one?"

"She does not care for the Americans."

"So?" Bright looked at him shrewdly. "I wonder." The secretary's eyes dropped under his hard inspection. "Don't suppose she would care for cops." Bright grunted. "But how about all the young officers with their pretty mustaches down at Circé? There must be a lot of them with nothing much to do . . ."

Rude coughed. "If you wish to see the house?" he reminded.

Bright laughed at his discomfort. "Oh, sure," he agreed. He glanced again about the room. "I'm interested in art especially," he added.

Sketches of horses covered two walls of the parlor. Bright, examining them, thought of Corporal Duclose. He didn't need the little Dutchman this time to tell him the art was bad.

"Where next?" he asked.

St. Denis's office, a plain, cold room with tiled floor and more adequate furnishings than the parlor, jutted out to the west just as the conservatory did on the east. Under its front window stood a broad desk, evidently for the use of the horse breeder, nearby a smaller one for the secretary. The shelves, that lined two sides of the room, were filled with tall slim volumes which Bright surmised were account books. A letter press stood just inside the door. Above the book cases, framed in glass, hung a collection of prize ribbons and medallions, with here and there a photograph of a horse. On the inner wall, between parlor and office, a small iron door indicated a safe. Seeing it, Bright again felt the weight of Courier Bathurst's dispatch case.

"Know the combination to that safety box?" he asked Rude.

"To be sure. But it contains only medicines." Rude opened its door indifferently. Bottles and boxes littered two shelves. A stout, aromatic breath of herbs and roots floated out.

"I'll get rid of this batch of souvenirs," Bright said. He thrust the bag into the safe and turned the knob. Rising, he saw the thin figure of the aunt stalking toward him.

"You are in France, young man," she reminded him sharply. "This is not America. No night air, understand? No open windows. I can feel a draft in my sleep."

She returned up the stair, her heels and cane again tapping precisely on the treads. When she had gone, Bright

snuffed the candle in the corridor. "There's worse things could happen to a certain horse trader than not comin' back from the mountains," he murmured.

He stationed Rude in the flower room and Chevonnet by the front door. Since Josephine had taken the lamp from the dining table, the lower floor was dark except for the fagots on the hearth that sent up occasional bursts of flame. Stepping out to the sheltered porch, Bright extinguished the lantern. He listened before descending the step. A wind was rising rapidly, sweeping up the hills from the Channel; small black patches of clouds hurried overhead, obscuring stars momentarily, then passing on. Shrubbery rustled in the garden. Below to the left glowed the sleepy lights of Circé, while westward over the shoulder of the hill a faint luminousness marked the more prosperous town of Domfront.

Bright felt a sudden chill and pulled his collar closer about his throat. There was a touch of something ominous in the air, the same prediction of danger that he had felt all that night with Bathurst. He cursed himself again for a fool. But as an afterthought, just before he stepped out to the gravel walk, he turned back the flap of his pistol holster. His car stood a few feet within the gate, and he started it quietly, driving it to the nearest of the stables. The one in which he suspected the Blackbird had spent the previous night lay beyond, on the other side of the old cart road Rude had mentioned that afternoon. Bright locked the car and returned to the house. Passing through to the conservatory, he spoke to Rude.

"Good night to sleep."

"Sleep? Then your imagination is not as mine."

"Keep yours in hand, boy," Bright warned. "It and excitement over nothing is the two things that make the French a funny race." He crossed to the office and prepared for a comfortable night. He would stretch out and catch up on some sleep, he decided. Feeling his way through the unfamiliar room, he stumbled over a chair. Chevonnet ran in, crying:

"What in the name of piety . . ."

"Just another antique," Bright answered. He pulled open a window in the office and released the shutter. It banged noisily in the rising wind and he had to lean out and grope for the fastening. Doing so, he had an uncomfortable sensation at the back of his neck, as if he might be watched. At the same time he heard the hum of a car on the road below and saw a flash of light against the bare trunks of the poplars. It sped on toward Domfront, and he shut the glass and searched in the dark for a chair.

"An automobile?" Chevonnet whispered at the door.

"On the road."

"One halted?"

"It's the wind you hear."

Bright lighted a cigarette and leaned back, thinking sleepily of the problem before him. He was sitting quietly when the clock struck a lugubrious ten. Had he dozed? He stretched and leaned forward. From the corridor he heard Chevonnet's voice, calling his name. Bright hurried to the parlor, pressing the button of his flash lamp. The old man stood with his ear to the panel.

"I heard a car. I am positive this time. It stopped."

"Lots of cars stop. Lack of gas does it mostly."

Chevonne grumbled. Bright, lighting another cigarette, returned irritably to the office. He was conscious of an increasing sleepiness for the first time in forty-eight hours. Why was he here? Search for St. Denis was over so far as he was concerned. That thankless task, in which Americans might be involved, or might not, rested now only on Duclose. True, he carried in his pocket one tangible bit of evidence. But it took more than a dry paper envelope with a heel mark on it to solve the case, more than the possibilities arising from Inspector Gibon's assertion that it had rained the night before Duclose and he arrived at Bordeaux. He had been assigned an easier job now, delivering a leather case to Sir Harry Whitfield. To be sure, Bathurst had been killed. He blamed himself, somehow, for that. But so far no one had actually seen an American involved in his murder.

And until someone did, until there was evidence heavy enough to pick up in your hand, it was not an American case. He'd go back to Rennels's headquarters in the morning and wait for the oil expert's return. If he caught the Blackbird, well enough. If he delivered the packet and got a receipt, that was good enough, too. If Whitfield didn't arrive, he'd wire Paris for instructions.

"M'sieur!" Rude called sharply at the rear of the house. There was alarm in his exclamation. Bright doubled back along the corridor.

"A person is out there now," the secretary whispered. "I have seen him plainly."

"Where?"

"By the main gate. The road is gray beyond. He crossed to the right."

"I see nothing."

"Nor I, at this moment. He is in the shadows by that hedge. He was running. . . ."

"I see nothing," Bright repeated; then in English: "You poor fish, you give me a pain."

"I do not comprehend."

"No?" Bright leaned forward, staring out into the garden. "If you look into the dark hard enough you can see anything," he muttered after a moment. "Next thing you'll be giving me an imagination. That don't do in the detective business." He returned to the hall. "Hear anything, Jules?"

"Nothing since that automobile halted. I am positive, m'sieur, an automobile stopped. It has not continued." The old man spoke with conviction. Bright

found himself almost believing. He pressed lightly on his flashlamp. Chevonnet's shadow leaped grotesquely against the wall. The points of his long mustache stood out like the hair of a frightened dog.

"Skin back your ears," Bright advised, "it won't hurt 'em."

He proceeded through the parlor to the office of St. Denis. The single open shutter made an oblong gray light against the blackness of the walls. He laid the flashlight on the desk and was feeling forward for his chair when he brought up sharply. Something had moved in the garden beyond the window. There was a slight sound, the nature of which he could not determine. He peered out, almost expectantly. What was it? An irregular black patch shifted as he looked. Outside he heard the rush of wind in bare chestnut branches. He advanced one foot. Behind him a board creaked and he dodged. He took two steps more.

The silhouette of a man showed abruptly against the glass less than five feet from the sill. Whoever it was had been crawling and suddenly stood upright. Bright eased toward it. The outline blurred, immediately became distinct again. He recognized a soldier, recognized tight little cap, square shoulders, slim waist. The figure stood quietly, probably listening. Bright loosened the pistol, drew it from his holster and released the safety. The figure moved, and in so doing was lost for a second in a blur of shrubbery. Bright edged forward another step, not taking his eyes from the glass. An American? It certainly looked like one. Well, if there were Americans involved, he'd have to swallow a lot of big words.

The figure took on distinction. Bright estimated the distance to the window. He could reach it in three steps, jerk open the casement, and be outside in three seconds. Lifting the automatic, he leaped forward.

He had forgotten the chair.

His shoe caught on a rung and he sprawled across it. His right hand, holding the gun, crashed through the glass. He heard Rude scream nervously in the conservatory, Chevonnet bellow at the front door. Fighting off the chair, he yanked open the window and threw one leg across the sill. Then he realized that he had lost the gun. It had slipped from his fingers as his arm went through the pane.

The figure outside had not stirred. Breaking glass had only startled it into immobility. Bright catapulted through the window. His hands found the cloth of the man's sleeve. The other jerked backward, shouted once incoherently, and freed himself.

Bright fought blindly. Something wet was running into his eyes. He caught the fellow's neck this time, again lost it. His arm swung violently against empty air. The man crashed through the shrubbery. Bright clawed toward him. He was gone. After his first startled word he had not spoken. . . . French, Turk, American or what. Bright could not tell.

Immediately (Continued on page 75)



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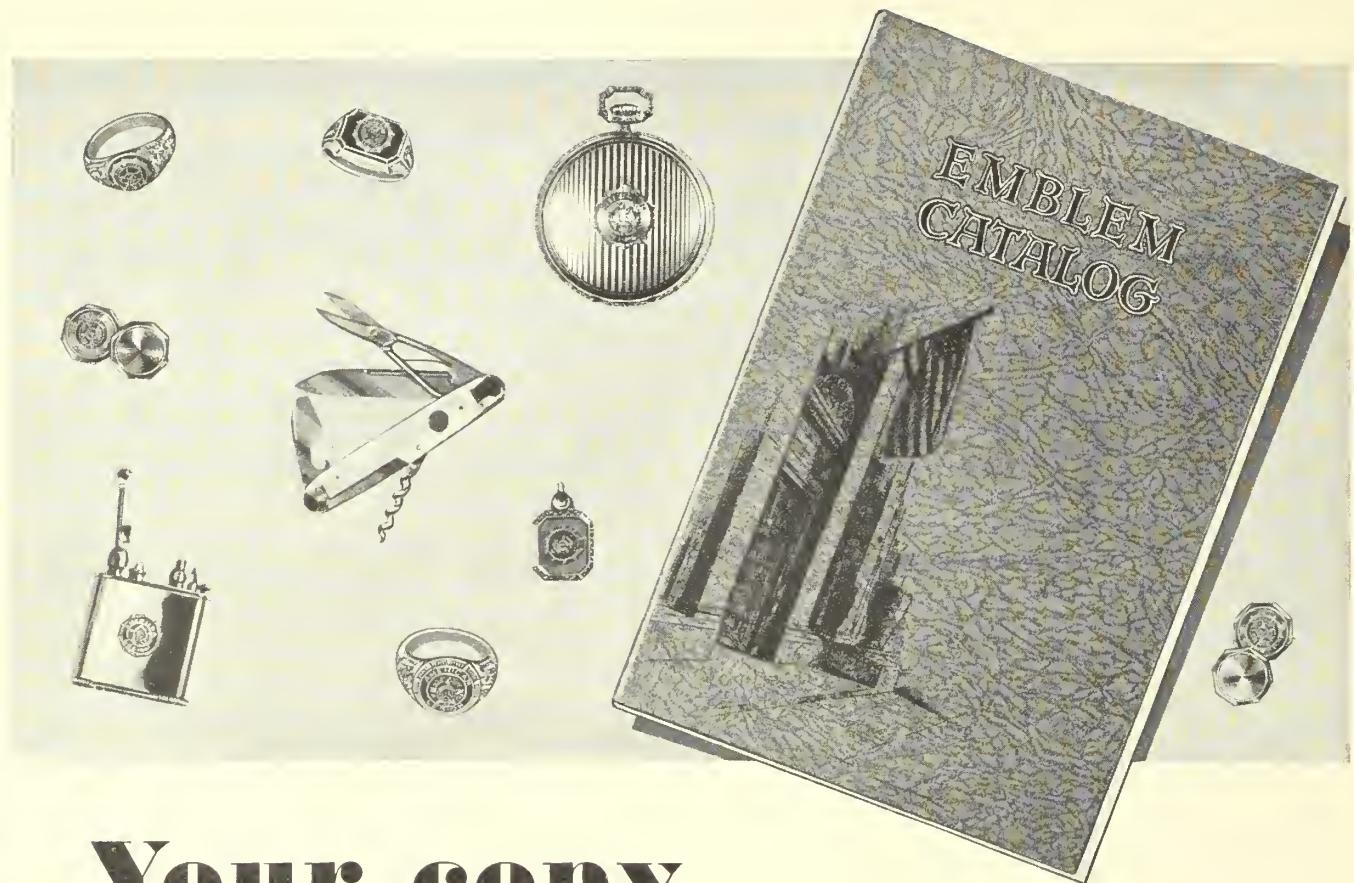
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4-29



The Broken 3

(Continued from page 73)

Chevonne charged yelling around the west wing. Rude still shouted indoors. Lights shone on the second floor. Bright wiped his eyes. It was blood running into them. His forehead was cut, probably by broken glass. He dried the blood on his sleeve, and when he could see more clearly went down to his knees, searching for his pistol. Before he found it Chevonne was upon him.

"Pigs!" the old man screamed. "Pigs and assassins! Off my rose beds, all of you! M'sieur Breet! Breet . . . American . . . Breet! You trample my roses!"

"He got away," Bright retorted.

A motor car sputtered on the road below the ridge. Its lights flashed against the branches of trees over the wall, then the sound drew away rapidly in the direction of Circé. Chevonne ran toward the gate, swinging his poker. Bright stood up groggily.

"You are safe, m'sieur?" Josephine St. Denis cried out behind him.

"Best go inside," he bade. "Like to catch cold here." He thought quickly. "It's all right. I fell out the window. Get back to the front door, Jules. I fell out the window. . . ."

"Within your hand a pistol?" the girl asked skeptically.

"Thought I saw something. Thought I saw a man, maybe I did. Maybe not." "Where?"

"Right here by the office window." Chevonne panted up.

"The cow has escaped. I heard the car depart."

"Car?" the girl repeated.

"American car," the caretaker affirmed. "I heard it. I can distinguish cars."

"As American?" Bright cried angrily.

"It was . . . an American, then?" Josephine demanded. "You saw an American here by the house?"

"How do I know? No . . ." he had no proof, nor did anyone else, that the soldier out there was not a Frenchman. The bonnets de police of all the Allied armies were too much alike to recognize in the dark. "No. Maybe it was a Frenchman."

The girl looked hard at him. "You are wounded. There is blood on your face."

"A cut. Got it on the glass."

"And the other? He is hurt?"

Bright sensed anxiety in her voice. "Hope so," he answered. "I socked him hard. Who's that now?"

A high voice arose insistently indoors.

"Josephine! Saints spare a friendless woman! Josephine! A window is open! I feel a draft!"

"Come inside," the girl directed. She glanced at the house wall. "You had the shutter open and someone looked in?" She spoke rapidly, and before Bright could answer, repeated: "You had the shutter open?"

"That's it," he admitted.

The girl lowered her voice, asked in-

sistently. "This intruder, did you wound him?"

"Not enough to cut his speed any. His getaway was perfect." Bright waited until she had run up the steps. "Flashlight, Rude?" he demanded. "I left mine inside. No? Use a match, then. Help look over the ground. . . . Who's that? Who's that talking?"

"My aunt," Josephine replied from the open office window. She shouted something aside in the old woman's ear. "This glass is broken," she called to Bright. "M'sieur, would you be so kind to close the shutter? It makes the drafts."

Rude fastened the wooden panel, while Bright struck a match, and shielding it with his body, got down to his knees. Already the tracks were obliterated. His own shoes and those of Rude, the caretaker and Josephine had trampled any definite trace. A puff of wind extinguished the flame and Bright struck a second match. As it died out, Rude cried: "Look!"

"Where 'bouts?"

"Make another light. I saw something."

Bright scratched the third match and Rude, stooping down quickly, picked up a brown piece of metal. As Bright's fingers closed on it, the match went out. He felt an oblong, sharp cornered object, with a pin at the back of it.

"Come in," he ordered, "into the house."

Rude stopped to fasten the chain inside the door. Leaning over the candle, the D. C. I. sergeant opened his hand. On his palm lay an American officer's collar ornament, a square lettered "U.S." He stared at it resentfully. Here was all the evidence needed to make this his case.

"It is proof, m'sieur," Rude declared with satisfaction, "Americans are involved!"

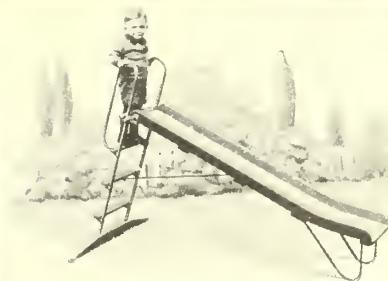
"Listen!" The sergeant felt sudden exasperation. "If that's your idea of good news, you got a lot to learn." He rubbed blood away from his eyes. "Go get some water. Want to wash my face?"

He crossed the parlor slowly to the office, and making sure that the shutter was closed, lighted the hanging lamp. Again, with its light, he looked at the collar ornament. It was evidence, all right. He put it down on the table and picked up a piece of the broken chair. He still held it thoughtfully as Rude hurried back with the water. Inside the door the Frenchman suddenly stopped. Above stairs, St. Denis's sister still complained of drafts. Bright turned. The sergeant followed his eyes.

On the opposite wall the safe door gaped open. Its shelves held an array of veterinary medicines and nothing else. Courier Bathurst's dispatch case was gone.

(To be continued)

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Keeping Step

(Continued from page 36)

Georgia, former National Executive Committeeman from Georgia, the leading figure of Atlanta Post, of which he had served several terms as Commander, Mr. Candler had throughout his life been known for his extraordinary devotion to public duty. It was characteristic of him that he served long and notably in the National Guard before the war, giving to public service time taken from his extensive law practice and his diversified business interests. After Mexican Border service, he entered the World War as an officer of a Georgia regiment, the 122d Infantry, but fought with the 108th Infantry of the Twenty-seventh Division as a major through all its battles in France. After the war, Mr. Candler and his wife spent countless hours and unreckoned sums helping disabled service men, particularly patients in Veterans Bureau Hospital 48.

Mr. Candler was overtaken by illness while he and Mrs. Candler were driving from Atlanta to San Antonio last autumn to attend the national convention of The American Legion. Previously in apparent good health, his decline was sudden and tragic. He underwent an operation and was a patient in a hospital for several months before his death.

Mrs. Candler's bereavement is shared

by four sons and a daughter. Brother officers of his old regiments were Mr. Candler's pallbearers.

California Idea

LEGIONNAIRE LeRoy R. Beddoe of Leon Robart Post of Mountain View, California, sends along the news that his post is using a locally-printed leaflet entitled "Fifteen Reasons for Joining Mountain View Post," to supplement member-getting literature supplied by National Headquarters.

Illinois Duck Feed

IN Macomb, Illinois, an annual duck feed is given just before the first of the year, free to all members who have paid up for the new year, reports Legionnaire Frank Larner of McDonough County Post. Charlie Clark Post of Russell, Iowa, also used the big-dinner idea at the start of its last year's membership campaign in which it led the whole Iowa Department by adding 131 new members to its old guard of twenty-four members, an increase of 569 percent. New members attended the banquet with their families.

RIGHT GUIDE

Own Your Own Bank

(Continued from page 25)

ashamed. For now he isn't a pauper dependent upon our charity; he's just a man borrowing money from our bank. With our loan in his pocket he goes out and pays off that loan shark in full. And then closes that end of the transaction, I hope, by planting a good swift kick in a place where it will do the most good."

Ed Hawkins takes this in thoughtfully but isn't fully sold.

"That's fine in the case of Jim, or of any other fellow here who is a real square-shooter," he observes. "But I'm naturally suspicious of anything that sounds so all-fired easy. Sometimes, isn't there a catch in it somewhere?"

"Not if our directors use any horse sense," Bill Jenkins answers. "Let's have a look at a few more cases to make the point absolutely clear. Let's take your own case first, buddy. You're pretty well heeled right now; you've just got married; everything's all rosy. But will it be next year? Next year, maybe, you'll have a baby at your house—and that costs aplenty, don't doubt me!—and a mortgage falling due on that new bungalow about the same time. You can't imagine yourself ever being one of our customers for, say, a hundred bucks. But you might be next year. If you look O. K. at the time to our directors, you'll get it. And at a fair rate of in-

terest. And the rest of us won't be peeved, because we'll be making a profit.

"But suppose that about the same time some other bird I don't dare mention by name decides to buy him a new Rolls-Royce instead of a Chevvy coupe. He's raised about all he can outside our family circle, and now he wants to get the rest of it from us. I'm afraid we'll have to turn him down. There's the place where the catch comes in when there is any catch. You've got to be firm with these free spenders who haven't much to show either in the way of assets or of personal character.

"But Hank the Butch, when he comes around to us and asks for a loan to buy a new body for his delivery wagon—that's a different story. We kick across for him, gladly. On his backbone, his character and the way he's out hustling after business, even if his credit at the First National isn't much to shout about. We believe in Hank. To help out the red tape a couple of us will stick our John Hancocks on his paper any time he asks us.

"Maybe the First National believes in Hank, too. But Charlie Wood can't very well tell a hard-boiled bank examiner that Hank is a safe risk because he's got character. We can. And we do. At our bank character is good for cold cash."

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Only one man in town hates us. I leave you to guess who he is after you've heard Legionnaire Bergengren's somewhat inelegant but none the less forceful characterization of him as "a fellow who is lower than a snake's belly in a wagon-rut."

Thus far, with the enthusiastic Mr. B. occasionally prompting me on fine points of the lingo, I've endeavored to tell you what a credit union is and how it works. A slip of paper upon which your editor has written two questions, which must be answered without any evasions, appears to be the next business before the house. The always helpful Mr. B. has scribbled in pencil some suggested replies. I'm going to pass along those questions and answers just as they stand. To wit:

QUESTION: *What, in your opinion, should an article for the Legion Monthly on credit unions help to accomplish?*

REPLY: 1. A sock in the jaw for the loan sharks.

2. Elimination of humiliation to some Legionnaires who, temporarily down on their luck, have to turn to their buddies for financial relief.

3. A good investment of spare change money for the better-heeled members of Legion posts.

4. Let readers know that credit unions are in no mere experimental stage in North America. That they've been flourishing here for upward of twenty-eight years. That Massachusetts, for example, where East Lynn Post is pioneering, has more than three hundred credit unions at the date of this writing, with assets in the total greater than \$15,000,000. And that at the end of the last fiscal year twenty-six other States also have laws authorizing credit unions.

QUESTION: *Is it your idea that other posts might follow East Lynn's example advantageously, establishing credit unions?*

REPLY: Here Mr. Bergengren indicates an emphatic "Yes!"

For the assistance and enthusiasm thus far of one who speaks the language, I acknowledge myself duly grateful. But now I must go it alone a little further in my own way.

Usury—the meanest business in the world and the most cruel—flourishes in the land because of the dire need among at least half of the wage earners of America for credit in small sums. Lacking credit facilities to borrow sums too trifling for the orthodox banking system to handle, (Continued on page 78)

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Own Your Own Bank

(Continued from page 77)

the borrower has to trust himself all too often to the greed of loan sharks. Don't blame the banks for this unfortunate situation. The amount of risk and supervision involved does not permit the normal banking institution to offer small loans to the multitudes. The overhead would be too heavy unless very heavy interest rates were charged.

Here is where the small-scale credit union bank comes to the rescue. In exact proportion to how much it is needed and how much horse-sense judgment goes into the management of its affairs, it serves and succeeds. These are the same factors involved in the successful operation of a peanut stand, or a shoe factory, or the Standard Oil Company. It is important to make your members understand early in the game that a credit union is not a charitable organization, or even a quasi-charity, but must be run on a strictly business basis. It is a self-help plan, a sociable way of encouraging thrift. It must be run with sound business judgment, just like any other bank. It must pay dividends to its investors; and not play Santa Claus or attempt to supplant the work of the Salvation Army. Put your bank on a business footing and keep it there. Rarely are the directors of a credit union in any sense "banking experts," but wherever the resolve is firmly taken to operate with sound business sense the good judgment necessary to make a success is forthcoming.

I am claiming a lot of virtues for this plan, but the records back up every single assertion I am making.

Yet some of you may still feel dubious. Can such small beginnings as we have been talking about suffice to start anything worth much enthusiasm? They can—and they do. The largest credit union in North America, for example, started with the humblest beginnings imaginable; it makes your Centerville Legion post look like a crowd of millionaires by comparison. A dime apiece was the membership fee demanded by this credit union, and its books after the first deposits had been received showed assets to a grand total of only \$26. That was twenty-eight years ago (December 6, 1900), when a group of French-Canadians set up in business in the little town of Levis, just across the St. Lawrence River from the citadel of Quebec. "La Caisse Populaire de Levis," they christened it—"the People's Bank." Today that pioneer among the little co-op banks of the New World has assets of more than \$1,000,000. And from that small acorn a whole big oak grove of other "people's banks" of the same system has sprung up and flourished. This chain in the Province of Quebec today does a small loan business of more than \$15,000,000 every year.

The oldest credit union in our own country set up in business among French-Canadian factory hands in Manchester,

New Hampshire, (La Caisse Populaire Ste. Marie) nineteen years ago. Its membership today is more than three thousand; its business in small loans runs to more than \$500,000 a year. These facts I mention not in any attempt to dazzle you, but simply to reassure you. I hope you won't continue to presume that small beginnings are to be despised; or continue to harbor any suspicions that the credit union plan is perhaps a dangerous and untried novelty.

The resources of the credit union banks of the United States now amount to a sum in excess of \$30,000,000. The total membership of these banks is about 225,000. They are socking loan sharks in at least twenty-seven States. The last state, I hope, will be Unconsciousness. This is the work of about eighteen years of organized effort. We are not unduly boastful about it; but we submit that it is beyond question a promising beginning.

Write to Roy F. Bergengren, executive secretary of the Credit Union National Extension Bureau, for more detailed information upon how to proceed about organizing a credit union in your post. The address is 5 Park Square, Boston.

This is the way a radio speaker would conclude. Here is where I intended to sign off. But Legionnaire Bergengren throws up both hands in protest: "Mustn't forget the Auxiliary! Don't forget the stories about those two working girls!" So those stories now follow. Hear the unhappy one first. Bergengren, I should explain, used to be a lawyer; and this tragic case helped draw his attention to the credit unions.

"If someone had loaned this girl the money it cost to bury her," he begins, "what good human material might have been salvaged. She was one of my first clients, who came to me in great distress because a good-for-nothing husband had deserted her. He left her with a small child to support, and not a penny in the bank. I got a court order compelling this husband to contribute to her support. Pronto, he skipped the State.

"She tried dishwashing in a summer hotel. If you've ever tackled that job—as I have—you know what it's like. She slaved herself sick at it; ended in the hospital. After a long hard pull she got out; then landed a job as a companion for a fussy old lady. By this time she was deep in debt and barely able to keep her head above water.

"Her last job took her away from her home town. Next I heard of her she had carefully and neatly shot herself in a hotel in Hartford."

"Now I contend," Bergengren ends this tale, "that if we could trace back every suicide, every marriage shipwreck and a lot of other kinds of wrecks which we find strewing our beaches every morning that we would find the cause

of a startlingly large number of them in just such an economic basis as this. Too many such honest and willing workers can't find financial backing anywhere. Ought to be ways supplied to salvage such good human material. It set me to thinking, I can tell you."

Now, for a contrast; his second case:

"Two young women, factory workers in a plant near Boston, took an excursion down to the Hub just before Easter. They started out 'window shopping'; they ended in a big installment clothing house where they blew \$125 in less than fifteen minutes upon new frocks and hats. The younger woman, somewhat rashly, signed up for the full obligation. The other said that would 'make the accounting easier.' And it did—for her."

"Shortly thereafter this older woman got married and vanished from the scene. The younger found herself facing court proceedings in a suit brought against her for \$75—which sum she couldn't pay.

"There was a credit union in the plant where she worked. She went to the directors of it and laid all her cards on the table, face up. They listened to her story, sized her up as trustworthy, and furnished her the loan she requested. She's paying that loan back now in small weekly installments, with interest at six

percent a year instead of the thirty-six percent a loan shark would demand."

Now, just a last word: You may be aware that a campaign to alleviate the oppressions of usurers has resulted in twenty-four of our States enacting laws prohibiting the licensed money lender from charging on small loans (of \$300 or less) interest rates higher than from 36 to 42 percent. Does that make you gasp? These are our two dozen most enlightened States in this regard. In plenty of other places the sky's the limit. Nor is this all the story; for loan sharks have as many tricky ways to evade the law as bootleggers have to beat the Volstead Act. The more dire a borrower's need is for a small loan, the more likely is that unfortunate person to fall into the hands of a greedy shark. You may doubt me. Then I suggest that you start making inquiries around in your own home town; among the members, even, of your own Legion post. It won't be long, I'll hazard, before you'll hear of some oppressions which can't fail to make your blood boil. Why should a hard-working upright member of your post be forced to pay 42 percent a year to get a much-needed small loan? If you don't know a good answer for this, I'll suggest one. Perhaps it is because your post has never considered the possibility of starting a credit union.

Then and Now

(Continued from page 39)

Something to this effect: "The following World War outfits will hold their 1929 annual reunions in Louisville, September 30th, October 1st, 2d and 3d, in conjunction with the national convention of The American Legion."

Thus far the 21st Engineers, Light Railway, First Army, A. E. F., is the only outfit which reports that it will meet during the convention. Mr. Horrigan, who may be addressed at the Heyburn Building, Louisville, Kentucky, wants to hear from all other outfits which contemplate reunions this year.

Additional announcements of interest to veterans follow:

THIRD DIV.—The Society of the Third (Regular) Division will hold its tenth annual reunion and convention in Philadelphia, Pa., July 11-14. For further information write to Charles J. McCarthy, Jr., chairman convention bureau, P. O. Box 1621, Philadelphia.

FIFTH DIV.—There are only a limited number of copies of the History of the Fifth Division still available. This is an unusually fine volume. Frank F. Barth, 20 West Jackson blvd., Chicago, Ill., will be glad to send information to inquirers and will mail also a directory of members of the Fifth Division Society with their latest addresses.

42D DIV.—Eleventh annual reunion Baltimore, Md., July 13-15. Francis E. Shea, editor, *The Rainbow Reveille*, 512 E. 23d st., Baltimore, wants Rainbow Chapters to send news items for the publication.

104TH U. S. INF. VETS. ASSOC. A. E. F.—Tenth annual reunion at Northampton, Mass., April 26-27. Address Lawrence A. Wagner, exec. secy., 201 Oak st., Holyoke, Mass.

145TH INF.—Former members interested in the 145th Inf. Assoc. and proposed reunion are requested to forward names and addresses to R. S. Ursprung, 97 E. Grant st., Berea, Ohio. 312TH F. A., 79TH DIV.—Association will hold annual reunion and banquet in Philadelphia, Pa., April 6th. Copies of regimental history will probably be available for all members attending. Address Michael F. Torpey, chairman, 5729 Springfield ave., Philadelphia.

322D F. A.—Annual regimental reunion will be held in Hamilton, Ohio, Sept. 14th. Tickets may be obtained from Harry Lowenstein, treas., 322D F. A. Assoc., Third and Ludlow sts., Hamilton.

CO. C, 305TH INF.—Annual reunion and dance at 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, April 6th. Address Warren D. Lefurgy, secy., 2 Irving pl., Yonkers, N. Y.

15TH ENGRS.—Tenth annual reunion of all men and officers will be held in Pittsburgh, Pa., April 27th. For particulars address Reere L. Knight, 224 N. Aiken ave., Pittsburgh.

18TH ENGRS., RY.—Annual Central Pacific Coast reunion banquet at Elks Club, San Francisco, Cal., April 6th. For information address Hal Kern, secy., 190 Otis st., San Francisco.

SECOND CO., C. A. C., R. I. N. G., (28TH CO., BOSTON)—Former members interested in proposed reunion are requested to forward names and addresses to Harold F. Holt, 68 Flora st., Providence, R. I., or Earl H. MacKenzie, Soldiers Home, Bristol, R. I.

103D TRENCH MORTAR BTRY., 52D F. A., 28TH DIV.—Reunion to be held this spring. All former members report correct addresses to Daniel G. Snyder, pres., Reunion Assoc., 204 N. First st., Lewisburg, Pa.

FIRST, SECOND, THIRD AND FOURTH REGTS., AIR SERV. MECH.—Fourth annual reunion Aug. 22-24, in Indianapolis, Ind. Address Thomas J. Leary, 7141 Jeffery ave., Chicago, Ill.

113TH M. O. R. S.—Former members interested in proposed reunion, address B. C. Tibbs, 124 S. 15th st., Mayfield, Ky.

RICHMOND (VA.) LIGHT INFANTRY BLUES BN.—140th anniversary of this organization, in continuous existence since 1789, will be celebrated in the Blues Armory, Richmond, Va., May 10-12. Designated as follows in recent wars: Co. A, 46th Va., C. S. A., 1861-1865; Cos. H and M, Fourth Va. Inf., Spanish War; First Sqdrn., Va. Cav., Mexican Border service; Horse Bn., 104th Amm. Trn., 29th Div., A. E. F. All former members are requested to send names and addresses to Sheppard Crump, Invitation Committee, Blues Armory, Richmond.

VETERANS OF INDIAN WARS.—The Legion has been requested to assist this older fighters' organization in locating eligible members. Legion members who know any Indian War veterans are requested to have them communicate with Frank Bebber, comdr., 3006 N. Sacramento ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE COMPANY CLERK

An Easter remembrance

"I can never forget, nor would I if I could, the packages of ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE that were sent to us in France from the U. S. A. about Easter time during the War.

While we were shaking in our shoes this healing, antiseptic powder for the feet, the remark frequently went 'round: 'It isn't the A. E. F. that's winning this war—it's the A. F. E.' Napoleon once said: 'A foot-sore army is an army half defeated.'

So now, as during the war, Allen's Foot-Ease makes a Satisfying, Soothing, Easter Remembrance. At all Druggists—and a 2c stamp mails a package.

(Signed) BUDDY ENUF SAYD"

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One device makes window washing 75% easier. Washes, dries, polishes windows in a jiffy. Women wild about it! No more ladders to climb, no mussy rags nor sponges to wring. Hands never touch water.

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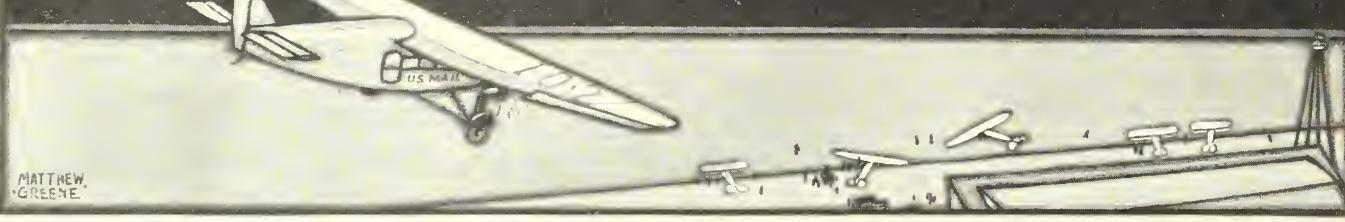
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THE MESSAGE CENTER



BRET HARTE'S name is so intimately associated with the romantic days of the California gold rush that at first blush it seems odd that he should have been born in Albany, New York. But about all of the forty-niners, of course, were born outside of California, and Bret Harte was born a little too late to be a forty-niner. He was only ten years old in that eventful year. At the age of eighteen he was writing for the San Francisco press—a training school in which Mark Twain was to glean some valuable experience a little later. Bret Harte had the genius to appreciate the fact that fate had set him down in a day and place that was full of copy, though not even he could foresee that he was to become the supreme interpreter of his epoch, and that the average American's picture of gold-rush California would be the picture that Bret Harte had painted. The last third of his life he passed almost entirely abroad, some of it in the consular service. While being lionized did not spoil him, nevertheless he was never able to match the brilliance of his earlier work. He lived to be sixty-three—and he wrote "The Luck of Roaring Camp" before he was thirty.

THE fame of Bret Harte rests almost wholly on "The Luck of Roaring Camp" (and a few other stories that were published with it) and on a single poem. This is not to say that he did nothing else of moment, but posterity has chosen these few items to become immortal. The poem is probably even better known than the stories. Its title is "Plain Language from Truthful James", but two generations of Americans have been calling it "The Heathen Chinee", and the adopted title is certain to stick. Who does not know of the duplicity of Ah Sin and his prowess at euchre—"the same he did not understand"?

WAS euchre, by the way, the great stand-by of the mining camps? What other games flourished, and for what stakes? These are phases of human activity which too many social historians pass over, but they are details that are eminently worth preserving. We shall be glad to pass on any enlightening data about the problem, not only as it affected life in the mining camps, but in any other interesting place or period in American life. What did the Colonists do to pass the long winter evenings? Was the reprehensible custom of drawing to three-card flushes practised by the Confederate and Union Armies? We recall that in the very first number of the Monthly, Mr.

Wallgren depicted three soldiers of 1776 whiling away the time in an unspecified pastime that required the use of a deck of cards—or at least part of a deck. What was the game?

FEW names in the entire history of merchandising in America are better known than those of Edward A. Filene and his brother, A. Lincoln Filene, president and treasurer respectively of William Filene's Sons Company of Boston. For years their commercial genius has been a factor of tremendous influence not in America alone, but wherever goods are bought and sold, and their consistent application of the golden rule to all the concerns of life has won for them a respect and devotion that transcends all the admiration paid them as two of the outstanding business men of their generation. Some indication of the many and varied affiliations in which Edward A. Filene is a leading spirit may be gathered from the following quotation from "Who's Who in America": "Founder and president of the Twentieth Century Fund, organized to improve economic, industrial, civic and educational conditions; co-organizer and member of the Council of Administration of the International Management Institute, Geneva; co-organizer, now advisory councillor and ex-officio member of the General Committee on Trade Barriers of the International Chamber of Commerce; co-organizer and ex-chairman of the Industrial Relations Committee of the Boston Chamber of Commerce; ex-vice-president of international Congress of the Chamber of Commerce; co-organizer and former member of the executive committee of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, and of the executive committee of the National Council of Commerce; founder and president of the National Credit Union Extension Bureau, directing the organization of co-operative credit associations throughout the United States; member of the General Advisory Council of the American Association for Labor Legislation; ex-chairman of the Metropolitan Plan Commission of Boston; co-organizer of the Public Franchise League of Boston; chairman of the war shipping committee and member of the committee for financing war of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States; served as vice-chairman of the executive committee of the League to Enforce Peace; organized and financed European peace awards in Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy. Officer of the Legion of Honor (France); Great Gold Cross of Merit (Austria); Order of the Crown (Italy)."

FIVE new members is this month's total of additions to the roster of the Society of Legionnaires Who Have Read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" Entire. Gene Tunney holds Card Number One—who will hold Card Number One Hundred? For when the hundred mark is reached the society will become a closed corporation and no more applications for membership will be noted for an indefinite period. The society will then go into executive session and discuss ways and means (particularly means) of holding a national convention in Rome, which fell, or in England, where Gibbon was born, or in Switzerland, where he finished the book. Already there is a strong division of sentiment over the selection of a convention city, and it is considered probable that a compromise will be effected whereby the conclave will be held at Louisville coincident with the Eleventh National Convention of The American Legion next fall. This is by no means certain, however, as the society reeks with inside politics—a condition due to the fact that a great majority of the members are lawyers.

THE five new members are as representative a group as have ever been admitted into the society at one time. They are from five different States stretching, with a couple of considerable gaps, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. D. C. W. Shier of Arcadia, California, a member of Glenn Dyer Post, can be claimed as a convert to the fold through the society's own propaganda. Dr. Shier began with Volume One in 1923, years before the society was organized, and then backslid. In August, 1928, fired by the heroic stories of the prowess of other Gibbonnaires, he applied himself to the remaining volumes and came through triumphantly. An attack of flu in 1926 coupled with a broken foot in 1927 gave D. J. Haggerty, Vice-Commander of Bayway Post of Elizabeth, New Jersey, sufficient enforced leisure to qualify him as a Gibbonnaire. Other qualifiers since the appearance of the last official bulletin of the society are Kneeland B. Wilkes of Buffalo, New York, a member of Troop I Post, who qualified while an instructor in history at the Taft School, Watertown, Connecticut; John W. Green of Wauneta, Kansas, president of the Wauneta Falls Bank, and Leo P. Peiffer, Past Vice-Commander of Hanford Post of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

The Editor

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

Another ELECTRICAL CITY *moves out to sea*



THE launching of the Electric Ship *Virginia*, sister ship of the *California*, adds one more great liner to the growing fleet of all electric passenger vessels. The *Virginia* and *California* are now in service on the Panama-Pacific Line of the International Mercantile Marine.

These ships are driven by electric motors; lighted, heated,

and cooled by electricity; electricity mans the winches, bakes the bread, polishes the silver—surrounds the passengers with every luxury of a modern hotel.

Vibrationless beyond belief—both the *Virginia* and the *California* are delighting their passengers with a new revelation of sea-going comfort.



This monogram appears on the huge motors which drive the S.S. *Virginia*—at a remarkably low fuel cost—less, in fact, than the canal tolls. In homes and factories, as well as on ships, the G-E monogram identifies the accepted standard of electrical dependability.

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